E.C. Segar's

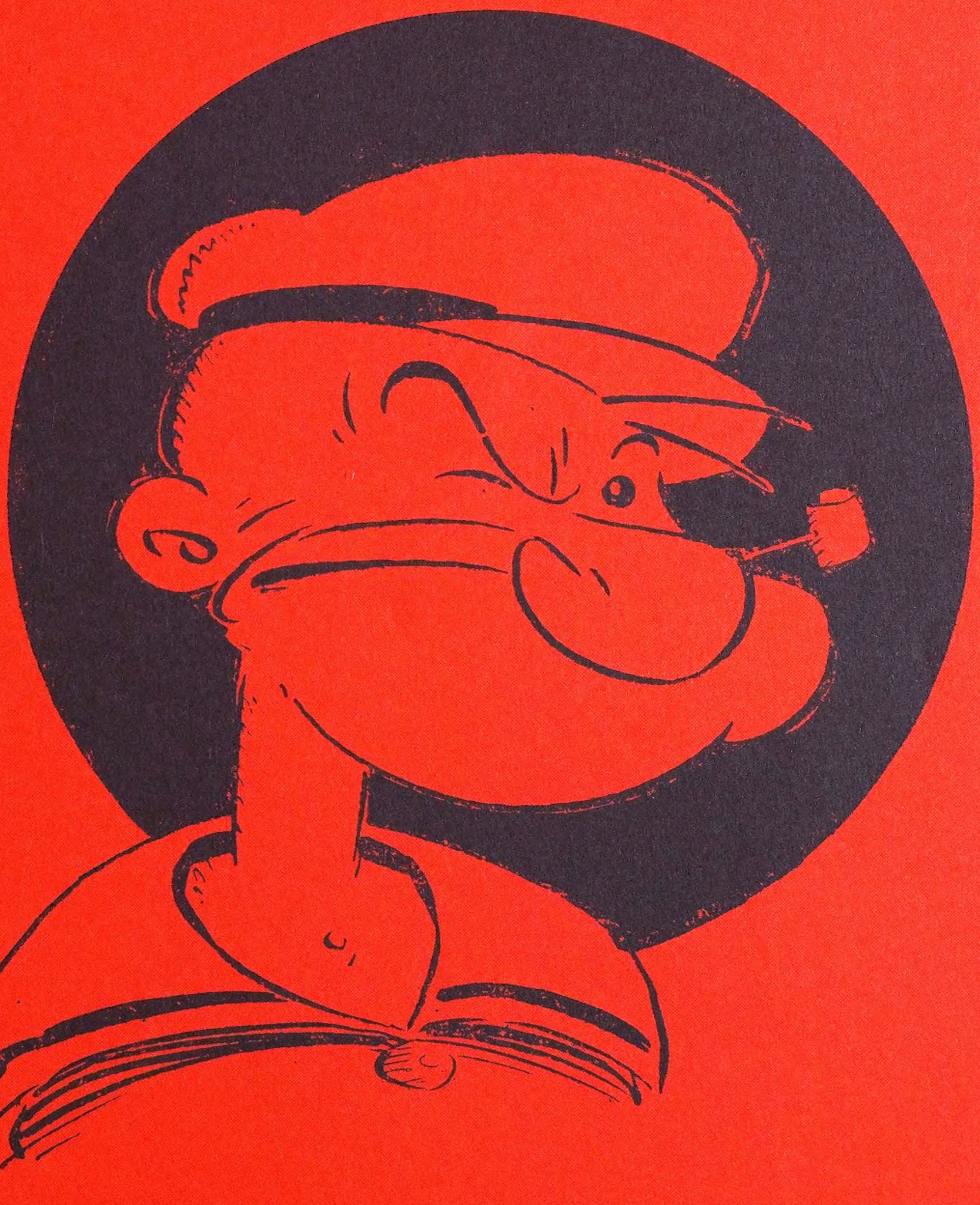
POPEYE

"WHA'S A JEEP?"

E.C. Segar's

POPEYE

"WHA'S A JEEP?"



E.C. Segar's

POPEYE

"WHA'S A JEEP?"



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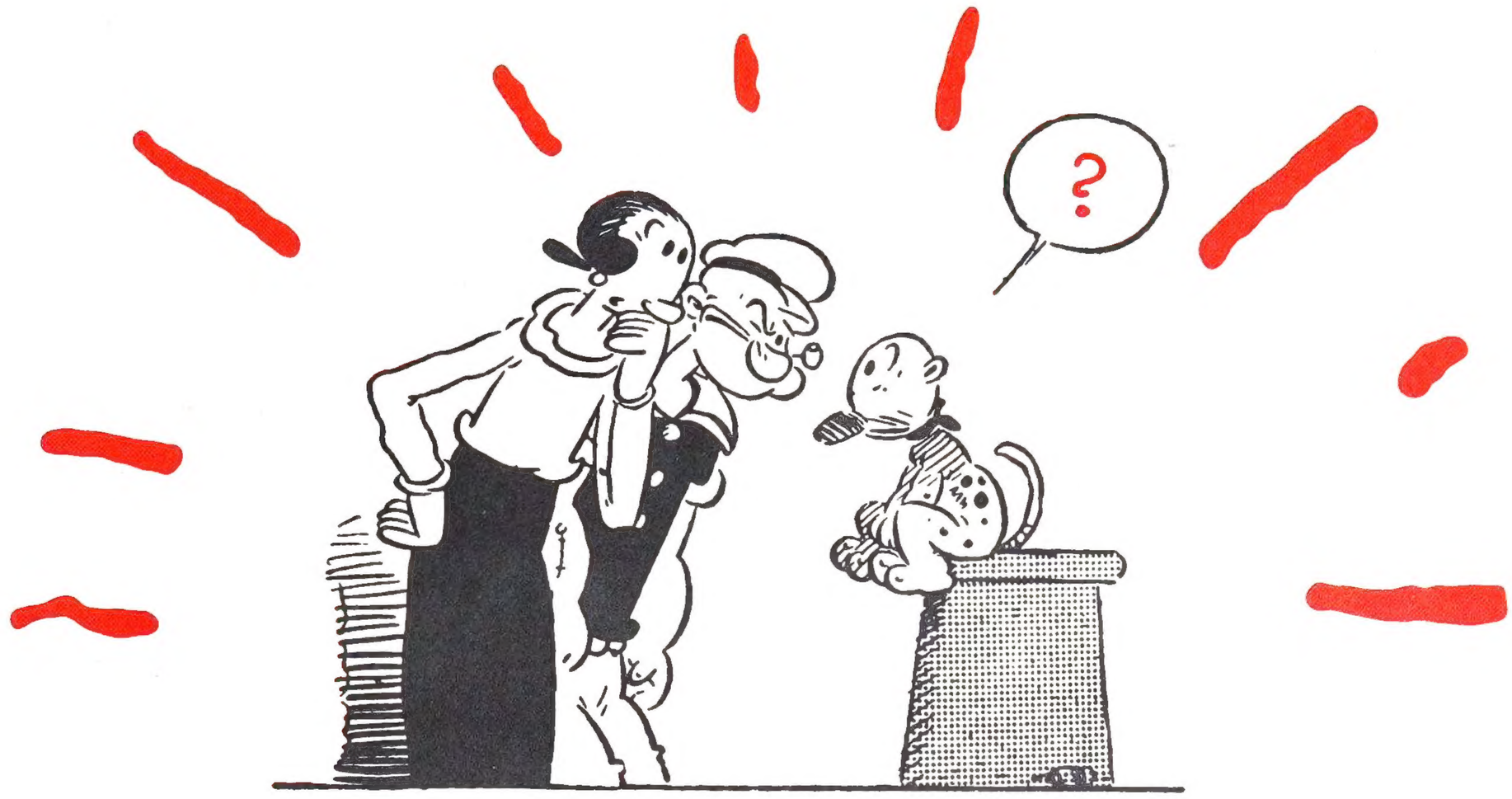
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CHARACTER and PERSONALITY in THIMBLE THEATRE

Introduction by Richard Marschall

"Is the story plot-driven or character-driven?" is a question frequently asked of students in Creative Writing courses. The basis of predictable assignments, the approaches are, of course, different, but never mutually exclusive. Overlap is inevitable, and desirable: most like life.

Elzie Segar, as a youngster in Chester, Illinois, might not have enrolled in Creative Writing courses, and, as far as we know, was not a particular fan of Shakespeare or Dickens. However, he grew up with the movies, just at the time that the motion picture was grappling with its identity, just when it was learning to tell stories of decent length and fair sophistication, approaching literature in matters like structure and syntax. It was also when the movies discovered "characters" – the visceral factor that attracted its fans and propelled its appeal. Segar was proud of his association with the motion picture industry… albeit as his small town's theater projectionist, which provided the authority for the tattoo he reportedly sported on his forearm: MPO (Motion-Picture Operator). Local legends held that Segar honed his cartooning skills by drawing, in sidewalk chalk, stories he remembered from the movies he projected. That he intellectualized about plot techniques and rich characterization is open to question, but ultimately it is a silly question. Even if the cinema's techniques were learned by osmosis, he processed them enough to become one of America's great storytellers.

Basically, Segar's first decade as a cartoonist relied on plots – more often on gags, and many of them weak; the second decade more on characters and personalities. *Of course* there were overlaps, but we can make that generalization about the "periods" of his creative output. And it helps us understand the phenomenon that was *Thimble Theatre*. The cartoonist grew up immersed in movies; an early strip of his was a version of Charlie Chaplin's capers; he did a short stint on a Sunday page entitled *Movies*, starring a heroine named Haphazard Helen. And, as we all know, Popeye's incubator was a parody of movie serials, *The Thimble Theatre*. Beyond the natural affinity between comics and the movies, Segar assigned himself the task of exploring the intricacies of storytelling in a new medium. That he hewed to comedy, farce, melodrama, parody, and nonsense made his work no less profound.

We will explore in more detail these affinities, and Segar's unique expressive modes, in the next volume of this series. But, here, we will study the second phase of his (so to speak) Creative Writing – the role of character and personality. We can neatly begin that discussion with the year 1929; Segar was to live and work almost precisely a decade thereafter, and the 1930s – the vaunted "Golden Age" of the comic strip – was Segar's as much any cartoonist's. It is interesting to note – and we will note more deeply, in the subsequent essay – Segar's place among the great names of cartooning in the '30s. Yet, alongside Raymond and Foster and Gould and Gray, it can be argued that E. C. Segar and Milton Caniff were the most closely related. If for no other reason, and more than with any other pair of strip cartoonists, they learned from the movies, then applied motion-picture techniques, then influenced movie-makers who "borrowed" their techniques… and so on, in a whirlwind of synergy.

Segar's distinction from other great names of 1930s cartoonists is that, young as he was (having been born in 1894), he was already a veteran cartoonist when he hit his stride. His first published work was in the mid-'teens, and *Thimble Theatre* a full decade old when the character who stole the show took his first bow. Although continuities, and even adventures, in the comics, were nearly as old as the form itself, it was in the year of 1929 – and in the same month of January! – when Tarzan, Buck Rogers, and Popeye began their comic-strip lives.

We earlier stated the obvious, observing that plot-driven structure and character-driven structure are not mutually exclusive. Yet we see in the works of Elzie Segar more than a determined evolution from gags to stories to characters to personalities: we see one of the art form's best syntheses of all these elements.

His *Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers* strip, besides being one of the worst-drawn comics ever to visit a newspaper, astonishingly was bereft of character development. Charlie was an international sensation, on the minds and tongues of every American during his Essanay period (1915-16). It was a remarkable windfall for an unknown cartoonist to be assigned a spinoff strip starring the world's most famous star… and more remarkable still that although Chaplin, on the screen, delineated the *character* of the Little Tramp, and defined his *personality*, the cartoonist Segar ignored and even sublimated such traits. In his hands, the comic-strip Chaplin exhibited none of the social rebellion or pathos of *Charlot*. He *spoke* in the strip. He wiggled and did odd turns, often with no relation to a gag or narrative context: mere visual clichés. Charlie became a straight man – not the chief comedic character – to Segar inventions like Barry

the Boob. The list of indictments could go on. But the worst offense was failing to exploit Character and Personality.

Succeeding *Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers* was a new strip – starring Barry the Boob, solo, in fact – a further waste of paper, emulating vaudeville wheezes, badly. Another Segar feature, *Looping the Loop*, was a Chicago-oriented hodgepodge of news items about the Windy City; no continuing characters therein to molest or suppress. However, the cartooning gods smiled again on Elzie Segar.

Ed Wheelan, son of the pioneer female cartoonist (*St. Nicholas* magazine; *The Dumbunnies* comic strip) Albertine Wheelan Randall, shocked the Hearst establishment by leaving its employ. Wheelan's successful feature – a movie parody called *Midget Movies* – was left in the lurch as he acceded to the siren call of rival syndicator George Matthew Adams. (For that service, he drew virtually the same strip, same premise and structure, about an imaginary movie stock-company, calling it *Minute Movies*. It ran for years.) King Features Syndicate could have buried the premise and moved on… but that was not King's style.

Through the years, if Hearst and his lieutenants wanted to answer a challenge, play one-upsmanship on a rival's success, they answered not with one but two or more strips. Prime examples this policy are five cops-and-crime strips in response to *Dick Tracy*; several orphan-kid strips (*Little Annie Rooney* the most durable) "answering" *Little Orphan Annie*; and, after hiring Frank Robbins because he drew like Milton Caniff… contracting for Caniff himself. In any event, two strips grew, Hydra-Head like, where one had been, after Wheelan's defection. An obscure cartoonist named Chester Gould was assigned *Fillum Fables*, a daily movie parody; and E. C. Segar was plucked from the pages of Hearst's Chicago paper, with which his own newspaper had recently merged, and where he was doing the Sunday *Movies* parody, to do a strip called *The Thimble Theatre*.

The rest is history, but not quite yet. Despite the reasonable efforts of King Features promotion, the early stages, ha, of *Thimble Theatre* were undistinguished and barely successful. The cast of the imaginary movie studio (which could have also been that of a vanishing piece of theatrical Americana, the touring stock company of seedy stage actors) daily was introduced in the roles of that day's performance. The rotating stars included Harold Hamgravy, Olive Oyl, and Willie Wormwood. Eventually Wormword forsook the actor's life; Harold became Ham Gravy, lovesick swain of Olive; and Olive's brother Castor Oyl became the strip's protagonist.

These characters slowly established personalities; Castor, chiefly, shone as a half-pint and strong-willed chiseler, a darker version of the 1920s' go-getter Harold Lloyd. As Segar was granted a standard daily-strip format (instead of the initial format, a vertically tiered stack of panels) and, especially, a Sunday page, he strutted his stuff. His "stuff" was – finally! – a reliance on longer stories, interesting premises, and humorous continuities. He began to dabble in adventures and mysteries, farcical as they might have been, and did not forsake gags, but incorporated them in longer stories. (A King Features promotion ad of the mid-1920s called *Thimble Theatre* "the nation's premier 'Plop' comic," a reference to punch lines and characters' stereotypical reactions.)

Here, week by week, month by month, Segar was learning to master the technique of the plot-driven stories. One *Thimble Theatre* sequence – pre-Popeye – in fact lasted roughly two years.

As we have noted, however, it is virtually impossible to drive a plot without relying on characters. The analysis really derives from formula: which emphasis *predominates*? As we have noted, it reasonable to assign Plot to the (consistently increasing) quality of *Thimble Theatre*'s first decade, and surely recognize Segar's mastery of Character and Personality in the excellence of his 1930s work. During this evolution, characters developed in the 1920s who were (in movie parlance) guest-stars, or played cameo roles. It is not a "spoiler" to reveal that many of them prefigured later, more famous and durable, characters. Segar was experimenting, as Beethoven did with his *Chorale Fantasy* before the *Ninth Symphony*; and as W C Fields worked and re-worked vaudeville routines through Follies, silent movies, sound features and re-makes. These artists were not lazy: they were refining.

Super-strong fighters – each sporting a pop-eye – included Battling (Batt) McGnat and the indestructible Hogan, each foreshadowing Popeye. And the the bizarre creatures Blizzard the gamecock and Bernice the Whiffle Hen clearly were indirect ancestors of Eugene the Jeep. When readers opened the funny pages of their newspapers on Jan. 17, 1929, and saw Castor Oyl hire a vagrant seaman for a pending adventure ("Hey there! Are you a sailor?" "Ja think I'm a cowboy?") they had every expectation that this pop-eyed pipe-smoking salt would be one more walk-on – and walk-off – character.

But the planets were in alignment at last. Segar had been honing his narrative skills, and a reliably well-structured episodic strip had emerged from the cocoon of a parody-strip premise. He had mastered the synthesis of continuity and humor; also the synthesis of memorable characters and fidelity to premise and the compelling DNA of an established comic strip. Consistency evolved to creative self-assurance.

For all of Popeye's uniqueness, it seems certain that *Thimble Theatre* would have experienced a quantum leap around 1929 anyway. The singular demands of the American comic strip's template at that time – humorous continuities, punch lines that served as cliff-hangers, keeping readers entertained while bringing them back each subsequent day – virtually mandated an investment in character development. That is, cartoonists were obliged to graduate from the "Plop" school of humor. Segar, despite King Features' dubious compliment, had chewed all the flavor out that gum; in failed strips and strips of reasonable success both, he must have tired of vaudeville ripostes, stale jokes, and characters flying off the ultimate panel in surprise. If the gag – the "hook" – was not in the plot elements day after day, characters would deliver lines that would *a)* pack a laugh; and *b)* play against (that is, build upon) their personalities.

The "either/or" false dichotomy of Plot vs. Character is finally dealt with, by a close look at Segar's craft from 1929 onward. To invest characters with enough traits, and quirks, and clichés, and complexity, was to transform Segar's invention of Characters into an encyclopedia of Personalities. There is a world of difference between Character and Personality, especially in a plastic, expressive, entertaining form like the comic strip.

And therein lies the compelling aspect of Segar's mature talent, his individualized thumbprint. He created a vast array of characters ("a cast of thousands," the movies might say) but their memorable personalities is what set them – and him – apart.

Thimble Theatre was the first major comic strip to be populated by characters with multi-faceted personalities. This is not to say they were "deep" or even complex; Segar seemed little interested in psychological portraits. But they were multi-dimensional; they each had his or her Craigslist check-offs of distinctive (and, moreover, creatively rich) emotional features. Before *Thimble Theatre*, most successful strips were one-premise and most characters were one-dimensional: Happy Hooligan was a well-intentioned but misunderstood Samaritan; the Katzenjammer Kids' mischief was always successful but always punished; Foxy Grandpa turned the tables on his cheeky grandsons; Alphonse and Gaston were polite to a fault; Jiggs bristled at Maggie's social pretensions; all of Herriman's pre-Kat heroes had comic obsessions; Paw Perkins lived to thwart his daughter Polly's social life, and his own wife's restrictions upon his social life; Orphan Annie was – at first – little beyond the personification of vulnerability; Wash Tubbs endlessly, hopelessly, sought adventure and fortune; so on and so forth.

There were exceptions. (Krazy Kat's ambivalence suggests a complex personality, yet the innocence of Krazy was as deep as his/her persona delved. The strip itself provided multiple emotional layers. Such is the essence of poetry, and what set *Krazy Kat* apart: another discussion.) But *Thimble Theatre* in the Popeye period was the first strip to routinely test premises (plot) and invest a large cast (character) with multiple traits (personality). Again, these traits might not have been the stuff of Chekov or Hugo, but they were interesting, compelling, and memorable. For all their variety, they never kept the characters from being true to themselves. When consistency was assured, in Segar's imagination and the readers' expectations, humorous set-ups in story and character delineation were invitations to the dance.

Characters with multiple, identifiable personality traits became a stock-in-trade after Segar (but sadly, not with enough other cartoonists), the greatest practitioner being Charles Schulz. Invent a large cast, invest each player with strong characteristics… throw any group of them together, add a durable premise (baseball? insecurity? delusions of rejection?) and gags suggest themselves. (I am fully aware that this deconstructionist approach is worthy of

cartoonists' emulation, but doomed to hollow formulas, except in the hands of a few inspired craftsmen like Elzie Segar and Charles Schulz.)

From simple day-to-day nickelodeon episodes, *Thimble Theatre* by Popeye's debut had evolved to a parody of, instead, grand cinematic spectacles: "More hot stuff than any mystery since the birth of fiction!!!" he ballyhooed one later episode. Popeye himself, no matter how many facets appeared on his gem-like personality, became more accessible, not more confusing, to readers. He had superhuman strength, yet he was tender. He hated pretension in sidekicks and ancillary characters, yet suffered fools with patience. He defended the truth, yet admitted that his "conscience will hurt something awful if Olive finds out I lied to her." A lone hero, he eventually located his Pappy and adopted a "Swee'Pea." He supplanted Ham Gravy, Olive's boyfriend, and Castor Oyl, *Thimble Theatre*'s star, before anyone knew it.

The great advances in *Thimble Theatre*'s narratives (satirical sequences about the cartooning profession when Popeye publishes a newspaper; macabre suspense in the "Plunder Island" saga; commentary of news and current events with King Blozo and the kingdom of Nazilia) were all remarkable, considering whence Segar had come, and how persistently he had seemed loath to rise from it. But his stories were surpassed only by the astonishing quantum leap of inventing a multitude of characters with memorable personalities. You have met them or will, in this reprint series of books: Olive Oyl, Castor Oyl, Nana Oyl; Ham Gravy; Cylinda Oyl; Eugene the Jeep; Glint Gore; Tinearo; Joe Bilge; Prof. Kilph; Jabbo; Toar; Fadwell; Oscar; King Blozo; The Sea Hag; Alice the Goon; Swee'Pea; Poopdeck Pappy; Bluto; Susan; Rough-House; George W Geezil…

Unlike the universe Al Capp created in *Li'l Abner*, where his characters' personalities invariably manifested *one* trait of human nature (usually a foible!) taken to the *n*th degree, Segar's populace invariably was of greater varieties. None was schizophrenic, but all of them were almost realistic, just enough for classic comedy. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Segar's synergistic relationship with the movies eventually came to an end. For all the charm (and nostalgia) of the Fleischers' animation portrayals, Popeye was far less interesting on the screen than on paper. Spinach, a minor element in the strip, became a motive-force on screen. Bluto, a stock villain of short duration in the strip, became Popeye's nemesis, predictable antagonist, and virtually sole co-star (with Olive), in the animated cartoons – eclipsing an enormous number of colorful characters who might otherwise have transitioned from the printed page. And then there was Wimpy…

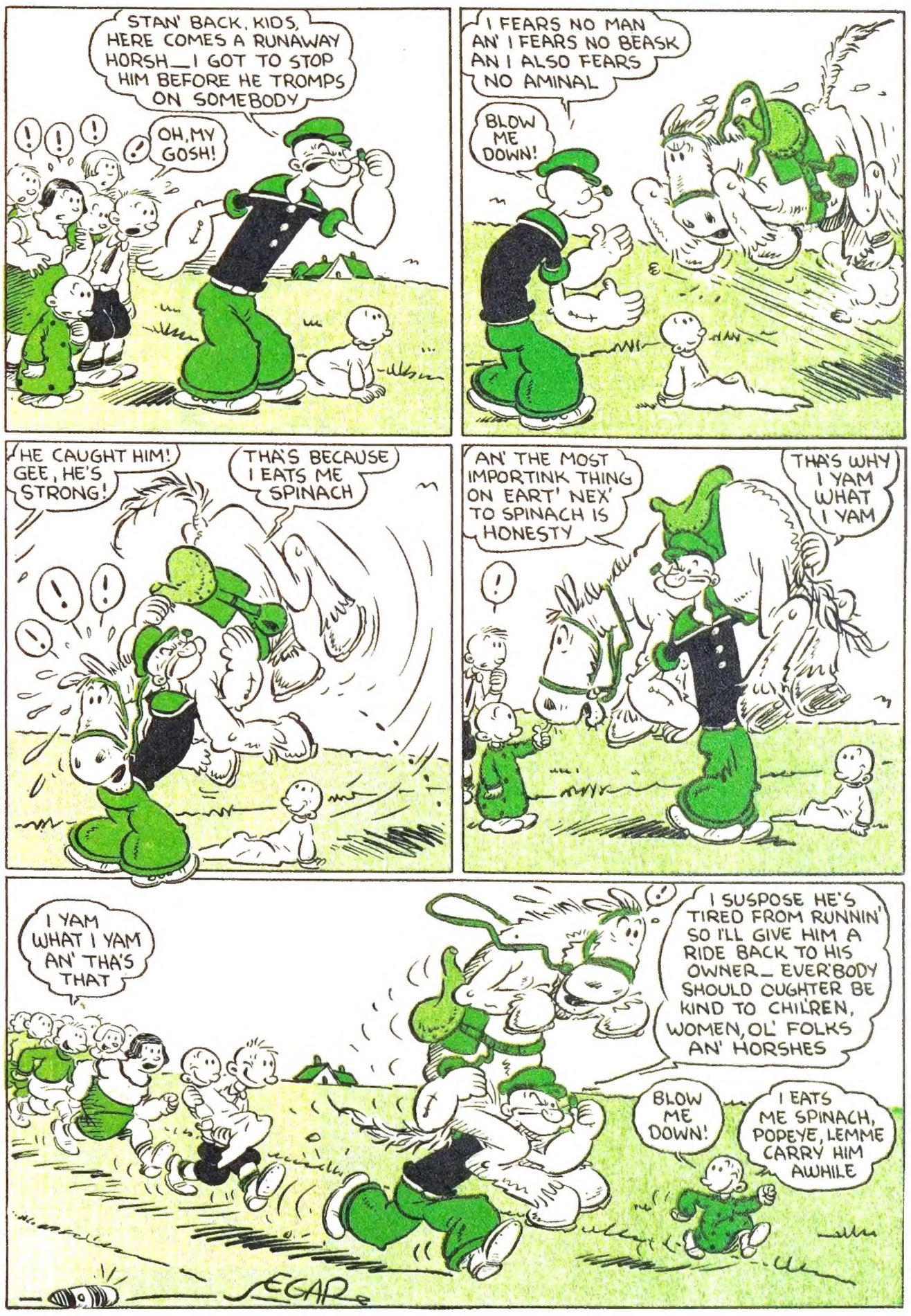
Ah. J. Wellington Wimpy. Absent from the above list of *Thimble Theatre* luminaries and supernumeraries, this gentleman deserves consideration on his own. Early *Thimble Theatre* sequences were yet so plot-driven that Wimpy would have been inconceivable as a player in, say, a story from 1922 or 1925 (when the Sunday page commenced) or even the Dice Island sequence wherein Popeye materialized. Wimpy was unique as a character, perhaps more vivid than Popeye himself, and truly one of the great personalities of fiction.

Wimpy entered the strip as a nameless and utterly corruptible boxing referee. As he expanded his role, he was scarcely a villain, and seldom displayed the malevolence that Castor Oyl delighted in exercising. However, those facts might be attributable to Wimpy's lack of ambition, because he was not merely worthless, dishonest, and disloyal, but fiercely lazy. He endured, partly, because he was somehow lovable too. From the prizefight-ring he graduated to Rough-House's café, where he honed his skills as a moocher and pest. Wimpy's two major compulsions were the congenital joy he found in avarice; and hamburgers. Avarice was not the darker side of Wimpy's nature: it was his very soul. And about hamburgers, many remember that he "would gladly pay Tuesday for a hamburger today."

That phrase entered the language, as did other Segar neologisms (wimpy itself; Jeep; goon) and countless of Wimpy's own: "Come up to my house for a duck dinner; you bring the ducks"; "Let's you and him fight"; "I'll have pickles, onions, and lettuce both on mine, please"; "You have me confused with someone else; my name is Jones; I am one of the Jones boys"; "Thank you too much"; "Will you join me in a lunch on you?"; "Pal of mine…"; "Would you happen to know where I might find one hundred thousand dollars?"; "Nice weather, isn't it, we are having?" and so on.

The brazen nature of Wimpy's deflections and self-delusions elevates him to the pantheon of other literary anti-heroes – Dickens's Micawber; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; Mozart's Papageno; Molière's Tartuffe; and any number of W. C. Fields's Larson E Whipsnade's confrères.

Seldom has there been such a magnificent Late Bloomer (Segar, not Wimpy) in comics history. As the movies' lowly nickelodeon had been transformed to the giant screen, so had Elzie Segar taken his repertoire-company of paper actors and graced them with fantastic plots, ambitious melodramatic farces, comic turns, memorable dialog… and personality.

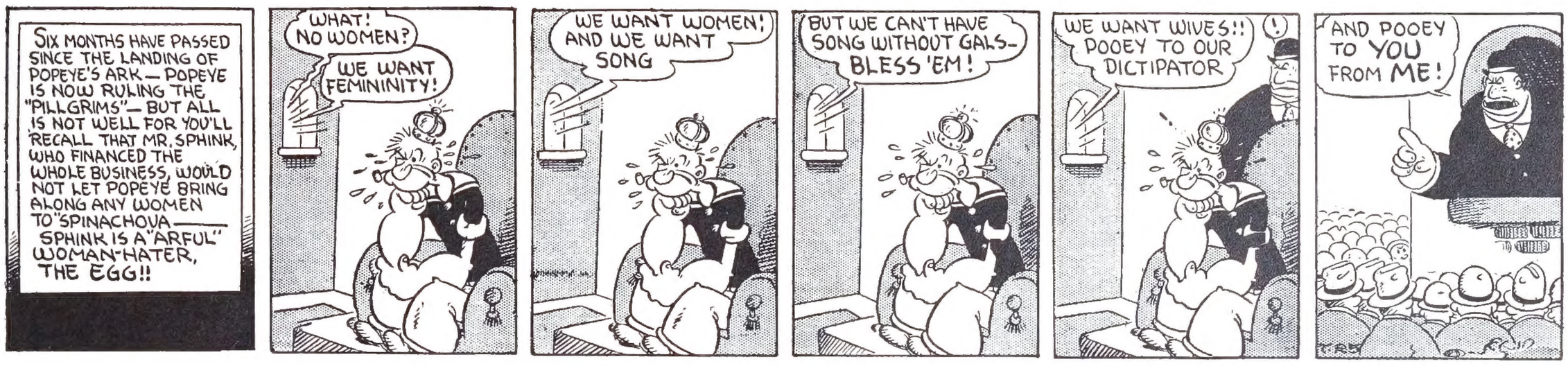


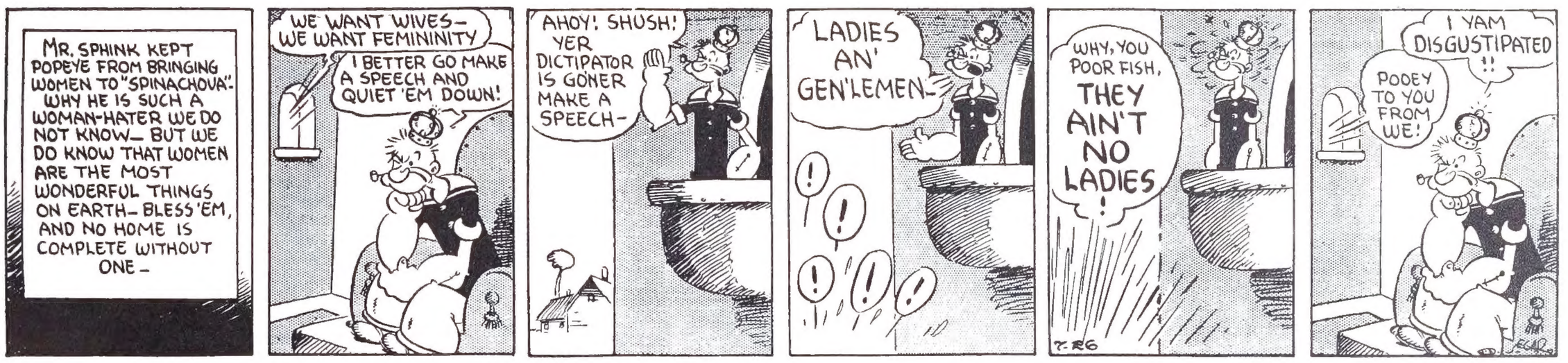
An original Segar Popeye strip commissioned by *Pictorial Review*, a glossy women's magazine that was published from 1899 to 1937. One might think the rough-edged sailor an odd fit for a women's magazine, but Segar evidently made an effort to deliver the kind of message the magazine's readers would find palatable — complete with a crowd of adorable moppets. (Courtesy of the San Francisco Academy of Comic Book Art.)

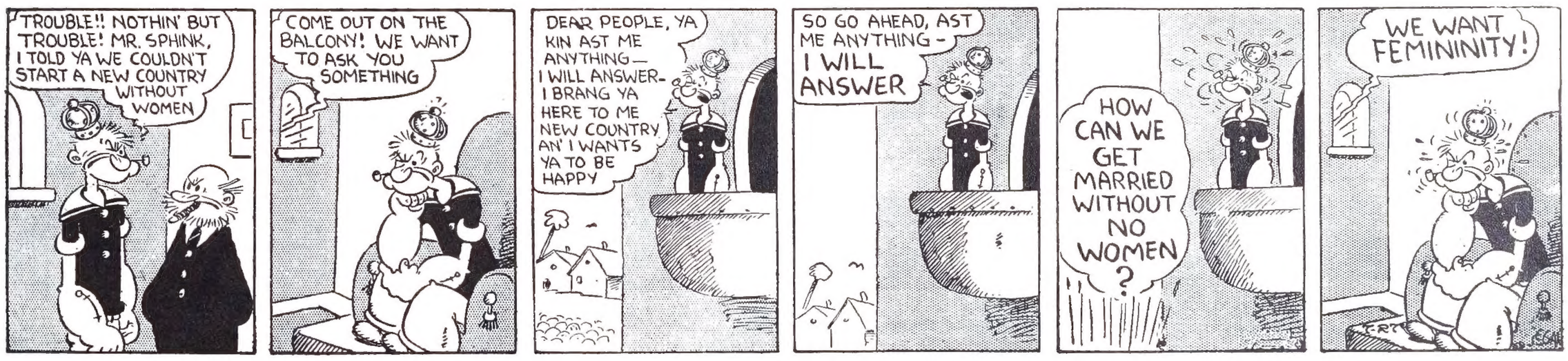


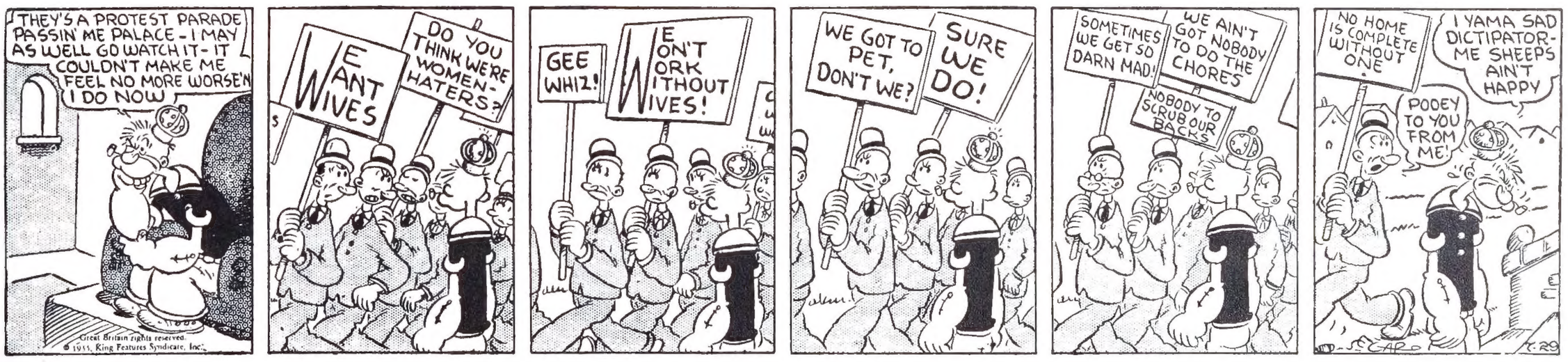
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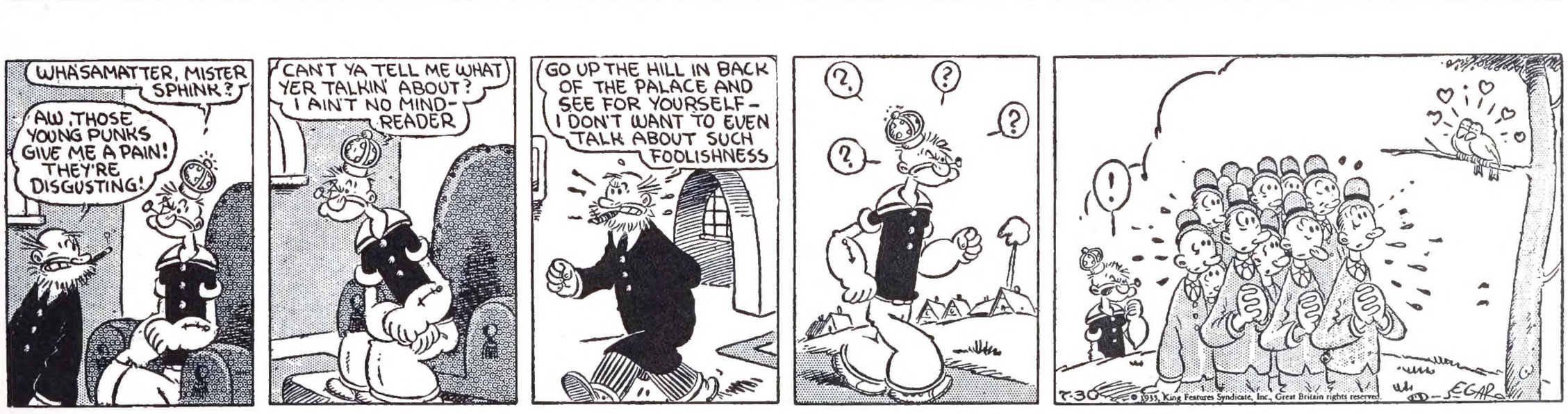
POPEYE'S ARK PART TWO











AHOY, GET BACK TO YER JOBS! WE AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR NO BLASTED LOVESICKNESS, YA SWABS

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G'WAN! BEAT IT BACK TO YER WORK, YA HALF-BAKED IJOTS, BEFORE I CRACKS DOWN ON YA!

THE IDEAR!! THEM CRAZY GUYS GETTIN' SEDIMENTAL

JUS' OVER A COUPLA TURTLE-DOVES- I SUSPOSE THEY AIN'T GOT NO WILL-POWER- JUS' WEAKLIN'S

7-31

SEGAR

YOU'RE THE COURT JESTER- GO TRY TO CHEER POPEYE UP

I'LL RECITE A PIECE TO HIM WHICH I LEARNED WHEN I WAS A KID

I NEVER WAS SO SAD IN ALL ME LIFE— ME PEOPLE ARE MAD BECAUSE I DIDN'T BRING NO WOMEN—I YAMA SAD DICTIPATOR

"WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE BIRD A FROG ARE— HIM AIN'T GOT NO TAIL AT ALL ALMOST HARDLY

WHEN HIM WALKS HIM HOPS— AND WHEN HIM DON'T WALK—

HIM SITS ON HIM LITTLE TAIL WHICH HIM AIN'T GOT AT ALL ALMOST HARDLY"

WHOP

PLOP

8-1

SEGAR

TROUBLE! TROUBLE! NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE! BEIN' HEAD OF A GOVER'MENT AIN'T NO CINCH!

I'M MAD! I'VE GOT A KICK TO MAKE AGAINST THE GOVERN-MENT!

YOU KNOW WHAT I DO TO YOU?

I BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!!

HELP! HELP! STOP IT!

NOW YOU GOT KICK TO MAKE?

EXIT

DON'T BE SILLY!

8-2

SEGAR

TO HECK WITH MISTER SPHINK, THE WOMAN-HATER! HE MUST BE CRAZY!

RAZZ BERRIES TO YOU, MISTER SPHINK

THE FATHEADED MORONS!! THEY CAN'T CALL ME CRAZY

I'LL GO OUT THERE AND—

MISTER SPHINK SURE IS HOT-HEADED- MY GORSH, BUT HE WAS MAD!

HERE HE COMES BACK

NO, SIREE! THEY CAN'T CALL ME CRAZY!

I TOLD THEM JUST EXACTLY WHAT I THOUGHT OF THEM

8-3

SEGAR

ME DREAM HAS COME TRUE- I YAM KING AN' ABSOLUKE DICTIPATOR OF A NEW COUNTRY, BUT I STAN'S ON ME BALCONY AN' LOOKS OUT OVER A CITY OF UNHAPPY MEN— UNHAPPY ON ACCOUNT OF THEY AIN'T GOT NOBODY TO PET- NO FEMININIKY

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME

I ADMITS A COUNTRY WITHOUT GALS AIN'T MUCH OF A COUNTRY— I GOT TO MAKE 'EM THINK THEY'S WOMEN HERE

I GOT TO FOOL THE ANGRY MOB WICH IS HOWLIN' OUTSIDE- I GOT TO GO AGAINST ME PRINCIPLES AN' BE A HYPOCRICK

WE WANT WOMEN! WE WON'T WORK WITHOUT WIVES! WHEN WILL WE WED? WE'RE WEARY WITH WORRY- WE WISH WOOING

8-5

SEGAR

POPEYE! WHAT IN THE-!? SAY, WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?

SHUT UP! I YAM IMPERSONAKIN' A WOMAN— I GOT TO FOOL THE ANGRY MOB

I GOT TO BE A HYPOCRICK AN' MAKE ME DEAR SHEEPS THINK THEY'S FEMININIKY HERE IN SPINACHOVA

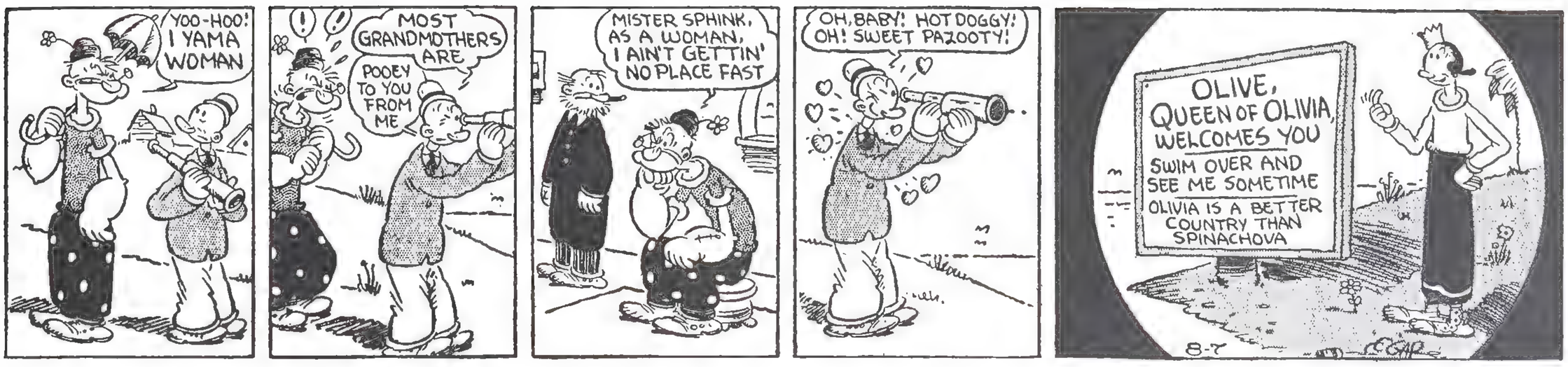
AHOY! LOOKEEE, DEAR PEOPLE— I YAMA WOMAN!

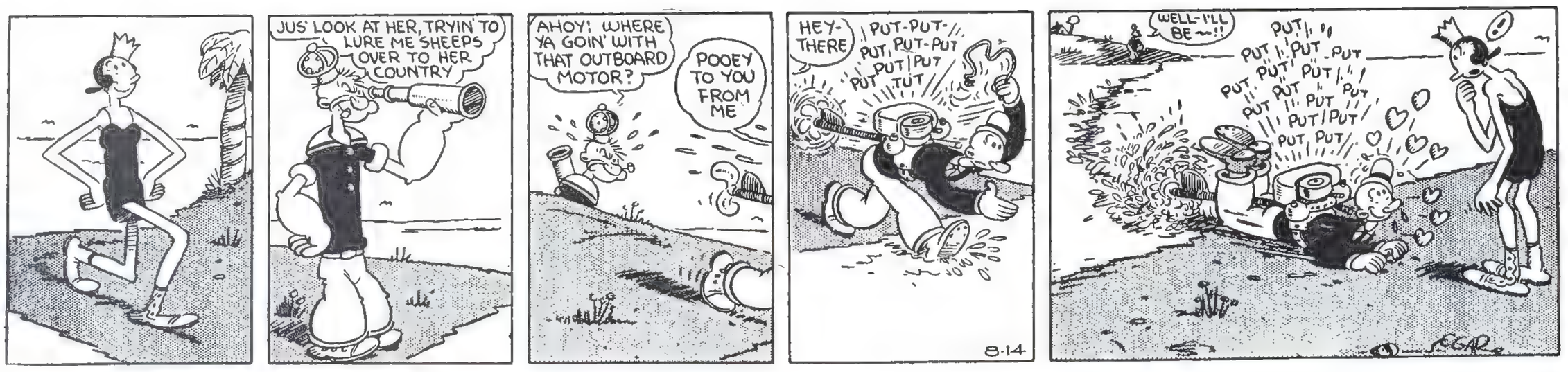
WILL YOU MARRY ME?

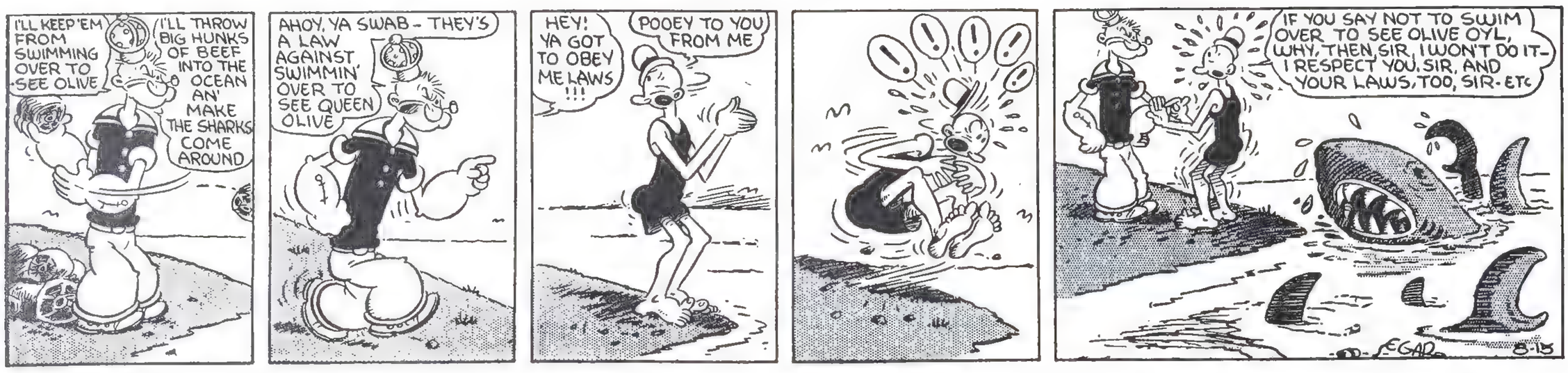
I NEVER WAS SO EMBARRISH IN ALL ME LIFE!

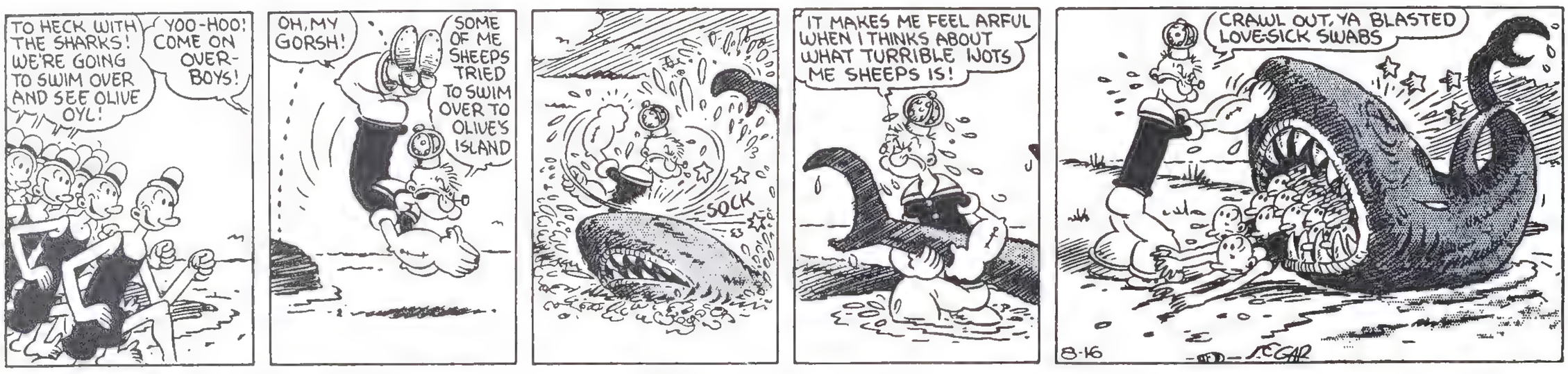
SEGAR

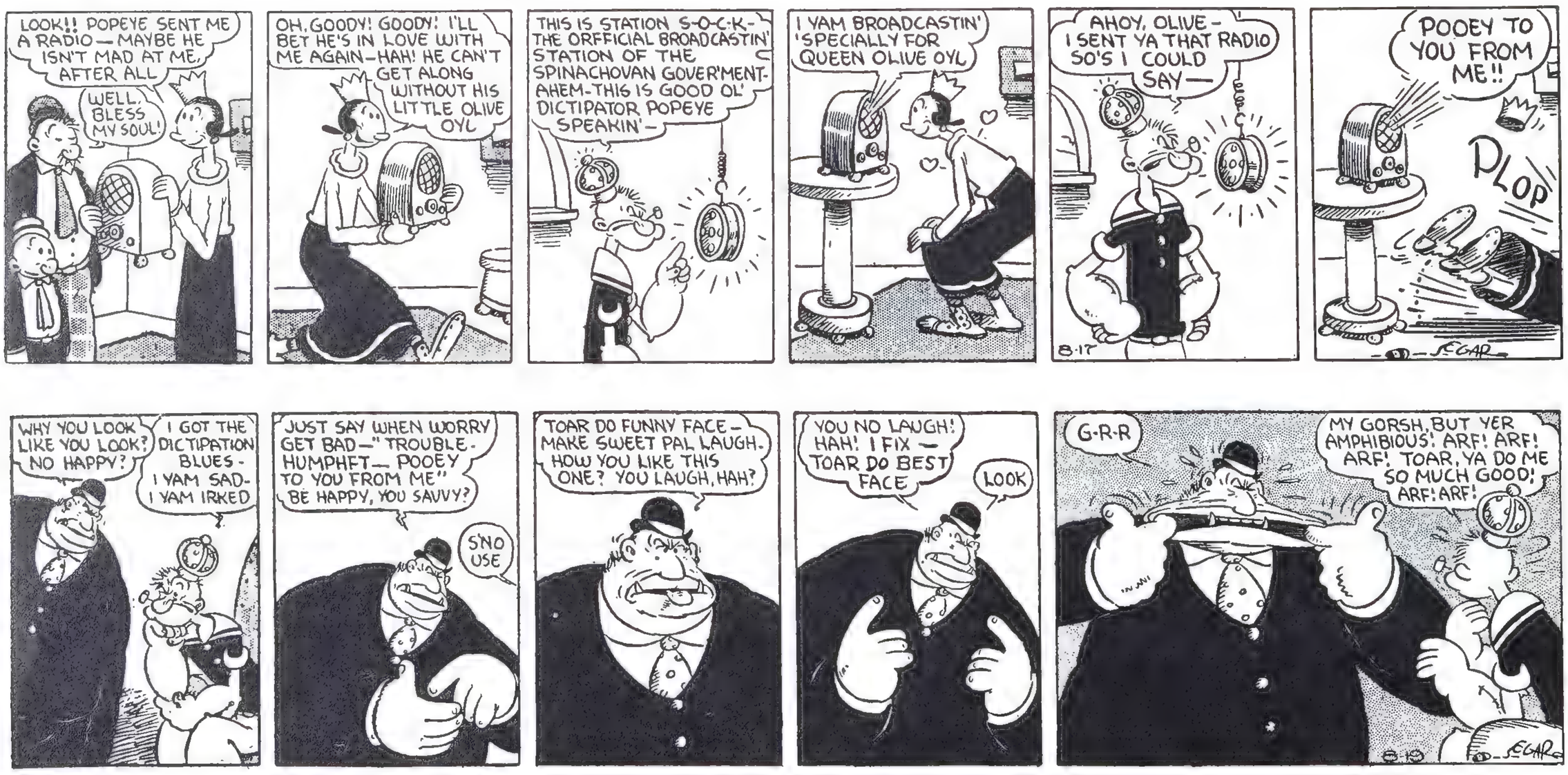
8-6


YOO-HOO! I YAMA WOMAN
MOST GRANDMOTHERS ARE
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
MISTER SPHINK, AS A WOMAN, I AIN'T GETTIN' NO PLACE FAST
OH, BABY! HOT DOGGY! OH! SWEET PAZOOTY!
OLIVE, QUEEN OF OLIVIA, WELCOMES YOU
SWIM OVER AND SEE ME SOMETIME
OLIVIA IS A BETTER COUNTRY THAN SPINACHOVA
8-7
MONTHS HAVE PASSED SINCE OLIVE, WIMPY AND CASTOR WERE KICKED OFF OF POPEYE'S NEW CONTINENT— THEY TOOK POSSESSION OF A NEARBY ISLAND AND OLIVE MADE HERSELF QUEEN—HER PALACE WAS BUILT FROM DRIFTWOOD AND SHIPWRECKS—THE FURNISHINGS WERE TAKEN FROM AN OLD SCHOONER THEY FOUND ON A REEF
WITH THE AID OF THE NATIVES, (INDIANS VERY SIMILAR TO AMERICAN INDIANS) HOMES ARE BEING BUILT
BUT I HAVE NO PEOPLE TO RULE—HMM—THERE ARE NO WOMEN IN POPEYE'S NEW COUNTRY— I'VE AN IDEA
I SHALL DANCE UPON THE BEACH AND DRAW HIS PEOPLE TO MY ISLAND WITH MY WOMANLY GRACE AND CHARM
8-8
WHA'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT DOWN ON THE BEACH? THEY'S A LOT OF ME SHEEPS LOOKIN' THROUGH TELE-SCOPES
WE WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU, SIR—WE'VE GOT A KICK TO MAKE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT
OKAY—GO AHEAD—I YAMA PATIENT DICTIPATOR
WE GOT TO PET—BUT THERE AIN'T NO WOMEN HERE IN SPINACHOVA TO PET WITH
AW, G'WAN—YA DON'T GOT TO PET!
OH, WE DO, TOO!! WE JUST GOT TO PET
I BEGS TO DIFFER WITCHA—YA DON'T GOT TO PET
LOOK AT ME—I DON'T PET
YEAH—JUST LOOK AT YOU!
8-9
POPEYE, A LOT OF OUR MEN ARE DOWN ON THE BEACH WATCHING THAT GAL OVER ON THE ISLAND DO A DANCE! THEY'VE GOT TELESCOPES
OH, MY GORSH! I BET THEY ALL WANTS TO GO OVER TO HER COUNTRY
I YAM COMPLETELY DISGUSTIPATED—I YAM FLABBERGASKET! POOEY! I FEELS LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS
I YAM TELLIN' YA THIS, MISTER SPHINK, IF SHE MAKES ME SHEEPS GO OVER TO HER ISLAND IT'LL MEAN WAR! I'LL BLOW HER COUNTRY TO BLAZES
ATTA BOY
YOO HOO!
LOOK! SHE'S DOING THE DANCE OF SPRING!
YOOOO-HOOO!
8-10
NEXT OUR MEN WILL ALL BE SWIMMING OVER TO OLIVIA
I PASSED A LAW WICH SEZ. NO SWIMMIN' ALLOWED IN THE PAFISIC OCEAN
SIR, I WANT TO KNOW YOUR REASON FOR NOT LETTING US FOLKS SWIM
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT YA TO POLLUKE THE PAFISIC OCEAN
POLLUTE THE PACIFIC?! SAY, ARE YOU CRAZY?
I SEZ YA AIN'T GONER POLLUKE THE PAFISIC
OH, POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!
SIR—I DEMAND A BETTER REASON FOR YOUR NOT ALLOWING US TO SWIM IN THE OCEAN
OH, YA DO, HAH?
G-R-R-R
OKAY—SMELL THIS!!
YOU'RE RIGHT-SIR—WE MUST NOT POLLUKE THE PAFISIC
YA XX RIGHT I YAM RIGHT !!!
8-12
AHOY, YA IJOT! DON'T YA DARE SWIM OVER TO SEE OLIVE OYL—THEY'S A LAW AGAINST IT
I'LL TAKE YER BLASTED SWIMMIN'-SUIT—I'LL CONFISCAKE IT
CUT IT OUT, SIR! LET ME BE! NO! NO!
NOW BY GOLLY—ARF! ARF!
I CAN SWIM WITHOUT A SWIMMING SUIT, SO POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
YEAH, BUT YA KIN NOT GET OUT OF THE WATER—SO POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!
OH, MY GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
IS MY FACE RED!
8-13


JUS' LOOK AT HER, TRYIN' TO LURE ME SHEEPS OVER TO HER COUNTRY
AHOY! WHERE YA GOIN' WITH THAT OUTBOARD MOTOR?
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
HEY-THERE
PUT-PUT-PUT, PUT-PUT PUT PUT PUT
8-14
WELL-I'LL BE—!!
PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT PUT
EGAR


I'LL KEEP 'EM FROM SWIMMING OVER TO SEE OLIVE
I'LL THROW BIG HUNKS OF BEEF INTO THE OCEAN AN' MAKE THE SHARKS COME AROUND
AHOY, YA SWAB - THEY'S A LAW AGAINST SWIMMIN' OVER TO SEE QUEEN OLIVE
HEY! YA GOT TO OBEY ME LAWS !!!
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
IF YOU SAY NOT TO SWIM OVER TO SEE OLIVE OYL, WHY, THEN, SIR, I WON'T DO IT- I RESPECT YOU, SIR, AND YOUR LAWS, TOO, SIR- ETC
8-15
EGAR


TO HECK WITH THE SHARKS! WE'RE GOING TO SWIM OVER AND SEE OLIVE OYL!
YOO-HOO! COME ON OVER- BOYS!
OH, MY GORSH!
SOME OF ME SHEEPS TRIED TO SWIM OVER TO OLIVE'S ISLAND
SOCK
IT MAKES ME FEEL ARFUL WHEN I THINKS ABOUT WHAT TURRIBLE WOTS ME SHEEPS IS!
CRAWL OUT, YA BLASTED LOVE-SICK SWABS
8-16
EGAR


LOOK!! POPEYE SENT ME A RADIO — MAYBE HE ISN'T MAD AT ME, AFTER ALL
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!
OH, GOODY! GOODY! I'LL BET HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME AGAIN - HAH! HE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT HIS LITTLE OLIVE OYL
THIS IS STATION S-O-C-K- THE ORFFICIAL BROADCASTIN' STATION OF THE SPINACHOVAN GOVER'MENT- AHEM - THIS IS GOOD OL' DICTIPATOR POPEYE SPEAKIN'-
I YAM BROADCASTIN' 'SPECIALLY FOR QUEEN OLIVE OYL
AHOY, OLIVE - I SENT YA THAT RADIO SO'S I COULD SAY—
8-17
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!!
PLOP
EGAR

WHY YOU LOOK LIKE YOU LOOK? NO HAPPY?
I GOT THE DICTIPATION BLUES - I YAM SAD- I YAM IRKED
JUST SAY WHEN WORRY GET BAD — "TROUBLE- HUMPHFT — POOEY TO YOU FROM ME" BE HAPPY, YOU SAUVY?
S'NO USE
TOAR DO FUNNY FACE - MAKE SWEET PAL LAUGH. HOW YOU LIKE THIS ONE? YOU LAUGH, HAH?
YOU NO LAUGH! HAH! I FIX — TOAR DO BEST FACE
LOOK
G-R-R
MY GORSH, BUT YER AMPHIBIOUS! ARF! ARF! ARF! TOAR, YA DO ME SO MUCH GOOD! ARF! ARF!
8-19
EGAR


ME SHEEPS MAKE ME FEEL ARFUL! THEY IRKS ME LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS
I GET SO MAD ON YOUR PEOPLE I LIKE TO KICK 'EM IN OCEAN! AN' I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO!
I LIKE TO CRACKUM CRAZY HEADS AN' I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO!
I GO TO WINDOW AN' TELL ANGRY MOB WHAT TOAR THINK: OH, I GET SO MAD!
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME, YOU DUMBHEADS!! ALL YOU CRAZY PEOPLE GO KISS A PIG! HAH! AN' I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO!!
EGAR
8-20

I YAMA SAD DICTIPATOR - ME SHEEPS AIN'T GOT NO SENSE - I YAM KING OF TEN THOUSING FATHEADS

POOEY TO POPEYE! WE WANT WIVES!

I GET SO MAD I LIKE TO KICK 'EM IN OCEAN! AN' I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO

I YAM SO SAD I FEELS ROTTEN - I YAM IRKED!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU THAT WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH

I YAM SO SAD I WILL NEVER LAUGH NO MORE

YESTERDAY TOAR WENT TO THE WINDOW TO BAWL YOUR PEOPLE OUT - HERE'S WHAT HE SAID - "POOEY TO YOU FROM ME, YOU DUMBHEADS!!" GEE, HE WAS MAD AND EXCITED

8-21

HE SAID - "ALL YOU CRAZY PEOPLE GO KISS A PIG - AN' I'M JUST THE GUY WHO CAN DO IT, TOO"

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

WHAT I DO GOOFY NOW? OH, YOU BIG FATHEAD ME!

OH-MY GORSH! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

AWFUL LOW TIDE TO-DAY - OCEAN GOING WAY DOWN

DON'T BOTHER ME WITH TRIFLES. I GOT WORRIES

WATER TERRIBLE LOW IN CHANNEL - THOUGHT MAYBE BOYS MIGHT WALK OVER TO OLIVE OYL'S ISLAND

SEZ WICH!!

OH, MY GORSH !!!

POOP

WHOOPEE DOOP! WHEEE! LONG LIVE QUEEN OLIVE!

'LO, HONEY

WELCOME TO OLIVIA, BOYS

8-22

EGAR

WE HAD A EXTER LOW TIDE AN' ALL ME SHEEPS WALKED OVER TO OLIVE OYL'S ISLAND - WOE IS ME - I YAMA FLOP DICTIPATOR - POOEY! I YAM IRKED!

KING OF NOBODY

CHEER UP, SWEET PAL - ONE MAN NO LEAVE - HE WAIT IN HALL NOW

ONE MAN STAYED, EH?

THANK HEAVEN THEY'S ONE MAN WICH THINKS MORE OF BEIN' LOYAL TO ME GOVER'MENT THAN HE DOES OF GETTIN' HISSELF A WIFE

SEND HIM IN!

I WANTS TO SEE THAT MAN

HOWDY DO - I'M YER LOYAL CITIZEN

OH, POOEY!

I HAD NO IDEA THE TIDE WOULD GET SO LOW THAT THOSE SAPS COULD WALK OVER TO OLIVE OYL'S ISLAND. OUR NEW COUNTRY IS A FLOP

I YAM MAD, MISTER SPHINK, AN' WHEN I GETS MAD SUMPIN' HAPPINGS - NO DAME KIN DO ME LIKE SHE DONE

LOOK OUT FOR ME WHEN I GETS IRKED - HAH! I YAM GONER BRING ME SHEEPS BACK!

DON'T BE SILLY, BOYS - I CAN'T MARRY ALL OF YOU

OF COURSE, YOU CAN'T MARRY ALL OF US, BUT YOU CAN MARRY ME!

8-24 EGAR

I COME TO GET ME SHEEPS - WE HAD A EXTER LOW TIDE AN' THEY ALL WALKED ACROSS THE CHANNEL - I YAM GO'NER TAKE 'EM BACK

OH, YEAH? POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

WE WON'T GO BACK! WE WANT TO BE RULED BY FEMININITY - WHERE QUEEN OLIVE IS, THERE WE SHALL BE ALSO

SO YA WON'T GO BACK TO SPINACHOVA, EH?

NO, WE WON'T

OH, YA WON'T - HAH?

NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO

LOOK OUT FOR ME WHEN I GETS IRKED - COME HERE, YA BLASTED WOMAN!

HELP! HELP! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

ME SHEEPS WILL FOLLOW YA ACROS'T THE CHANNEL AN' WHEN THE TIDE COMES UP I'LL SEND YA BACK IN A ROWER-BOAT

EGAR 8-26

YEAH, I GOT ME SHEEPS BACK, SO NOW ALL I GOT TO WORRY ABOUT IS ME USUAL DICTIPATORIAL DUTIES

DARN NITWITS

THEY'S ONE THING I GOT TO DO. I GOT TO MAKE A SPEECH AN' CONVINCE ME SHEEPS THAT I YAM A SWELL DICTIPATOR - I GOT TO MAKE 'EM BELIEVE IN ME

ETC - AN' DIDN'T I BUILD A ARK LIKE NORA DID AN' DISCOVER A NEW CONTINENT? I BUILT THIS SWELL CITY AN' DONE OTHER BIG THINGS

I GIVED YA FREEEDOM - I GIVED YA LIBERKY - AN' I GIVED YA LAWS TO BREAK - COULD YA AST MORE?

YOU BOYS ARE THE GREATEST GUYS ON EART - AN' NOW I WANTS TO AST YA SUMPIN' - AHEM - WHO'S THE GREATEST DICTIPATOR ON EART!

??

OLIVE OYL !!!

8-27 EGAR



CHAPTER II:

MERMAID MADNESS

I DIDN'T KNOW MERMAIDS COULD SPEAK ENGLISH- HOW COME?
WE HAVE SCHOOLS UNDER THE SEA
WE ARE EDUCATED JUST LIKE YOU HUMANS ARE
I BEGS PARDING ?
YA MEANS TO SAY YA AIN'T A HOOMAN ?
OF COURSE, I'M NOT- I'M A FISH!
OH, POOEY
TO YOU FROM ME
?
9-3

SHE'S JUS'A MERMAID, BUT I YAM SO LONESOME FOR FEMININIKY I KIN NOT STAN' IT- AHOY, GAL- WILL YA MARRY ME?
I'D BE VERY HAPPY TO MARRY THE KING OF SPINACHOVA
LET'S GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY
JUS'A MINUTE, I WANTS TO THINK
PAPA!
THA'S OUT!
9-4

IT'S LATE- I MUST GO HOME NOW
KIN I TAKE YA HOME?
CERTAINLY
SPLASH!
GLUG-GLUG
G'BYE
SMACK
!!XX@@@!
GLUG
UGH
THA'S THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER TAKE A BLASTED MERMAID HOME
9-5

WONER WHAT ME SHEEPS WILL DO WHEN THEY FINDS OUT THEY'S THOUSINGS OF MERMAIDS IN THE OCEAN- JUS' WAIT TILL MR. SPHINK, THE WOMAN-HATER, FINDS OUT
TOAR CATCH BIG FISH- HOW YOU WANT HIM COOK?
?
JA SAY FISH ?
YEAH I SAY FISH
STOP! STOP! THA'SA MERMAID! HOL' EVER'THING!
WHATTA MATTER YOU, CRAZY BOY? GOOD FISH ON ONE END
I SEZ STOP!
9-6

BLOW ME DOWN! EVER' TIME I LOOKS AT YER FACE I THINKS OF SUMPIN' THE CATS DRUGGED IN— I YAM GONER CATCH MESELF ANOTHER MERMAID
BY GOLLY I GOT ONE!
TEE HEE
SPLASH
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!
9-7

NO! I WON'T TRADE THIS BEAUTIFUL MERMAID I JUST CAUGHT FOR YOUR UGLY ONE— YOU MUST THINK I'M KA-RAZY!
YA GOT TO DO AS I SAY- I YAM THE BIG DICTIPATOR AN' YER JUS'A SHEEP— JUS' ONE OF THE COMMON HORDE!
G'WAN-PIPE DOWN! I GOT TO HAVE THE SYMPTHITY OF A PERTY GAL ON ACCOUNT OF I GOT HEAVY DICTIPATORIAL WORRIES
DARN YOU!
-AND YOU CAN BUY ME A HUNDRED-FOOT YACHT TRIMMED IN SOLID GOLD- ETC- ETC-
AND I WANT PEARL NECKLACES- DIAMOND RINGS- ETC- ETC.-
AHOY, SON, YA WANT TO TRADE BACK?
POOEY
TO YOU FROM ME!
9-9

HEY, POPEYE - ALL THE BOYS ARE OUT FISHING FOR MERMAIDS AND THEY'RE CATCHING 'EM!! SAY, WHAT'S WRAPPED UP IN THAT PAPER? I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T SNEAKED A MERMAID INTO OUR PALACE!

OH, THA'S JUS'A CODFISH WICH THE SANTA MONICA ROD AND REEL CLUB SENT ME

COD-FISH, EH?

YEAH, A CODFISH!

HMM - CODFISH, EH?

YEAH, CODFISH - THE FISH WICH THEY MAKES COD'S LIVER OIL FROM THE LIVERS OF

OH, COD-FISH, EH? HMM

YA DON'T THINK I'D LIE TO YA, DO YA, MISTER SPHINK? IT'S A COD-FISH!

?

PLOP

!

SURE, I'M A COD-FISH

EGAR 9-10

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE - THE CATS PLAY UKELAYLEE - THE COW SHE JUMP OVER THE MOOSE - THE LITTLE HOG LAUGH TO SEE GOOD FUN AND THE COOK HOP AWAY WITH THE GOOSE

TOAR, FIX LUNCH FOR TWO IN THE BLUE ROOM

I HAVE SPOKEN

OKAY - AYE - AYE - WILL DO —

I SEE YOU GOING HAVE A FISH FOR LUNCH

OH, YA DON'T LIKE THIS FOOD, EH? WHY, THIS IS SWELL FOOD — DON'T BE SO BLASTED HIGH-TONED!! REMEMBER - YER ONLY A FISH

WHAT DO YA WANT?

I WANT A NICE ANGLEWORM ON TOAST

OH, HA! HA! HA! OH, TOO FUNNY HAW! HAW!

OH, POOEY TO SHE FROM ME

9-11 EGAR

WE AIN'T GOT NO BLASTED ANGLE WORM ON TOAST!

I WANT AN ANGLE WORM ON TOAST

YA'LL EAT WHAT WE GOT OR GO HUNGRY, YA POOR FISH

AHOY, TOAR - MAYBE SHE'LL EAT SEAFOOD - TRY IT. -

HO KAY

MAYBE YOU LIKE NICE PIECE OF THIS FRESH FISH —

OH, HEAVENS, NO!

PLOP

THAT'S UNCLE HYMIE!

9-12 EGAR

NEW LAW
NO FISHIN' FOR MERMAIDS - I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITH 'EM ON ACCOUNT OF THEY EATS ANGLE-WORMS ON TOAST - ANYONE CAUGHT WITH A MERMAID WILL GET HUNG - SO THA'S THAT -
POPEYE

DARN HIM!

WE WANT MERMAIDS!

WHAT DO WE CARE IF THEY DO EAT ANGLEWORMS!

WE'VE GOT SHOVELS

MERMAIDS ARE BETTER THAN NO MAIDS AT ALL

I SEZ NO MERMAIDS! AN' IF YA DON'T MIND ME I'LL GET ME ARMY AFTER YA!

AW G'WAN, YOU AIN'T GOT NO ARMY!

BLAST 'EM, ANYHOW!

AHOY, TOAR - DRESS UP LIKE AN ARMY AN' BREAK UP THE ANGRY MOB

HO KAY

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

YES, SIR - YES, SIR - POOEY TO US FROM YOU

9-13 EGAR

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MISTER SPHINK, I YAM NOT GONER BE BOSSED BY A SHRIMP LIKE YOU NO LONGER

YOU FATHEAD - IF YOU BREAK WITH ME THIS NEW COUNTRY WILL GO TO BLAZES! I'LL WITHDRAW MY FINANCIAL BACKING

TO HECK WITH YER MONEY — FROM NOW ON I YAM THINKIN' OF ME SHEEPS ONLY!

I YAM GO'NER GIVE ME SHEEPS WHAT THEY WANTS!

DEAR SHEEPS - I SPEAK — HMM - I REFUSES TO LET OL' MAN SPHINK STAN' IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS!! I AIN'T ONLY GO'NER GIVE YA A NEW DEAL - I YAM GO'NER GIVE YA A WHOLE BLASTED NEW GAME! I YAM GO'NER BRING WOMEN TO SPINACHOVA -

I HAVE SPOKEN!

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

HOO-RAY FOR GOOD OLD POPEYE! WE LOVE OUR DICTIPATOR!!

9-14 EGAR

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BRING WOMEN TO SPINACHOVA, EH? YOU'RE BREAKING WITH ME, ARE YOU -? HAH!

YA DERN RIGHT I YAM! WE GOT TO HAVE WOMEN! WOMEN IS SALTS OF THE EART' - BLESS 'EM! WOMEN IS THE HINGES ON THE DOOR TO PROSPERIKY - ETC

FURDERMORE - I CLAIMS THAT COMPARED TO WOMEN, MEN IS JUS' "DIRT"

AND NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK ABOUT WOMEN

TOAR, BRING ME BOOK OF LAWS - I WANTS TO MAKE A NEW ONE -

NEW LAW — "ANYBODY WICH DISAGREES WITH THE DICTIPATOR WILL GET HUNG"

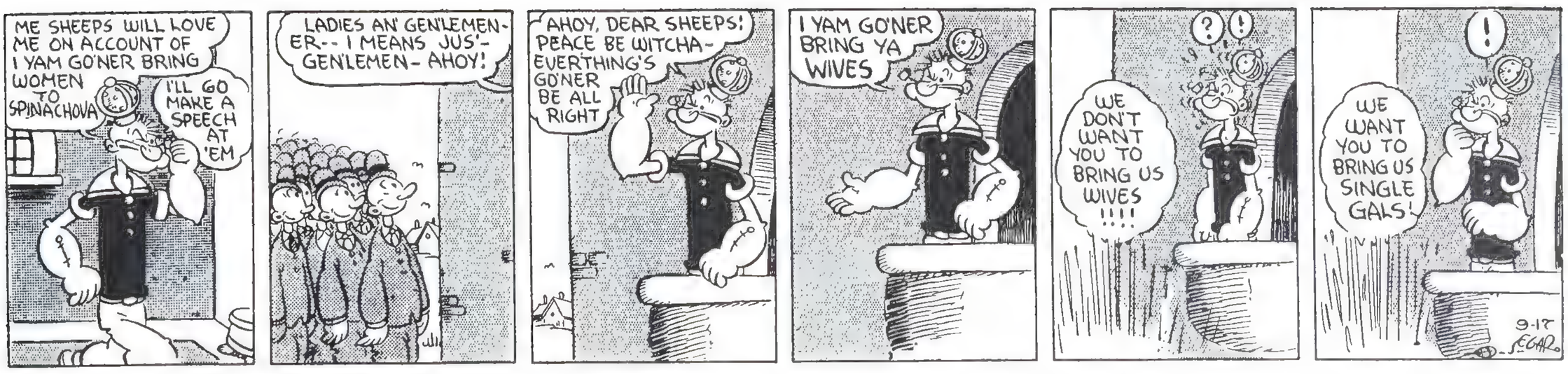
BOOK OF LAWS

G-R-R G-R-R G-R-R G-R-R

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME

ARF! ARF!

9-16 EGAR





CHAPTER III:

THE DICTIPATOR HAS SPOKEN



I HEAR MR. SPHINK TELL INDIANS TO DO WAR ON MY DEAR, SWEET PAL — OH, POOEY TO HIM FROM ME!

HAH! I'LL GO HAVE A TALK WITH THE CHIEF — I DON'T WANT NO WAR — I DON'T BELIEVE IN KILLIN' HOOMANS

WARS ARE SILLY — LISTEN-CHIEF — A SOLJER HAS JUS' AS MUCH RIGHT TO LIVE AS A KING OR CHIEF HAS

UGH!

MR. SPHINK PROBALLY GIVED YA A LOT OF MONEY TO WAR ON US — SAY, LE'S SETTLE IT WITH BOXIN'-GLOVES

9-23

PICK OUT YER STRONGEST WARRIOR — IF HE LICKS ME YA KIN HAVE ME NEW COUNTRY — IF I LICKS HIM — WELL — ALL I WANTS OUT OF YOU IS YER FRENSHIP

BUT NO MATTER WHO WINS YOU KEEP THE MONEY WICH MR. SPHINK GIVED YA

LISTENS SWELL! YOU GOT GOOD IDEAS!

SURE, THEY AIN'T A SELFISH BONE IN ME HEAD

EGAR

MR. SPHINK IS SORE BECAUSE OUR DICTIPATOR IS BRINGING WOMEN TO SPINACHOVA

YES — HE PAID THE INDIANS TO WAR US — AIN'T THAT AWFUL?

POOEY TO HIM FROM ME

WE DON'T WANT WAR!

WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO BATTLE TILL AFTER WE'RE MARRIED

THERE AIN'T GONER BE NO WAR. WE'RE GO'NER SETTLE IT W'ITH BOXIN'-GLOVES — I YAM TO FIGHT THE STRONGEST INDIAN IN THE TRIBE

YOU BIG FATHEAD! I PAID YOU TO WAR ON POPEYE AND HIS RATS — A PRIZE FIGHT WON'T DO — I WANT THEM CONQUERED

GNATS TO YOU!

WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR CHEST? NO SAVVY

THA'S THE SPINACH BREAKIN' OUT ON ME

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9-24

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! I THOUGHT THIS WAS GO'NER BE A FIGHT WITH BOXIN'-GLOVES

WELL — I WEARING BOXING-GLOVES

OKAY — LE'S FIGHT — I HATES ARGYMENTS

THA'S JUS'A OPENER

SMUSH

SWISH

NEW KNIFE — ALL RUIN — NO GOOD

AW, PIPE DOWN! QUIT BEEFIN' I'LL BUY YA A NEW KNIFE — C'MON — LE'S FIGHT

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

9-25 EGAR

SWISH

UGH

CRAZY DICTIPATOR! WHY YOU SO MAD AT ME?

QUIT PLAYIN' AROUND

LE'S FIGHT

ZING!

9-26 EGAR

SPLAT

WELL, THA'S THAT, CHIEF — THE WAR IS SETTLED — I HOPES YA AINT MAD ON ACCOUNT OF I WIN'D

CHIEF THUNDERLUNG GOOD SPORT — YOU KNOW HOW TO FIGHT — GLAD YOU LICKUM — YOUR PEOPLE AND MY PEOPLE BE FRIENDS

THA'S SWELL

AND NOW CHIEF SAY FIVE WORDS TO PUNK WARRIOR FIZZLEPUSS

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

9-27 EGAR

HOO-RAY FOR OUR DICTIPATOR! HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR!

WE LOVE OUR DICTIPATOR!

I ADMIT I TRIED TO MAKE THE INDIANS DECLARE WAR ON YOU — AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

I YAM JUS' GONER LAUGH AT YA, MISTER SPHINK — SOMETIMES A LAUGH HURTS WORSE'N A SOCK IN THE MUSH

ARF! ARF! ARF

I'M GOING TO SEND FOR MY ATTORNEY IN NEW YORK AND SUE YOU FOR TEN BILLION DOLLARS — YOU BROKE YOUR CONTRACT WITH ME ABOUT WOMEN

ESCUSE ME, MISTER SPHINK. I HEARS ME SHEEPS CHEERIN' ME — I GOT TO STEP OUT ON THE BALCONY

DEAR SHEEPS, I ASSEPTS YER CHEERS WITH REPRECIATION — YER DICTIPATOR ALWAYS DOES WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT — IF I YAM WRONG JUS' REMEMBER THIS — "PRESIDINKS, KINGS AN' DICTIPATORS ARE ONLY HOOMANS"

HOO-RAY WHEE!

9-28 EGAR

MISTER SPHINK, WHY DO YA HATE WOMEN THE WAY YA DO?
YEARS AGO A WOMAN WRECKED MY LIFE - I HATE THE VERY SIGHT OF THEM
MEN ARE OKAY, EH?
YES - US MEN ARE ALL RIGHT
HMM - I DON'T SUSPOSE YA EVER HEARD OF A MAN WRECKIN' A WOMAN'S LIFE, HAH?
I'D LIKE TO WRECK ALL OF THEIR LIVES - BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT? YOU AGREED TO BUILD UP A NEW COUNTRY OF MEN - A COUNTRY FREE FROM WOMEN - I FURNISHED THE MONEY, BUT YOU BROKE OUR AGREE-MENT
I'VE RADIOED MY ATTORNEY IN NEW YORK - HE'LL BE HERE SOON - THEN LOOK OUT! I'LL SUE YOU FOR TEN BILLION DOLLARS
WHY, MISTER SPHINK - YOU MUST BE KA-RAZY
ISN'T HE AWFUL!
WHY, MISTER SPHINK - WOMEN ARE NICE
WHY, YOU BIG FAT-HEAD!
OH, MISTER SPHINK, POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!
930

THE SHIP LOADED WITH GALS FOR US TO MARRY IS HERE - HOO-RAY! WHOOPEE!
WE'RE HAPPY NOW! WE LOVE OUR DICTIPATOR — THREE CHEERS FOR GOOD OLD POPEYE
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THEY'RE HERE! BLESS THEIR HEARTS!
AHOY, DEAR FEMALE SHEEPS! AHOY! AHOY! I YAM THE DICTIPATOR
YOO-HOO!
10-1
DEAR GALS, WE GOT A OL' SPINACHOVAN CUSTOM WICH SEZ EVERY GAL WICH COMES HERE HAS GOT TO KISS THE DICTIPATOR — I YAM HIM. SO COMMENCE
HEY! YOU CAN'T KISS OUR FUTURE WIVES!
GNATS TO YOU, SIR
SEGAR

HEY! NO! NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
A'COURSE, I KIN - IT'S A OL' SPINACHOVAN CUSTOM - DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?
KISSIN' OUR FUTURE WIVES! WE DON'T LIKE THAT
DARN HIM!
SOMETIMES I GET SO DERN MAD
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME, SIR
HE'S BEEN TWO HOURS KISSIN' THE FIRST ONE! HE'LL NEVER FINISH!
THERE ARE "10,950" GALS
HEY, YOU, JUST A QUICK KISS
10-2
SEGAR

BOYS, THE GALS ARE GONER HAVE A CONTEST - YEAH - ONE OF YER FUTURE WIVES IS GONER WIN A PRIZE
THAT'LL BE FINE
IT'LL BE A KISSIN' CONTEST — THE GAL WICH KISSES ME THE BEST WILL WIN THE PRIZE — I'LL KISS EACH ONE FOR A HOUR SO'S I KIN JUDGE PROPER
POPEYE, WE, THE PEOPLE OF SPINACHOVA, OBJECT TO THIS CONTEST — HERE'S WHY - THERE ARE "10,950" GALS. THERE ARE 365 DAYS IN A YEAR - AND TEN HOURS TO A WORKING DAY -
10-3
IF YOU KISS EACH ONE FOR AN HOUR — TO KISS "10,950" GALS IT WOULD TAKE THREE YEARS
WELL - WHA'S THREE YEARS? WE GOT LOTSA TIME
PLOP
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IMAGINE POPEYE, OUR DICTIPATOR, HOLDING A CONTEST WITH OUR FUTURE WIVES TO SEE WHICH IS THE BEST KISSER
IMAGINE KISSING "10,950 GALS
I THOUGHT HE HAD THOSE GALS COME TO OUR NEW COUNTRY FOR US TO MARRY
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT
DARN HIM
WELL, THA'S THAT - EACH ONE OF THE TEN THOUSING NINE HUNERD AN' FIFTY GALS GIVED ME A QUICK KISS
HOO-RAY! THE CONTEST IS OVER
WHOOPEE! NOW WE CAN MARRY THE GALS
WHO WON THE PRIZE?
STAN' BACK, YA SWABS! I KIN NOT MAKE UP ME MIND WICH ONE WIN'D SO I GOT TO LET 'EM KISS ME AGAIN
UGH!
10-4
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YEP, THE KISSIN' CONTEST IS OVER - I WILL NOW PICK THE WINNER
FINE!
WE'RE GLAD THE KISSING CONTEST IS OVER - WE DON'T LIKE TO HAVE YOU KISSING OUR FUTURE WIVES
WHAT'S THE FIRST PRIZE?
HERE IS THE WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE FOR BEIN' THE BEST KISSER — AN' THE FIRST PRIZE IS A KISS — COME AN' GET IT
AN' HERE'S THE WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE - SECOND PRIZE IS A KISS ALSO
SMACK
HERE'S THE WINNER OF THE THIRD PRIZE — THIRD PRIZE IS A KISS
SO'S THE FOURTH PRIZE
AW, WHAT THE HECK! I MAY AS WELL GIVE YA ALL PRIZES — STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES
10-5
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SEGAR

DEAR SHEEPS, THE GALS ARE WAITIN' FOR YA - COME ON IN AN' PICK YERSELF A WIFE

WHEE! WE LOVE OUR DICTIPATOR

NOW ME SHEEPS WILL BE HAPPY - THEY KIN SETTLE DOWN AN RAISE FAMILIES LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

OH, MY GORSH!

HERE THEY COME

CLOMP CLOMP TROMP CLOMP TROMP

KEEP YOUR HOOKS OFFA THAT BLOND! I SAW HER FIRST!

GANG'WAY!

THAT RED HEAD'S MINE!

10-7

GEN'LEMEN! GEN'LEMEN!

I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!

IT WOULD TAKE A YEAR TO MARRY EACH COUPLE ONE AT A TIME - THEYS ABOUT EIGHT THOUSING COUPLES LEFT

ALL OF YA GO OUTSIDE AN' STAN' UNDER ME BALCONY - I'LL DO THIS JOB UP QUICK

DOES YOU FOLKS WANT TO MARRY EACH OTHER? ANSWER AFFIRMATY OR NEGATY

YES ES YES YES YES S I YES YES YES

I SUSPOSE EVERYTHING WILL RUN SMOOTH NOW – ALL THE BOYS HAS GOT WIVES AN' HOMES

THEY BEEN YELPIN' FOR WIVES FOR MUNTS AN' MUNTS AN' NOW THEY GOT 'EM

BLOW ME DOWN! SOUNDS LIKE A ANGRY MOB!

G-R-R G-R-R G-R-R

10-14

TO HECK WITH 'EM!

MY GORSH!

WE DON'T LIKE WOMEN! THEY'RE TOO GOOFY

WE WANT LIBERTY

TROMP CLOMP

SHE CAN'T GIVE ME A BLACK EYE!

DARN HER

POOEY TO MY WIFE FROM HER HUSBAND

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE

WE THOUGHT MARRIED LIFE WAS FUN

I SPOKE OUT OF TURN AND LOOK

GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANTS AN' THEY WON'T WANT IT– NO WONDER PRESIDINKS AN' RULERS GET OLD YOUNG

SEGAR

MY GORSH! HERE COMES ANOTHER GANG WICH IS SORRY THEY GOT MARRIED

WHY DID YOU LET US GET MARRIED ?!

WHAT COULD I DO? YA ALL WANTED WIVES

BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR US– YOU'RE OUR DICTIPATOR, AIN'T YOU? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SMART

SAY–

YOU AIN'T GOT NO MORE SENSE'N WE HAVE!

THA'SA INSULK!

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO US LIKE THIS!

SAY-AIN'T WE GOT FREE SPEECH OR HAVE WE?!

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

YOU BETTER NOT MAKE ME MAD! SAY- DO YOU WANT TO FIGHT?

XX!! I YAM DISGUSTI-PATED!!

POOO BLAH POOO POOEY

G-R-R GR-R

10-15

SEGAR

AHOY, YA SWABS, I COMMANDS YA TO CUT OUT YER FOOLISHNESS AN' GET BUSY– PLOW YER FIELDS AN' PLANT YER SPINACH– YA GOT TO WORK!

AW, GNATS! WORK MAKES US SO DARN TIRED

I'LL MAKE A SUCCESSFUL COUNTRY OUT OF THIS IN SPITE OF ME SHEEPS BEIN' DUMB-HEADS

I'LL TAKE A WALK IN THE COUNTRY-

AN' SEE IF ME SHEEPS KNOWS HOW TO DO FARM-IN'

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

10-16

SAY, YOU MUST BE A CITY HORSE! MY GOSH! DON'T YOU KNOW HOW, TO PUSH A PLOW?! STAND UP THERE!

HEY! I GOT A KICK TO MAKE AGAINST THE GOVERN-MENT

MOST EVER'BODY HAS-

WHA'S THE MATTER?

WHY, THE DARN POTATO BUGS ARE EATIN' UP MY POTATO BUSHES

OH, THA'S EASY– I'LL FIX THEM POTATIE BUGS

REALLY! HOW?

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10-17

I'LL MAKE A LAW THAT WILL CAUSE YOUR POTATIE BUGS TO DIE

IF YOU CAN MAKE A LAW THAT WILL DO THAT YOU'RE THE GREATEST DICTIPATOR ON EARTH

HERE'S THE NEW LAW

ANYBODY WICH DON'T GET BUSY AN' KILL THE POTATIE BUGS ON HIS POTATIE PLANTS WILL GET HUNG FOR BEIN' A XX! LAZY BOOB

POOEY TO HIM FROM ME!

DEAR FARMERS– THIS IS YER DICTIPATOR BROAD-CASTIN– I WANTS YA TO DON'T FORGET TO PLANT PUNKINS–

THINK I'LL TAKE A STROLL OUT IN THE COUNTRY AN' SEE HOW ME DUMBHEAD FARMERS ARE GETTIN' ALONG

AHOY, THERE, MATEY– HOW YA DOIN'?

OKAY, BUT THE TROUBLE IS–

10-18

YOU HAVE TO DIG SUCH BIG HOLES TO PLANT PUMPKINS

PLOP!!

SEGAR

I'VE GOT A KICK TO MAKE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT! – MY TOMATOES ARE DOING FINE, BUT MY POTATOES ARE A COMPLETE FIZZLE! I WISH YOU'D COME OUT TO THE FARM WITH ME

NO POTATIES, EH? THA'S BAD

BUT I CAN RAISE TOMATOES OKAY

JUST LOOK AT THE SWELL TOMATOES

BUT MY POTATOES– SEE– THERE AIN'T A POTATO ON 'EM

HMM– BETTER DIG 'EM UP AN' PLANT SUMPIN' ELSE

YEAH, DIG 'EM UP– ARF! ARF!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO, DARN 'EM! I GET SO MAD AT MY POTATOES

OH, LOOK! THEY'RE ON THE BOTTOM! ISN'T THAT SILLY?!!

AN' THA'S THE KIND OF SAPS I GOT TO BUILD A NATION WITH

SEGAR



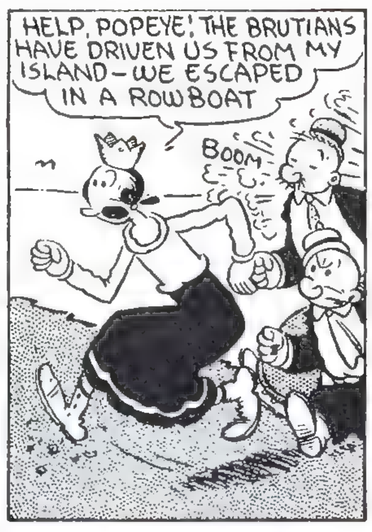
CHAPTER IV:

WAR CLOUDS















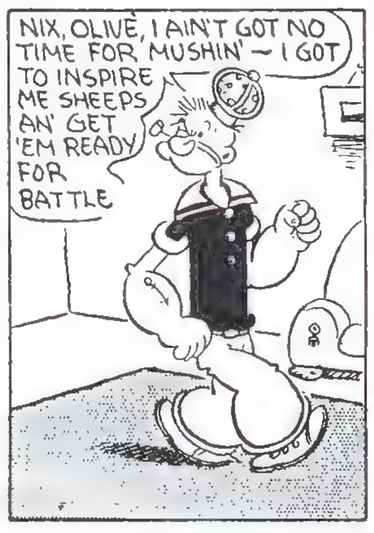




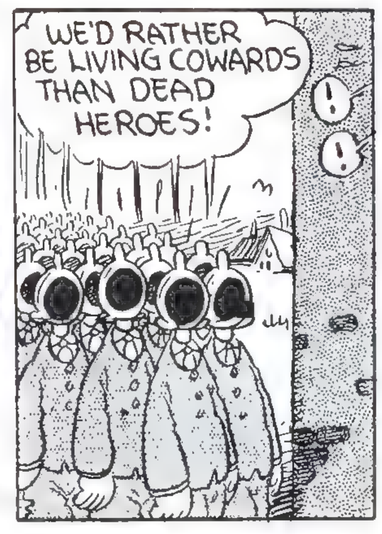












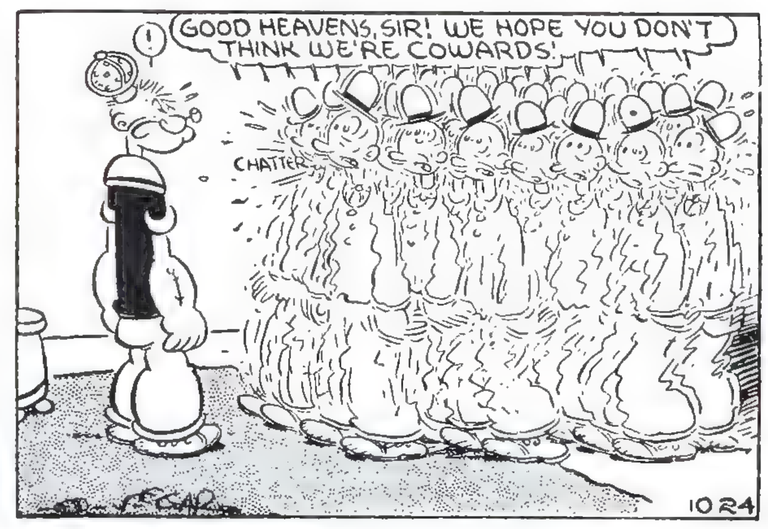








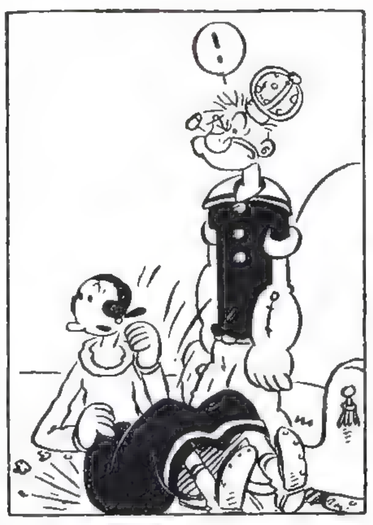














SURELY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET HER LIVE HERE IN YOUR PALACE!
SHUSH UP! I GOT TO BE NICE TO HER, DON'T I?
I HAVEN'T ANY HOME AND I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY
SEE, OLIVE, SHE'S JUS'A POOR LITTLE IMMYGRUNT. SHE NEEDS SYMPTHITY
HAH! I'LL BET MISS ZEXA PEAL IS WELL ESTABLISHED IN POPEYE'S PALACE BY NOW- SHE'S THE BEST SPY IN MY SECRET SERVICE
IN A FEW DAYS SHE'LL KNOW MORE ABOUT HIS GOVERNMENT THAN HE DOES- ZEXA PEAL NEVER FAILS
AW, THA'S TOO BAD- JUS'A POOR LITTLE IMMYGRUNT- OH, MY GORSH! I YAM SO SYMPTHANETIC FOR POOR LITTLE IMMYGRUNT GALS
YOU'RE SO NICE- SO MANLY- SO HANDSOME
EGAR 10 26 © 1935, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

JUS'A POOR LITTLE IMMYGRUNT GAL WITHOUT NO HOME- I GOT TO PAT YA AN' CHEER YA UP
YOU'RE SO NICE!
POPEYE, STOP THAT!
PAT PAT PAT
BUT SHE'S GOT TO BE PATTED- IT'S A OL' SPINACHOVAN CUSTOM- WE GOT TO SHOW HER GOOD OL' SPINACHOVAN HORSHPITALIKY
WELL, IF SHE'S GOT TO BE PATTED, I'LL PAT HER!
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
PAT
10-28
EGAR

OLIVE OYL GOES WILD EVER' TIME I LOOKS AT A PERTY GAL
BLA- BLA- BLA! POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
YOU'RE NOT PERTY! WHY, YOU'RE THE UGLIEST LOOKING PIECE OF CHEESE I'VE EVER SEEN!
OH, MY GORSH!!
YES, YOU BIG HUNK OF BALONEY!
IF YOU WEREN'T SO BEAUTIFUL YOURSELF, I'D THINK YOU WERE JEALOUS OF ME
10-29

JUST AS SOON AS ZEXA PEAL MY "G" WOMAN, SENDS ME INFORMATION I'LL DECLARE WAR ON SPINACHOVA
WHA'S YER NAME?
MY NAME IS ZEXA PEAL
ZEXA PEAL— HMM- SOUNDS IN'ERESTIN'
TELL ME, YOU GREAT, BIG, HANDSOME MANZIE WANZIE, HAS SPINACHOVA A STRONG ARMY?
STRONG ARMY? HAH! OH, MY GORSH! THA'S A LAUGH!
STRONG ARMY! ARF! ARF! ALL I GOT IS A BUNCH OF SAPS WITHOUT NO GUNS
THEN IF AN ARMY INVADED THIS COUNTRY YOU'D BE HELPLESS
ABSOLUKELY
THAT WAS EASY- ZEXA PEAL NEVER FAILS
10-30

ZEXA PEAL, OH, MY GORSH! WHAT A ROMAN'IC NAME- I GOT TINGLES IN ME CHEST
YES- THAT WAS EASY
I'VE GOT NEARLY ALL THE INFORMATION I NEED
SO THIS IS LOVE?!
YOU'RE A SPY!
OH, I AM NOT!
YOU MUST BE KA-RAZY !!!!
10-31
EGAR

I READ WHAT YOU WROTE IN YOUR NOTE BOOK— YOU'RE A SPY! A BRUTIAN SPY
AND I'M GOING TO TELL POPEYE RIGHT NOW
I'LL FIX YOU!
COME BACK HERE!
REACH FOR THE MOON, YOU FUNNY-LOOKING FREAK! IF I HAD A PLACE TO HIDE YOU I'D RUB YOU OUT!
11-1
EGAR

HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD FROM ZEXA PEAL, MY SUPER "G" WOMAN?

WE AIN'T HEARD A-XXX-THING FROM HER!

I FEELS SO GOSH DARN GOOD!

ZEXA PEAL—ZEXA PEAL YA GOT ME DIZZY AS A WHEEL— KISS ME KID, I AIN'T NO HEEL— ZEXA-ZEXA-ZEXA PEAL

11-2

OH, MERCY! I FEEL A LOUD SCREAM COMING UP MY WINDPIPE!

ONE LITTLE TEENY WEENY PEEP OUT OF YOU AND I'LL TURN YOU INTO HAMBURGER!

THIS DAME IS A CRUEL, COLD, HARD-HEARTED BRUTIAN SPY. IF SHE GETS HER INFORMATION TO HER KING IT WILL BE CURTAINS FOR SPINACHOVA

THE TITLE OF OUR NEW CHAPTER IS—

"YOU CAN'T EXPECT APRIL SHOWERS FROM WAR CLOUDS"

A TERRIFIC DRAMA!

WILL POPEYE'S NEW NATION SURVIVE???? HAH' THERE'S A WOMAN BRUTIAN SPY IN POPEYE'S PALACE RIGHT THIS MINUTE -

I'M NOT GOING TO HOLD MY HANDS UP ANY LONGER - I'M GETTING A CRAMP

YOU'LL HAVE WORSE THAN CRAMPS IF YOU PUT 'EM DOWN!

OH. YEAH?

BOOM

OH, MY GOSH!

I WON'T MISS YOU THIS TIME!!

11-4

WHAT THE @&!! HAS THE WAR BEGINNED?!

BOOM

HOLD EVER'THING!! BLOW ME DOWN I WISHT I HAD A ARMY!!

OH, IT'S JUS' OLIVE OYL GETTIN' SHOT- I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS SUMPIN SERIOUSH

BOOM

I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRIFLE WITH MY LIFE!

YOU HUSSY!

WHO'S A HUSSY!!

BOP

11-5

WHA'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHA'S COMIN' OFF?

THAT GIRL IS A~-

SHUT UP! DON'T TELL HIM!

BOP

WHY- YOU-!

WATCH YER CLOTHES, LADIES, THEY'S A GEN'LEMAN PRESENT

RIP

11-6

THA'S THE WORST FEMALE FIGHT I EVER SEEN! I SUSPOSE THE ONE WICH GETS HER CLOTHES TORE OFF LOSES

RIP RIP & SCRATCH

I BETTER LEAVE THE ROOM ON ACCOUNT OF I DON'T WANT TO GET EMBARRISK

RIP

STOP PULLING MY HAIR OUT!

RIP RIP

11-7

OKAY- I'LL STOP

ZEXA PEAL PULLED ALL MY HAIR OUT! DARN HER! I'M GOING TO DO THINGS TO THAT DAME!

?

?

?

WELL, WHAT IN THE- @@@!?

11-8

SHE PULLED OUT ALL MY HAIR — MY BEAUTIFUL HAIR IS GONE! AND THE WORST OF IT IS POPEYE LOVES ZEXA PEAL

JUST LOOK AT HIM KISSING HER — DARN HIM! IN ALL HIS LIFE HE NEVER PUT HIS SOUL INTO KISSING ME LIKE THAT

SMACK

I'LL FIX HER! I'LL TELL POPEYE WHAT I KNOW

THAT GIRL IS A SPY!! A BRUTIAN SPY!

!!

!

-SEGAR

11-9

POPEYE, I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH— THAT GIRL IS A SPY — A BRUTIAN SPY

SO YOU'RE A SPY, EH? DID YA KNOW THAT WE SHOOT SPIES?

YOU WOULDN'T GET MAD AT YOUR LITTLE ZEXA, WOULD YOU? — NICE, BIG, MANZIE WANZIE

!

SO YER A SPYZIE WYZIE? BLOW ME DOWN! A PERTY LITTLE SPYZIE WYZIE

PLOP

-SEGAR

11-11

PUT ON YER WIG TILL YER HAIR GROWS OUT — MY GORSH, BUT YA LOOKS FUNNY

WELL. I DON'T LOOK AS FUNNY AS YOU ACT

THE VERY IDEA, YOU MAKING LOVE TO A BRUTIAN SPY WHO IS TRYING TO WRECK YOUR NEW NATION

!

WHAT IS THE MATTER, POPEYE?

NOTHIN'S THE MATTER ESCEPT — ESCEPT I LOVES YA

BUT IF YOU LOVE ME YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY

YES, I KNOW, BUT —

WHY ARE YOU SAD? TELL YOUR LITTLE ZEXA — I'LL HELP YOU ALL I CAN

SNIFF

11-12

I GOT TO HAVE YA SHOT AT SUNRISE

!!

THEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ME SHOT AT SUNRISE?

I GOT TO DO IT! YER A BRUTIAN SPY — AN' DUTY COMES BEFORE LOVE

TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISE! OH- BOO- BOOOO BOOO

SNIFF

MY GORSH! THIS IS ARFUL!! IMAGINE ME SHOOTIN' ME SWEETHEART AT SUNRISE!

BOO BOO

I CAN'T! I CAN'T HAVE THE GAL I LOVES SHOT AT SUNRISE!

OH! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T, YOU DARLING!

I'LL HAVE YA SHOT WHEN THE MOON COMES OVER THE MOUNTING - IT'LL BE MORE ROMANTIC

UGH!

-SEGAR

11-13

ZEXA PEAL IS A SPY - IT'S ME DUTY TO HAVE HER SHOT - BUT I LOVES HER LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS

I AM A SPY - BUT MUST I DIE? I LOVE YOU'

LET ME REST MY HEAD UPON YOUR MANLY CHEST

!

THUMP

!

?

LISTEN, GAL, DON'T NEVER PUT YER CHIN NEAR ME HEART WHEN I YAM IN LOVE'

TWEET TWEET TWEET

-SEGAR

11-14

BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO HAVE ME SHOT!

I GOT TO DO ME DUTY - DUTY COMES BEFORE LOVE'

TOAR, KEEP YER EYE ON ZEXA PEAL, SHE'S A SPY - WATCH HER, SAVVY?

HO KAY

DON'T LET 'ER EXCAPE ASSIDENTLY OR ON PURPLEOUS - IF YA DOES I'LL BUST EVERY BONE IN YER PREHISKORIC HEAD!

HO KEE DOKEL

I WISHT I WASN'T SO KIND-HEARTED - S'MIGHTY HARD TO HAVE THAT GAL SHOT

TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE, YOU BIG, HANDSOME MAN - I LOVE YOU - GO KILL POPEYE, THEN TAKE ME TO BRUTIA, MY COUNTRY

YOU THINK TOAR PERTY, HAH OH, TOO GOOD! OH, YOU LITTLE SWEET PAZOOTIE! SURE - I KILL POPEYE

PAT PAT

-SEGAR

11-15

TOAR, YOU'LL DO THIS FOR ME - SAY YOU WILL! YOU LIKE ME, DON'T YOU, TOAR? YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME SHOT?

YOU WANT TOAR SHOULD KILL POPEYE?

YES, DARLING - THEN TAKE ME TO MY OWN COUNTRY

BUT POPEYE IS TOAR'S PAL -

YOU'LL BE DOING HIM A FAVOR - YOU'LL BE SENDING HIM TO HEAVEN

I JUST KNOW HE'D LOVE TO PLAY A HARP AND FLY ABOUT ON WINGS

OH, HOT DOG! GOOD IDEA - MY DEAR PAL FLY AND PLAY PEEANO - HO KAY, TOAR KILL POPEYE AND SEND HIM TO SWELL PLACE

11-16

EGAR

NOW LISTEN, TOAR - YOU KILL POPEYE - IT WILL BE PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT - HE'LL GO TO HEAVEN AND PLAY A HARP AND FLY ABOUT IN THE SUNSHINE WITH GOLDEN WINGS

HOT DOG! OLD POPEYE HAVE GOOD FUN - I KILL HIM SO HE GO TO HEAVEN AND BE HAPPY - THEN YOU MARRY ME AND I BE HAPPY

I'LL GET OUT OF THIS MESS YET - I'LL GET MY INFORMATION TO KING ZLOBBO OR MY NAME ISN'T ZEXA PEAL - TOAR WILL FIX POPEYE

IF ZEXA PEAL, MY "G" WOMAN, BRINGS ME FAVORABLE INFORMATION I'LL DECLARE WAR ON SPINACHOVA AT ONCE

YOU LIKE TO PLAY PEEANO?

DON'T BE SILLY - I KIN NOT PLAY A PEEYANO

(NO USE - POPEYE NO PLAY PEEANO

I SAID HARP, YOU FATHEAD! GO KILL HIM - HE'D LIKE TO HAVE WINGS

HO KAY

11-18

EGAR

YOU THINK ALL RIGHT TO KILL POPEYE?

I'M SURE HE'D LOVE IT - HE'D GO TO HEAVEN AND FLY ABOUT ON GOLDEN WINGS PLAYING A HARP

WHY, OF COURSE - EVERYBODY WOULD LIKE TO GO TO HEAVEN

HO-KAY - I GUESS ALL RIGHT - I GO KILL HIM NOW

FLY AROUND WITH GOLD WINGS PLAYING PEEANO - OH - TOO NICE!!

YOU LUCKY FELLOW!

?

BOP

11-19

EGAR

HEAVENS, BUT THOSE ARE TERRIFIC BLOWS! WELL - THAT'S THE END OF POPEYE, THE SAILOR! NOW I CAN ESCAPE

BOP

BONK

POW

WHOP

HE DEAD - TOAR KILL HIM GOOD - NOW WE GET MARRIED

QUICK, TOAR, YOU MUST TAKE ME TO BRUTIA, MY NATIVE COUNTRY

11-20

WE NOT GO YET!

YES! YES! WE MUST GO TO BRUTIA AT ONCE!

WE GET MARRIED FIRST

!

WE FIND MINISTER NOW

! !

TOAR! LOOK! HIS EYE IS STARING AT ME!!

EGAR

LOOK! LOOK! HE ISN'T DEAD! TOAR!! YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM

YA DERN TOOTIN' I AIN'T DEAD!

YOU MAD ON ME?

OH, NO - NOT A BIT A'COURSE, I AINT!

POW

BONK

11-21

EGAR

MERCY! HOW COULD YOU KNOCK OUT A GIANT LIKE HIM?

NEVER MIND, COME WITH ME - I YAM GO'NER PUT YA IN PRISON

NOW YA WON'T GET AWAY, YA DERN'D OL' SHE-SPY! AN' ALL YA GETS TO EAT IS BREAD AN' WATER

OH, JUST BREAD AND WATER!!

YEAH JUS' BREAD AN' WATER

I YAM GO'NER CALL THE KITCHEN AN' HAVE 'EM SEND DOWN BREAD AND WATER

JUST BREAD AND WATER FOR POOR LITTLE ME?

AW, JUST BREAD AND WATER?

YES, SIR, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

11-22

EGAR

SEND DOWN A ROASTED TURKEY

SHE'S A SPY AND SHE OUGHT TO BE SHOT—I DON'T CARE IF SHE IS A WOMAN
SURE—THAT'S WHAT I THINK
SURE
IF WE AIN'T CAREFUL WE'LL WAKE UP SOME DAY AND WON'T HAVE NO COUNTRY TO LIVE IN
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THINK
SPIES HAVE GOT TO BE SHOT!
SURE
HEY, BOYS! HEY! SHOOTING IS TOO CRUEL—LET'S HANG'ER
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT? I LIKE TO HEAR GUNS SHOOT
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME—AW, PIPE DOWN!
GNATS TO YOU, SIR
SURE
I WON'T HAVE NO WOMAN SHOT! EVEN A WOMAN SPY—WOMEN ARE THE MOST IMPORTINK THINGS ON EART' NEX' TO SPINACH
11-23
WE DEMAND THAT YOU HAVE ZEXA PEAL, THE SPY, SHOT
WOMEN ARE NO BETTER THAN MEN! IF YOU THINK THEY ARE YOU'RE KA-RAZY!
EGAR

THEY AIN'T NO SENSE IN SHOOTIN' ZEXA, THE SPY—I GOT HER IN JAIL. SHE CAN'T GET AWAY
SPIES SHOULD BE SHOT
WELL—SHE AIN'T GO'NER BE SHOT!
GNATS TO YOU, SIR!
SAY! ARE WE GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT?
NO! NO! NO! NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
WE'LL TAKE THE LAW INTO OUR OWN HANDS
WE'LL DRAG HER FROM THE JAIL
G-R-R.
MADAM—MISS ZEXA REGRETS SHE'LL BE UNABLE TO LUNCH TO DAY—
CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP
11-25
COME ON—MEN! BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!
NOTHING CAN STOP US! WE'RE A ANGRY MOB!
JAIL KEEP OUT
EGAR

HEAVENS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
YOU'LL FIND OUT!! YOU'RE A BRUTIAN SPY
DARN YOU!
HOLD HER, MEN!
G-R-R
IF SHE'D GOT HER INFORMATION TO HER KING THERE'D HAVE BEEN WAR
I DON'T LIKE WAR, DO YOU?
HECK, NO! WAR IS THE KA-RAZIEST THING
SURE!
11-26
WON'ER WHAT THAT MOB WAS HOWLIN' ABOUT? BLOW ME DOWN—THEY JUS' AIN'T NO PEACE ON EART' FOR A DICTIPATOR
SOMEBODY'LL HAVE TO HOLD HER WHILE WE SHOOT'ER
GO AHEAD I'LL HOLD HER
EGAR

I GOT A FEELIN' THAT SUMPIN' IS WRONG—I BETTER GO SEE IF ZEXA IS SAFE IN JAIL
READY—AIM—
HEY! WAIT! I CAN'T HOLD HER WHILE YOU'RE SHOOTING HER!
READY—AIM—FIRE!
WHAM
BOOM!
BANG
READY—AIM—FIRE AGAIN
POW
POP
BOOM
AW, GNATS!
FIRE! KEEP SHOOTING! FIRE! SHOOT!
BOOM
BING
WHOOF
HO-HUM!
11-27
EGAR

OH, IT'S HORRIBLE! THE BOYS ARE EXECUTING ZEXA, THE SPY—THEY'VE BEEN SHOOTING HER ALL MORNING
LISTEN, BOYS—I CAN'T STAND HERE ALL DAY—I'M GETTING TIRED
QUIT KICKING! AIN'T YOU GOT NO PATIENCE?
BOOM
BAM
WHAM
BANG
LET'S SNEAK UP ON HER!
POOEY TO YOU FROM ME
BOOM
POP
POOF
GUNNER NUMBER THREE, YOU AIN'T DOIN' SO GOOD—WHAT'S WRONG?
BOOP
POW
PING
I AIN'T GETTIN' NO DISTANCE @@XX!!
BLOOP
11-28
AHOY, THERE! AVAST, YA SWABS!
EGAR

AVAST, YA SWABS, QUIT SHOOTIN' AT THAT GAL
BING
BOOM
BLOOP
I SEZ YA AIN'T GO'NER SHOOT NO WOMAN, EVEN IF SHE IS A SPY!
AW, IT'S OKAY—WE DIDN'T HIT HER—OUR GUNS DON'T SHOOT STRAIGHT
IT AIN'T OKAY!! YA AIN'T SUSPOSED TO TAKE THE LAW IN YER OWN HANDS
LOOK! ZEXA, THE SPY, IS GONE!
MY GOSH! SHE'LL TELL HER KING ABOUT US NOT HAVING AN ARMY
ESCAPED! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
IT MEANS WAR!
HECK! WE DON'T WANT WAR!
WE DON'T WANT TO BE CANNON-FODDER
OUR MOTHERS DIDN'T RAISE US BOYS TO GET SHOT
11-29
EGAR


WELL, ZEXA, THE SPY, EXCAPED
DOES IT MEAN WAR, POPEYE? WILL WE HAVE WAR?


YEAH, I'M AFRAID IT MEANS WAR! BRUTIA WILL PROBALLY MAKE WAR ON US

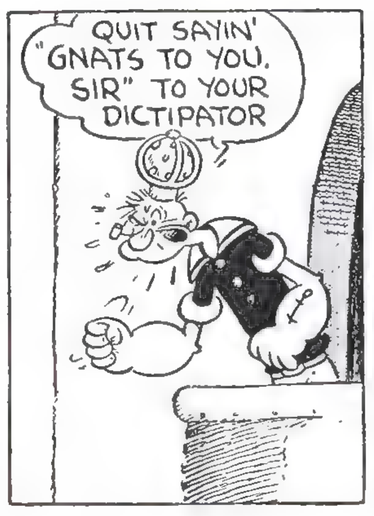

THE TROUBLE IS - I DISCOVERED THIS CONTINENT RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE


HE'S SORE BECAUSE A BRUTIAN DIDN'T DISCOVER IT
AN AMBITIOUS RULER IS AN AWFUL THING! HE CARES NOT FOR HUMAN LIFE

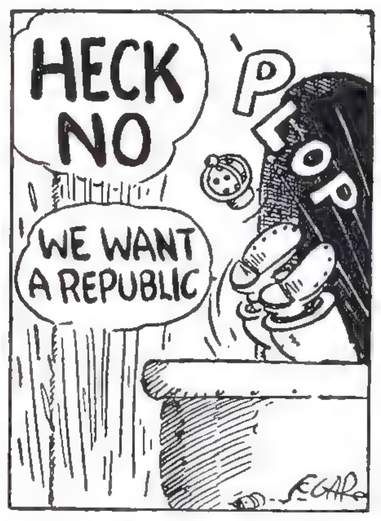

DEAR SHEEPS-HERE IS OUR FLAG-AN' WE GOT TO FIGHT FOR IT!
WE GOT TO FIGHT FOR DEAR OL' SPINACHOVA
WE DON'T WANT WAR
SPINACH
SPINACHOVA
AW, GNATS
11-30
SEGAR


BOYS-YA GOT TO RESPECK OUR FLAG! YA GOT TO BE WILLIN' TO FIGHT FOR IT!
THE BRUTIANS PROBALY WILL ATTACK US
SPINACH
SPINACHOVA


WE DON'T WANT WAR!
WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT FOR NO FLAG
GNATS TO YOU, SIR!


QUIT SAYIN' "GNATS TO YOU, SIR" TO YOUR DICTIPATOR


SAY- AIN'T YA GOT NO RESPECK FOR YER DICTIPATOR?
12-2

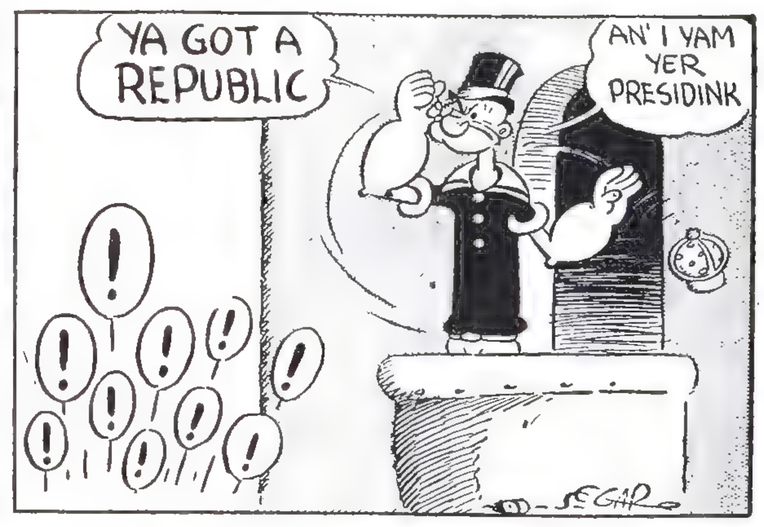

HECK NO
'PLOP
WE WANT A REPUBLIC
SEGAR


WE DON'T WANT WAR!
GNATS TO OUR DICTIPATOR!
WE WANT A REPUBLIC


WE WANT A REPUBLIC
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED


I SEZ, I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!
WE'RE DISGUSTIPATED TOO! WE WANT A REPUBLIC!
WE WANT A REPUBLIC !!!


ALL RIGHT-
12-3

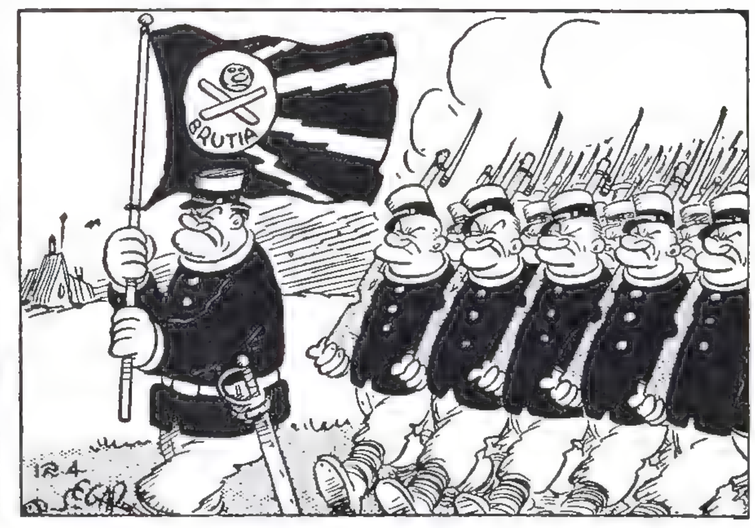

YA GOT A REPUBLIC
AN' I YAM YER PRESIDINK
SEGAR


DEAR SHEEPS, YA WANTED A REPUBLIC, OKAY, YA GOT IT- INSTEAD OF ME BEIN' YER DICTIPATOR I YAM NOW YER PRESIDINK


POPEYE! HERE'S A MESSAGE FROM THE KING OF BRUTIA!!


WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
HAS KING ZLOBBO DECLARED WAR ON SPINACHOVA?
YES!


WAR!.. OH, GOOD HEAVENS !!!
I'LL GO CALL OUT THE ARMY AND NAVY!
DON'T BE SILLY! WE AIN'T GOT NO ARMY OR NAVY


BRUTIA
12-4
SEGAR


WAR!
OH, WHY MUST WE HAVE WAR?


YES, SIR! I'M ALMOST POSITIVE THAT I THOUGHT I SAW A BATTLESHIP OUT THERE IN THE OCEAN!


A BATTLESHIP!! MY GORSH, BUT THEY'RE FAST WORKERS!


I GOT TO GET ON ME HORSH AN' WARN ME SHEEPS


UP! UP! THE EMENY IS COMIN'!
SPINACH
SPINACHOVA
12-5
SEGAR


WHAT A PREDICKYMENT- BUT WE GOT TO FIGHT THE BRUTIANS AN' THA'S ALL THEY IS TO IT


BUT, POPEYE! WHAT SHALL WE DO? SPINACHOVA HAS NO ARMY


WELL, I GOT TO GET A ARMY- ME SHEEPS HAS GOT TO JOIN UP- I HOPES THEY'RE PATRINOTIC


AHOY, THERE! AHOY, BOYS, YA GOT TO JOIN THE ARMY


GNATS TO YOU, SIR- I'M ONLY TWELVE YEARS OLD
WE CAN'T GO TO WAR
YOU MUST BE KA-RAZY!
12-6
SEGAR

POPEYE, DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOUR MEN ARE DRESSING UP LIKE KIDS SO THEY WON'T HAVE TO JOIN THE ARMY?

YEAH, THA'S JUS' WHAT THEY'RE DOIN' – THEY AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO PATRICISM!

NOW LISTEN, MEN – YA GOT TO CUT OUT THIS MONKEY BIZNESS AN' JOIN THE ARMY

BUT, SIR, WE CAN'T JOIN THE ARMY – WE'RE ONLY TWELVE YEARS OLD!

TWELVE YEARS OLD, EH? HAH!! DON'T FLATTER YERSELVES – POOEY!! UNDER YER HATS YER ONLY "SIX"

12-7

YER JUSA FLOCK OF MAROONS! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!!

SO YOUR MEN ARE DRESSING UP AS KIDS SO THEY WON'T HAVE TO JOIN THE ARMY.

YEAH – BUT I'LL FIX 'EM

BUT, SIR, WE CAN'T JOIN THE ARMY WE ARE ONLY TWELVE

STEP INTO THIS ROOM. I YAM GO'NER LOCK YA UP FOR THREE DAYS

BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ANYTHING ABOUT THEIR AGES BY KEEPING THEM LOCKED UP?

THA'S EASY

THREE DAYS LATER

OKAY, BOYS – I YAM GO'NER LET YA OUT NOW

12-9

CURSES

CURSES

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME

BOYS, AIN'T THEM SORT OF HEAVY WHISKERS FOR TWELVE YEAR OL' KIDS?

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WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR

SHUT UP! STEP INTO THE NEXT ROOM ONE AT A TIME. I YAM GO'NER EXAMING YER EYES

A'COURSE, IF YER EYES AIN'T NO GOOD I KIN NOT LET YA JOIN ME ARMY

YEAH – OKAY – STAND RIGHT HERE

NOW, ME GOOD MAN, WHA'S THAT LETTER THERE ON THE WALL?

IT'S AN "S"

PLOP

12-10

I DON'T WANT NO FOOLIN' I YAM NOW GO'NER TEST YER EYES – IF THEY'RE GOOD YA JOINS THE ARMY – IF THEY AIN'T YA DON'T

WHA'S THIS LETTER ?

IT'S AN "S"

THA'S RIGHT YA KIN JOIN ME ARMY

!

HEY, YOU! I SAID IT WAS AN "S"

IT IS A "S"

IT AIN'T EITHER! IT'S AN "X"

"X" IS RIGHT! YA KIN JOIN ME ARMY

ARF ARF ARF ARF

I'LL BE – WELL FOR – I'LL BE – WELL I'LL BE – WELL I'LL BE – I'LL BE –

12-11

HOT DOG! I KNOW HOW TO GET OUT OF JOINING THE ARMY – I'LL TELL POPEYE THAT I'M PHYSICALLY UNFIT

SWELL !!

AHOY, DEAR KING-PRESIDINK-DICTIPATOR OR WHATEVER THE HECK YOU ARE – COUNT ME OUT

I CAN'T JOIN THE ARMY BECAUSE I'VE GOT EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT TROUBLE – FLAT FEET AND HALITOSIS

I'VE GOT A BAD HEART – INDIGESTION – DANDRUFF AND I S-S-S-TUT-TUT-S-TUTTER

I'M BOWLEGGED, PIDGEON-TOED AND I'VE GOT CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWN TOE NAILS, A BAD BACK AND WARTS

AHOY, SARG – PUT THIS SWAB IN THE FRONT LINE WHERE HE'LL GET SHOT – HE AIN'T NO GOOD NOHOW

12-12

WELL BLOW ME DOWN! THE OCEAN IS FULL OF BRUTIAN BATTLESHIPS!

THEY'S BATTLESHIPS OUT THERE – GO TELL THE BOYS – AN' TELL 'EM THEY JUS' MUST NOT GET EXCITED

THERE ARE BATTLE-SHIPS LYING OFF SHORE – NOW LISTEN, BOYS – I WANT TO TELL YOU ONE THING –

? ? ? ?

! ! ! ! ! !

DON'T GET EXCITED!

12-13

COME ON IN BOYS, I GOT TO FINISH TESTIN' YER EYES SO'S I KIN TELL IF YER FITTIN' TO JOIN ME ARMY

AW, GNATS TO YOU, SIR

MY GORSH - YA GOT SORT OF FUNNY EYES, AIN'T YA?

YES, SIR

WITH EYES LIKE THEM I DON'T THINK I OUGHTA TAKE YA

NOPE - I KIN NOT LET YA JOIN ME ARMY

THANK YOU, SIR

12-14 SEGAR

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HEAVENS! THE WAR HAS BEGUN! THEY'RE SHELLING US!!

BOOM

THEY CAN'T DO THAT! BLAST 'EM! I SEZ THEY CAN'T

BOOM

BOOM

I WANTS TO SEE THE ADMIRAL

OH, YOU DO, DO YOU?

YAS, I DO!

WHO ARE YOU?

I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR! WHO'JA THINK I WAS, ONE OF THE JONES BOYS?

BOP

QUIT SHOOTIN' AT US! WE AIN'T READY! IF YA DON'T LAY OFF I'LL TAKE YER BLASTED BATTLESHIP APART

ADMIRAL

12-16 SEGAR

I SEZ STOP SHOOTIN' AT US! WE AIN'T READY YET!

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD FEEL BAD BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT READY FOR WAR

ADMIRAL

SAY! WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

I YAM WHAT I YAM - THA'S WHAT I YAM - AN' I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR, PRESIDINK OF SPINACHOVA!

BOYS, THE WAR WILL SOON BE OVER - THERE STANDS POPEYE, THE PRESIDINK OF SPINACHOVA - PUT HIM IN IRONS

AYE, AYE, SIR

UGH!

SWISH

HERE! HERE! STOP MUSSING UP! I DON'T ALLOW FIGHTING ON MY BATTLESHIP

BOP

12-17 SEGAR

POPEYE, OUR PRESIDINK, TOOK A ROWBOAT AND WENT TO BAWL OUT THAT BATTLESHIP FOR BOOMING AT OUR COUNTRY - GOSH! ISN'T HE BRAVE!?

BRAVERY IS A FORM OF INSANITY - US BOYS ARE NORMAL

I SEZ, QUIT SHOOTIN' AT SPINACHOVA, ME NEW COUNTRY

DON'T BE SILLY, MAN - THIS IS WAR! WAR! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

OKAY - THEN I'LL TAKE YER OL' BATTLESHIP APART - THIS IS WAR, EH?

YA AIN'T GO'NER HAVE NO MORE BATTLESHIP THAN A JACKRABBIT!

SPLASH

BOOM

I'LL BLOW YER BLASTED TUB TO PIECES WITH YER OWN GUNS!

@!! NO! NO! x@!!

SEGAR 12-18

STOP HIM, MEN - JUST LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING TO MY BATTLESHIP!

WE CAN'T STOP HIM! EVERY TIME WE GET NEAR HIM HE KNOCKS THE HECK OUT OF US!

SMACK

ARE YOU FIGHTING MEN OF THE BRUTIAN NAVY GOING TO LET THAT RAT RUIN MY NEW BATTLESHIP?

YES!

I'LL RIP 'ER HULL WIDE OPEN AN' SEND 'ER TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER

YOU CRAZY IDIOT! THIS BATTLESHIP COST SEVENTEEN MILLION GEZOOKIES!

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

THA'S YOUR FUMERAL!

SEGAR 12-19

AM I GOING TO LET THAT ONE-EYED RAT TELL ME WHEN TO SHOOT MY NAVY'S GUNS?

WE DON'T KNOW, SIR - ARE YOU?

NO! NO! TEN THOUSAND TIMES NO!

GET TO YOUR POSTS AND FIRE A BROADSIDE AT SPINACHOVA - POOEY! AND I HOPE EVERY ONE OF 'EM EXPLODE RIGHT SMACK IN HIS UGLY FACE

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! ANOTHER ONE OF THEM BATTLE-SHIPS IS SHOOTIN' AT US

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

I YAM DISGUSTIPATED

ADMIRAL, I TOLD YA TO QUIT SHOOTIN' AT SPINACHOVA!!

BUT I'VE GOT TO SHOOT AT YOUR COUNTRY - THIS IS WAR!

I SINKED ONE OF YER BATTLE SHIPS AN' I'LL TAKE THIS ONE APART, TOO, IF YA DON'T LAY OFF

PIPE DOWN!

CAN'T YOU BE REASONABLE? THINK OF MY REPUTATION AS ADMIRAL OF THE GREAT BRUTIAN NAVY

YOU CAN SHOOT AT US - WE DON'T MIND

OH, WHAT A MESS

SEGAR 12-20

YEAH, HE SUNK ONE BATTLE-SHIP ALL BY HIMSELF - AND NOW HE'S GOING TO SINK ANOTHER ONE
HE'S THE BEST BATTLESHIP-SINKER I EVER SAW
HE'S GOOD! I'LL NEVER SAY "POOEY TO YOU FROM ME" TO HIM AGAIN
POPEYE IS WINNING THE WAR FOR US
WHAT WAR?
SAY, DIDN'T YOU KNOW WE GOT A WAR?
OH! SO THAT'S WHAT THAT BOOMING WAS!
AND I'LL NEVER SAY "GNATS TO YOU, SIR," TO HIM AGAIN
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ADMIRAL, I YAM TELLIN' YA - IF YA SHOOTS ONE MORE SHELL AT SPINACHOVA I'LL TAKE THIS BATTLE-SHIP APART
YOU TORE UP ONE OF MY SHIPS. AREN'T YOU SATISFIED?
YOU WHELP! THIS IS MY NAVY AND I'LL FIRE MY GUNS WHEN I PLEASE!
SAY - WHO YA SHAKIN' YER FISK UNDER MY NOSE AT?
SET DOWN!
AN' TAKE OFF YER HAT WHEN THEY'S A GEN'LEMAN PRESENT
OH, IF YOU COULD ONLY KNOW HOW I HATE YOU!
EGAR 12-21

POPEYE'S OUT THERE GIVING THE BRUTIAN NAVY HECK FOR SHOOTING AT US - HE'S BAWLING 'EM OUT
GET A ROWBOAT FOR ME - I'LL GO HELP HIM
I SEZ QUIT SHOOTIN' AT SPINACHOVA OR I'LL SINK EVERY DARN BATTLESHIP YA GOT!
BUT LISTEN, YOU CAN SHOOT BACK - WE DON'T MIND-
NO - THA'S OUT
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD CAN'T I DO AS I PLEASE WITH MY OWN NAVY?
NO, YA CAN'T!
CAN'T YOU BE REASONABLE? GEE, WHIZ! NOW LISTEN. YOU GO ASHORE AND OIL UP YOUR GUNS AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE LITTLE WAR - YOU SHOOT AT US AND WE'LL SHOOT AT YOU
THA'S OUT!
I SEZ - THA'S OUT! I LOVES PEACE
GRR
12-23
WHY, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! THE IDEA - SHOOTING THOSE TERRIBLE GUNS AT OUR NICE NEW COUNTRY!!
I OUGHT TO SMACK YOUR FACE
ARF ARF
SAY - WHAT THE @@XX!! IS THIS!!
EGAR

ADMIRAL, I GOT TO PUNISH YA FOR BOMBARDIN' ME COUNTRY - I YAM GONER UNSCREW EVERY BOLT IN YER BLASTED BATTLE-SHIP AN' CLIP THE HEAD OFF'N EVERY RIVET
BUT, MAN! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! MY SHIP WOULD FALL APART
DO IT, POPEYE - GO ON, DO IT! YEAH, DO IT
OH, IF YOU COULD ONLY KNOW HOW I HATE YOU!!
YOU'D JUST AS WELL KEEP STILL, ADMIRAL - YOU CAN'T GET THE BEST OF POPEYE
AW, PIPE DOWN, YA SWAB - MIND YER OWN BIZNESS
GRR
12-24
I'M GOING TO CALL THE KING OF BRUTIA AND TELL HIM WHAT YOU'RE DOING
YES, YOUR MAJESTY! YES! YES! HE'S UNSCREWING MY BATTLESHIP!!
12-24

AW, DON'T BE SILLY, ADMIRAL
POOEY! THE KING LAUGHS AT ME! OH, POOEY!
ADMIRAL JIGGER JUST CALLED ME ON THE RADIO - I THINK THE OLD BOY IS GOING GNATTY
HE SAYS SOMEBODY IS UNSCREWING HIS BATTLESHIP
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
12-25
EGAR

SAY - ARE WE GOING TO LET THAT ONE-EYED RAT RUIN MY BATTLESHIP?
NAY, SIR
WELL, GET YOUR GUN AND SHOOT HIM
AYE, SIR
DROP THAT GUN OR I'LL SMACK YOUR SILLY FACE
?!
SPLAT
LISTEN - TWEET - TWEET - I OBJECT TO THE ENEMY - TWEET - COMING ABOARD THIS BATTLESHIP - TWEET -
OH, YOU DO. DO YOU? - WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU THINK I LIKE IT!
YOUNG MAN! WILL YOU PLEASE - PLEASE STOP UNSCREWING MY BATTLESHIP!!?
ADMIRAL, I TOLD YA ONC'T TO MIND YER OWN BIZNESS - NOW SCRAM!
!
EGAR 12-26

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW
GOOD WORK, POPEYE - IT'S SINKING NICELY
THAT ONE-EYED RAT HAS GOT MY GOAT COMPLETELY! HE'S RUINED TWO OF MY BATTLESHIPS - I'LL CALL THE KING BY RADIO AND TELL HIM
SURE, I TOLD HIM TO QUIT! - NO, WE CAN'T HANDLE HIM - HE'S A DEMON! HE'S UNSCREWING ALL THE BOLTS! MY SHIP IS FALLING APART - WATER IS RUSHING IN -
AND EVERYTHING'S GETTING ALL WET!
SAY - WHAT THE @@XX!! IS THIS!!
GOOD HEAVENS! EVERYTHING'S GETTING ALL WET!
EGAR 12-27

HEY, ADMIRAL, GNATS TO YOU, SIR

WELL — THA'S THAT - I UNSCREWED EVERY BOLT IN THIS BATTLESHIP

HEY, ADMIRAL!

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME

AN' THA'S WHAT YA GETS FOR SHOOTIN' AT SPINACHOVA

COME ON, POPEYE - GET INTO OUR ROW BOAT

HERE'S THE PLIERS, ADMIRAL - BETTER GET THEM NUTS PUT BACK ON - THIS SHIP'S LIABLE TO SINK

OH, IF YOU COULD ONLY KNOW HOW I HATE YOU!!

12-28 SEGAR

OH, IF YOU COULD ONLY KNOW HOW I HATE YOU!

THE ADMIRAL OF THE BRUTIAN NAVY SURE IS MAD! - I HOPE NONE OF THEM DROWN

THEY WON'T DROWN - THE OTHER SHIPS WILL PICK 'EM UP! - WELL, THA'S TWO BATTLESHIPS I SINKED

12-30

DOWN GOES ANOTHER WARSHIP

HOO-RAY! HE'S WINNING THE WAR FOR US!!

YEAH, I UNSCREWED A COUPLE OF THEIR WARSHIPS, BUT IT DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' - THEY GOT HUNERDS OF 'EM

DEAR SHEEPS - I KNOWS YA DON'T WANT WAR — I DON'T WANT WAR MESELF - BUT WHEN IT'S SLAPPED IN OUR FACES WE GOT TO TAKE IT! WE GOT TO FIGHT BACK

HECK! WE DON'T WANT TO GET SHOT!

MY GORSH! HERE COMES ABOUT TWO HUNERD BRUTIAN WARSHIPS LOADED WITH SOLJERS

SEGAR

THE KING OF BRUTIA SURE IS GONER TRY TO LICK US QUICK! HERE COMES HUNERDS OF WARSHIPS

DEAR PEOPLE, THEY'S HUNERDS OF BRUTIAN WARSHIPS FULL OF SOLJERS DROPPIN' ANCHOR JUS' OFF POINT MAGU - BUT ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED?

YES

HEY, POPEYE - US BOYS HAVE GOT A BIG IDEA! WE'RE COMING UP AND TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT

OKAY, COME ON UP

I DIDN'T KNOW ME SHEEPS HAD BRAINS ENOUGH TO GET A IDEAR

WELL - BOYS - WHA'S YER BIG IDEAR?

CLOMP CLOMP

12-31

LET'S GIVE UP!

POPEYE, WHY DON'T YOU GET YOUR ARMY IN SHAPE? THE BRUTIANS ARE COMING ASHORE AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOT UNIFORMS FOR YOUR MEN

MISS FIZZIT, THE DRESSMAKER, IS MAKIN' UNIFORMS

THEY AIN'T NO TAILORS IN SPINACHOVA SO THA'S WHY A DRESSMAKER IS DOIN' THE JOB - I'LL GO SEE HOW THEY LOOK

COME IN! COME IN - MR. PRESIDENT -

AND SEE THE BOYS IN THEIR UNIFORMS

AREN'T THEY DUCKIE!?

PLOP

SAY! WHAT THE HECK IS THIS!? LOOK! - BUTTONS ON THE SIDES

1-1 SEGAR

SO YOU DON'T LIKE THE UNIFORMS I MADE FOR YOUR SOLDIERS? WELL, FOR MERCY SAKE! WOULDN'T IT BE NICER TO DIE IN PRETTY UNIFORMS THAN IN ~~~

S-SHUSH! DON'T MENTION DYIN'! - MY GORSH! ME SHEEPS IS SCARED STIFF NOW!

WHY, THE BRUTIANS WILL LAUGH THEIR HEADS OFF WHEN THEY SEES ME MEN IN THEM DUDS

IF A BRUTIAN SOLDIER LAUGHS AT ME I'LL KILL HIM!!

G-R-R

AND IN THE MEANTIME, THOUSANDS OF FIERCE BRUTIAN SOLDIERS HAVE LANDED ON SPINACHOVAN SOIL. THEIR TERRIBLE BAYONETS WILL SOON BE TICKLING THE RIBS OF POPEYE'S UNTRAINED MEN ——

1-2 SEGAR

AHOY, OLIVE OYL, MISS FIZZIT DONE A PUNK JOB ON THEM UNIFORMS - I WON'ER IF YOU COULD GET UP SUMPIN' BETTER?

SURE I CAN, POPEYE

I WISHT WE HAD A "HE" TAILOR — DRESSMAKERS AIN'T NO GOOD AT MAKIN' SOLJERS' UNIFORMS

I'VE GOT ONE FINISHED, POPEYE - I THINK A LOW NECK AND LONG SLEEVES GIVE IT DIGNITY - AND I'VE WIDENED THE BOTTOMS OF THE PANTIES SO IT WILL MAKE WALKING EASIER - AND THE ROSE PATTERN IS ATTRACTIVE

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DON'T YOU LIKE IT?

1-3

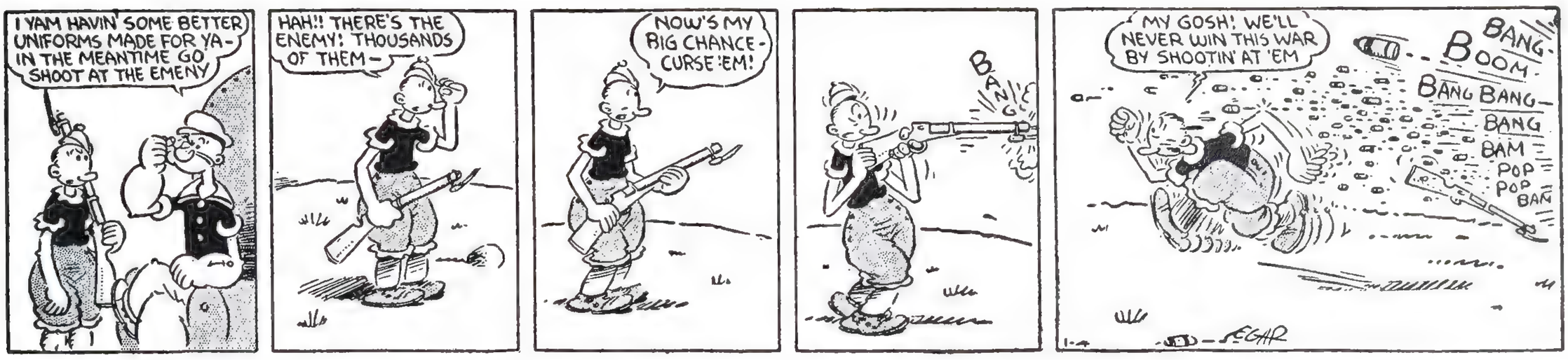
BRUTIA'S FIGHTING MEN STILL POURING INTO SPINACHOVA — AND WHEREVER THE BRUTIAN SOLDIERS GO SO GO THE BRUTIAN VULTURES

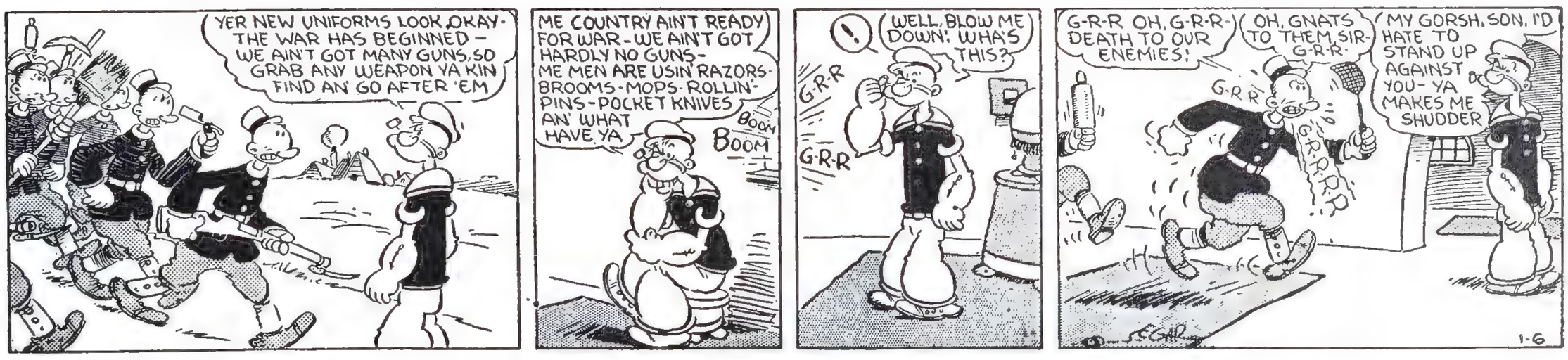
SEGAR

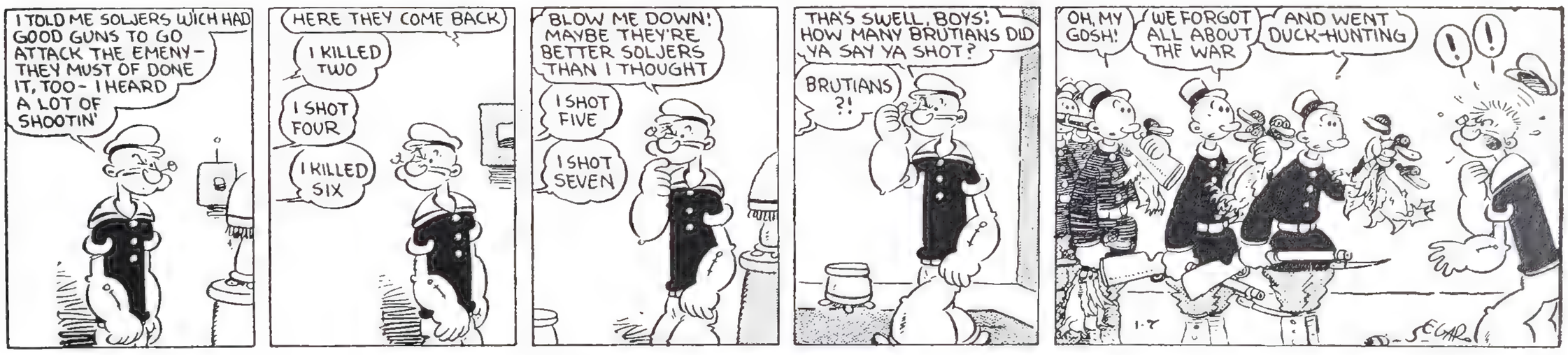


CHAPTER V:

WE WIN'D THE WAR











WIMPY, COME PUT ON THIS UNIFORM - I YAM GOIN' ON A TRIP AN' I NEED SOMEBODY TO COMMAND ME ARMY

YER NOW GENERAL OF THE SPINACHOVAN ARMY - G'BYE — BE BRAVE!

POPEYE - WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU CAN'T GO 'WAY WHILE WE'RE AT WAR!

BOOM

BOOM

I YAM GOIN' TO BRUTIA - KEEP IT A SECRET

I YAM GO'NER HAVE DOIN'S WITH KING ZLOBBO - IF WE'RE GO'NER WIN THIS WAR WE GOT TO USE STRAGETY

EGAR

1-10

I LEFT WIMPY IN CHARGE OF ME ARMY - I HOPES HE TAKES CARE OF 'EM WHILE I YAM IN BRUTIA

ABOUT FACE - HEP - SHOULDER ARMS - SALUTE - HALT - PRESENT ARMS - FORWARD MARCH TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE

? ?

AND I SHALL LEAD YOU, GENTLEMEN - I SHALL LEAD YOU

CLOMP

BOOM

SWISH

CLOMP

CLOMP

ON THE WAY BACK

BAM

BOOM

BOOM

CLOMP

CLOMP

EGAR

1-11

YOUR MAJESTY, THERE'S A ONE-EYED SAILOR WAITING TO SEE YOU

SEND HIM IN

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I COME HERE TO AST YA TO CALL OFF YER WAR AGAINST SPINACHOVA

I COME TO AST FOR PEACE - BUT AFTER TAKIN' A LOOK AT YER UGLY MUG —

I JUS' GOT TO SMACK IT - AYE - YA GOT A CHIN I LOVES TO TOUCH!

KILL THE RAT. HE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

YA WANT WAR, EH? OKAY YER GO'NER GET IT!

B O P

EGAR

1-13

YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE. YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF MY PALACE

SEZ YOU

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE - THERE ARE GUARDS AT EVERY DOOR

AHOY, THERE, YA SWAB, LEMME THROUGH THAT DOOR!

LEMME THROUGH OR I'LL —

YESSIR! YESSIR! I'LL OPEN IT FOR YOU

THA'S THE FIRST PERLITE BRUTIAN I EVER SEEN

?

SLAM

CLICK

1-14

NO WON'ER HE WAS SO WILLIN' - I YAM DISGUSTIPATED

EGAR

I SURE MUST BE IGMORANT TO LET 'EM TRICK ME INTO WALKIN' RIGHT INTO JAIL - AN' A DARN STRONG JAIL, TOO

POPEYE SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO BRUTIA TO TRY TO SETTLE THE WAR - THAT CRUEL KING WILL HAVE HIM MURDERED

DON'T LET THEM SCARE YOU, BOYS

BANG

LET US CHARGE THE RASCALS!

BANG

BOOM

CHARGE THE SWINE, MY GOOD FELLOWS - LET US GIVE THEM A TASTE OF SPINACHOVAN FURY

BOOM

BANG

BANG

BANG

BAM

EGAR

1-15

THIS IS THE STRONGEST JAIL I EVER BEEN IN - BUT JUS'A SAME I WILL DO ME BEST TO TAKE IT APART WHEN I GETS A CHANCE

YOU ONE-EYED DEMON, I COULD SHOOT YOU, BUT I WON'T - SOME OF MY MEN KNOW THAT YOU KNOCKED ME OUT - YOU MADE THEIR KING LOOK LIKE A WEAKLING - BUT YOU SHALL PAY

AW - PIPE DOWN!

IF YA WANTS REVENGE STEP IN HERE!

I'M NO FOOL

HOWEVER - TONIGHT YOU WILL HAVE A VISITOR

GNATS TO YOU, SIR! G'WAY - LEMME THINK

YOU WON'T SEE HIM FOR HE WILL BE A PART OF THE DARKNESS - YOU WON'T KNOW HE IS NEAR TILL YOU FEEL HIS FINGERS AT YOUR THROAT

TONIGHT, YOU DIE AND MY PEOPLE WILL THINK I KILLED YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS

1-16

EGAR

I FEARS NO MAN AN' I FEARS NO BEASK, BUT I DOES FEAR EVIL SPIRIKS. AN' I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF THIS MUSTY OL' PRISON

YOU LOOK LIKE THE ORIGINAL BLACK GHOST FROM THE SEA OF HILLS - HAH! COVERED WITH DEAD BLACK SILK AS YOU ARE, YOU'LL BE INVISIBLE TO HIM IN THE DARKNESS OF HIS CELL

YOU WISH ME TO KILL THE ONE-EYED RAT?

YES, BUT BE CAREFUL - HE HAS MUSCLES OF STEEL

HOW WILL YOU DO IT?

I'LL USE MY HANDS — JUST MY HANDS

1-17 EGAR

NIGHT BATTLES! SHOTS IN THE DARK! WAR IN THE DAYTIME IS BAD ENOUGH - OH! I WISH POPEYE HADN'T GONE TO BRUTIA

BOOM BOOM

I JUST KNOW SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO HIM! THAT CRUEL KING WILL DO AWAY WITH HIM

WHA'S THAT! I SWEARS I HEARD A NOISE - I DON'T CARE JUS' SO IT AIN'T NO EVIL SPIRIK

OF COURSE, THEY AIN'T. BUT I FEELS LIKE SUMPIN' ARFUL WAS SNEAKIN' UP ON ME

1-18 EGAR

THE STRONGEST BRUTE IN MY EMPLOY WILL SOON TACKLE THE SAILOR - I MADE HIM COVER HIMSELF WITH BLACK CLOTH - HE'LL BE INVISIBLE IN THE DARKNESS

AIN'T IT FUNNY? I FEELS JUS' LIKE SUMPIN' ARFUL IS SNEAKIN' UP ON ME

A' COURSE IT'S JUS' ME 'MAGINATION ON ACCOUNT OF I BEEN THINKIN' OF EVIL SPIRIKS

I CAN JUST BARELY SEE MY BRUTE - HE'S GOING TO SPRING UPON HIS VICTIM - I'LL TURN ON THE CELL LIGHT! I MUST SEE THE FUN!

1-20

!

WELL, THAT'S THAT! IT WILL SOON BE OVER! MY BRUTE IS DOING A PERFECT IMITATION OF THE REAL BLACK GHOST FROM THE MYSTERIOUS SEA OF HILLS

EGAR

IT WILL SOON BE THE END OF THE ONE-EYED SAILOR - MY BRUTE IS SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM

!

!

!

WELL, I'LL BE —— !! THAT RUNT IS POUNDING THE GIANT I SENT TO KILL HIM

I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HIM!

SOCK

1-21

I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT YA ARE BUT I YAM GO'NER BUST YA UP - YA SWAB!!

SMACK

I DON'T LIKE THIS JAIL - I YAM GO'NER MOVE

YOU UGLY RAT! I'LL FINISH YOU!!

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

WELL, I'LL BE —— !!

SO LONG, KING - I EATS ME SPINACH

BANG BANG

"WHAT DID HE MEAN, I EATS ME SPINACH?" I PUT LEAD INTO HIM - YET HE TORE THE BARS OUT OF THE WINDOW AND ESCAPED - HE ISN'T HUMAN!!

EGAR

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THERE'S A SHIP LOADED WITH SPINACH - AN' SHE'S READY TO PULL OUT - I'LL STOW AWAY IN HER HOLD - ME COUNTRY NEEDS SPINACH

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK

I BEGS YER PARDON, ORFICER - I WASN'T SPEAKIN' TO YOU

WELL, I'M THE DOCK WATCHMAN AND I'M SPEAKIN' TO YOU!

STEP ASIDE! I SEZ, STEP ASIDE

? !

SAY - WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

WHO AM I?

WHY, I YAM THE SWAB WICH KNOCKED THE HECK OUT OF THE DOCK WATCHMAN

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN - I SURE AM IN GOOD CUMPNY

SPINACH

1-23 EGAR

WELL, HERE I YAM STOW'D AWAY ON A EMENY SHIP LOADED DOWN WITH SPINACH - I NEVER SEEN SO MUCH SPINACH IN ALL ME LIFE

WE'RE HEADED FOR SOUT' AMERICA, BUT WE'LL NEVER GET THERE - HAH! THIS SPINACH IS GOIN' TO SPINACHOVA-ME SOLJERS NEEDS INTESTIMAL FORTNITUDE

I SEZ YER OFF THE COURSE - SWING TO NORT' WEST ON THE DOT

THE MATE GAVE ME THE COURSE - I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING

I SEZ "NORT' WEST"

BOP

YA BLASTED SWAB!!

NORT' WEST

1-24 EGAR

BLOW ME DOWN! I WONER IF THAT BILGE RAT THINKS I DON'T KNOW WHERE I WANTS TO GO!

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I THOUGHT I FELT THE SHIP TURN OFF COURSE - AND THE SUN-

I NOTICED IT, TOO - BUT IT AIN'T MY JOB TO KEEP THE COURSE

ACCORDING TO THE SUN WE'RE OFF

I'LL GO TELL THE OLD MAN

EXCUSE ME, SIR, FOR BUSTIN' IN LIKE THIS - BUT I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW—

KNOW WHAT?

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT WE'RE OFF OUR COURSE, SIR

IMPOSSIBLE! WHO'S AT THE WHEEL?

I DON'T KNOW HIM, SIR

DON'T KNOW HIM?

YO-HO—YO-HO— YO-HO— AN' A CAN O' SPINACH!

SPINAC

1-25 EGAR

MY GORSH! HERE COMES THE CAP'N - I'LL BET HE'LL BE SORE WHEN HE FINDS OUT I YAM STEALIN' HIS SHIP— I BETTER DUCK

IT AIN'T RIGHT TO STEAL SHIPS, BUT EVER'THING GOES IN WAR-TIME - I YAM GO'NER PULL OFF A ONE-MAN MUTINY

WHY, THERE'S NOBODY AT THE WHEEL!

THERE'S A MAN KNOCKED OUT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG ABOARD THIS VESSEL!

SAY— I DON'T LIKE YOU - YOU'RE A EMENY

SPLAT

AN' I DON'T LIKE YOU NEITHER!

AND I DON'T LIKY YOU!

1-27 EGAR

TAKE THE WHEEL AND STAND BY IT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS

AYE, SIR

AN' I DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER

WELL, I'LL BE-@@!! - MY MEN LYING UNCONSCIOUS ALL OVER THE DECKS!

MISTER MATE - CAN YOU FIGURE THIS OUT? HAVE THESE MEN FAINTED?

IT BEATS ME, SIR !!

1-28

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I SEZ YER OFF THE COURSE, YA SWAB! LEMME HAVE THE WHEEL!

I NEEDS THIS SHIPLOAD OF SPINACH TO GIVE ME SOLJERS STRENGT' AN' INTESTIMAL FORTNITUDE

THERE'S A MYSTERY GOING ON RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE AND I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT— I'LL GO TO BED - MAYBE I CAN THINK BETTER IN THE MORNING

THE CAP'N AN' FIRST MATE ARE SLEEPIN' - I GOT ALL THE MEN KNOCKED OUT EXCEP' THEM TWO

I'LL LOAD 'EM INTO A LIFEBOAT AN' TURN 'EM LOOSE - THEY KIN MAKE LAND EASY WHEN THEY COMES TO

WHAT THE BLAZES IS THAT NOISE ON DECK?!

1-29 EGAR

HAH! WON'T THEY BE SUSPRIZED WHEN THEY WAKES UP?

WHAT THE HECK IS THIS, A ONE-MAN MUTINY? IT'S A GOOD THING I KILLED HIM! HE MIGHTA GOT ME AND THE SKIPPER!

DERN'D IF HE DIDN'T KNOCK OUT THE WHOLE CREW AND STOW 'EM IN A LIFEBOAT

TWEET

AHOY!

TWEET

WHAT THE @xx!! AIN'T YOU DEAD?

I YAM NOT

SWISH

1-30 EGAR

TWO POINTS NORT' BY NORT' WES' TWEET - NORT' EAS' SOUT' WES' TWEET SPINACH FOR THE ALL OF US

YO-HO! HO!

THE MATE SURE GIVED ME A CRACK ON THE HEAD - BUT I KNOCKED HIM OUT - SO EVER'THING'S OKAY

I PUT THE CREW INTO A LIFE BOAT SO I YAM RID OF 'EM

IT'S A MYSTERY - I HAD THIRTY MEN ABOARD AND NOW I DON'T SEE A ONE OF THEM

IT'S BEYOND ME! @@!!x! AND HERE I AM WITH A SHIP LOAD OF SPINACH BOUND FOR A SOUTH AMERICAN PORT

ALL HANDS ON DECK!

AYE! AYE! SIR.

-SEGAR- 1-31

SAY - WHO ARE YOU?

I YAM POPEYE, THE SAA-A-LOR

WHO'D YA THINK I WAS, CHRISTIFFER COLUMBIA?

I CAN'T REMEMBER OF SEEING YOU BEFORE - ARE YOU ONE OF MY MEN ?

WHY, CERTINGLY

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO MY CREW — YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN I'VE GOT LEFT - YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK HARD

HERE'S THE COURSE — TAKE THE WHEEL

AYE, SIR

"TAKE THE WHEEL" - HE'D BE SUSPRIZED IF HE KNOW'D I WAS TAKIN' THE WHOLE BLASTED SHIP — SPINACH AN' ALL

ARF ARF

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2-1

MY WHOLE CREW DISAPPEARED - ALL EXCEPT THIS ONE-EYED SAILOR HAH! I'LL WORK HIM TO DEATH

KEEP HER ON THE COURSE, YOU SWAB

AYE, SIR — WE'LL SOON BE IN SPINACHOVA - ARF! ARF!

SAY, ARE YOU CRAZY?! WE'RE HEADED FOR SOUTH AMERICA!

THA'S WHAT YOU THINK!

I SAID THIS CARGO IS GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA!!

AW, CAP'N, LE'S GO TO DEAR OL' SPINACHOVA

NO! NO!

I SEZ SPINACHOVA!

LOOKS LIKE AS IF I WIN'D THE ARGYMINT

AYE - DEAR OL' SPINACH - OVA

COO KOO

TWEET

-SEGAR- 2-3

WELL - HERE WE ARE - THERE'S DEAR OL' SPINACHOVA - I STEALED A SHIP LOADED WITH SPINACH

YOU CAN'T STEAL THIS SHIP! IT BELONGS TO THE BRUTIAN GOVERNMENT! GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT ANCHOR! WE'RE NOT MAKING PORT HERE!

GIMME THAT ANCHOR !!

SAY - AIN'T ONE SOCK IN THE MUSH ENOUGH FOR YOU?

LET GO! I SAID, GIMME THAT ANCHOR!!

OKAY - TAKE IT!

2-4 -SEGAR-

I STEALED A EMENY SHIP LOADED WITH SPINACH - NOW ME SOLJERS WILL GET STRENGT'

WELL, HERE I YAM HOME - WON'ER HOW OUR WAR IS COMIN' ALONG? WON'ER IF ME SHEEPS IS HOLDIN' THEIR END UP?

BOOM -

SAY - WHY AIN'T YOU SOLJERS OUT THERE SHOOTIN' AT THE EMENY?

SHOOTING AT THE ENEMY!!!!

OH, MY GOSH!

DON'T BE SILLY!! WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE THEM MAD!

WE WANT THIS WAR TO BE AS PEACEABLE AS POSSIBLE!

-SEGAR- 2-5

DEAR SOLJERS, CHEER UP. I HAVE BRANG YA A SHIPLOAD OF SPINACH

YES, DEAR PEOPLE - I HAVE SAVED THE DAY - I BRANG YA SPINACH

GOOD OL' STRENGT - GIVIN' SPINACH - THE VEGE'ABLE OF SUCCESS

THE VEGE'ABLE WICH MAKES WEAK MEN STRONG AN' STRONG MEN STRONGER -

THE VEGE-ABLE WICH -

2-6

WE DON'T LIKE SPINACH! AND WE WON'T EAT WHAT WE DON'T LIKE!!

GIVE IT TO THE ENEMY!

WELL, I'LL BE - I'LL BE - WELL, I'LL BE - WELL, I'LL BE -

I'LL BE - CRRX!!

WE DON'T LIKE SPINACH! AND WE WON'T EAT WHAT WE DON'T LIKE, SO-POOEY TO YOU
SURE
FROM WE
!

NO-WE WON'T EAT WHAT WE DON'T LIKE-P-50-GNATS-GNATS-TO YOU, SIR!

OH, YA WON'T, HAH?

I SEZ YER GO'NER EAT YER SPINACH!
ULP!
SP
2-7

!
!
NEXT
SPINACH

COME AN' GET IT, YA SWABS, OR I'LL CRAM IT DOWN YER NECKS
SPINAC

WHILE POPEYE IS CRAMMING SPINACH INTO SOME OF HIS SOLDIERS GENERAL WIMPY IS LEADING A LARGE BODY OF FIGHTERS TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE-

COME ON, BOYS- GENERAL WIMPY LEADS YOU-
BOOM
BANG

COME ON, BOYS- J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, YOUR GENERAL, LEADS THE WAY
BANG
BOOM

COME ON, BOYS, GENERAL WIMPY LEADS YOU

COME ON, BOYS, GENERAL WIMPY LEADS YOU TO BATTLE
2-8

POPEYE IS HAVING A HARD TIME GETTING HIS SOLDIERS TO EAT SPINACH- CRAMMING IT DOWN THEIR NECKS BY HAND WAS TOO MUCH OF A JOB SO HE HAD CONSTRUCTED A SPINACH PRESSURE FEEDER- QUITE A COMPLICATED APPARATUS, BUT IT WORKS ——

ALL YOU SWABS WICH IS WILLIN' TO EAT YER SPINACH STEP INTO THE DININ'-ROOM- THEM WICH AIN'T, STEP THIS WAY

NEXT
SPINACH FILLING STATION
2-10

NEXT
B-R-R-R-R

WHAT'S THAT THING?
IT'S A MACHINE WICH I FEEDS SPINACH TO ME ARMY WITH- PUT THE TUBE IN YER MOUTH-PULL THE LEVER AN' GET A MEAL
!

JUST PULL THE LEVER, HUH? I'LL TRY IT
YEAH- JUS' PULL THE LEVER

!
B-R-R-R-R

OH, MY GOSH !!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
SPINACH FILLING STATION
2-11

THIS SPINACH WICH I SWIPED FROM THE EMENY CERTINGLY IS SWELL
SPINACH

I THINK I'LL TRY OUT ME SPINACH FILLIN'- STATION- THE MACHINE WICH FORCES SPINACH INTO ME ARMY

AH, IN ALL ME LIFE I NEVER FELT SO SATISFACKORY- I YAM COMPLETELY CONTENTIPATED
SPINACH FILLING-STATION
2-12

SOME OF ME SOLJERS ET A LOT OF SPINACH SO NOW I'LL TALK A SPEECH AT 'EM AN' MAKE 'EM PATRIONOTIC

DEAR SOLJERS- YA ET SPINACH AN' YA GOT STRENGT' AN VITALIKY- SO NOW WHAT I WANTS YA TO DO IS FIGHT! FIGHT!
FIGHT

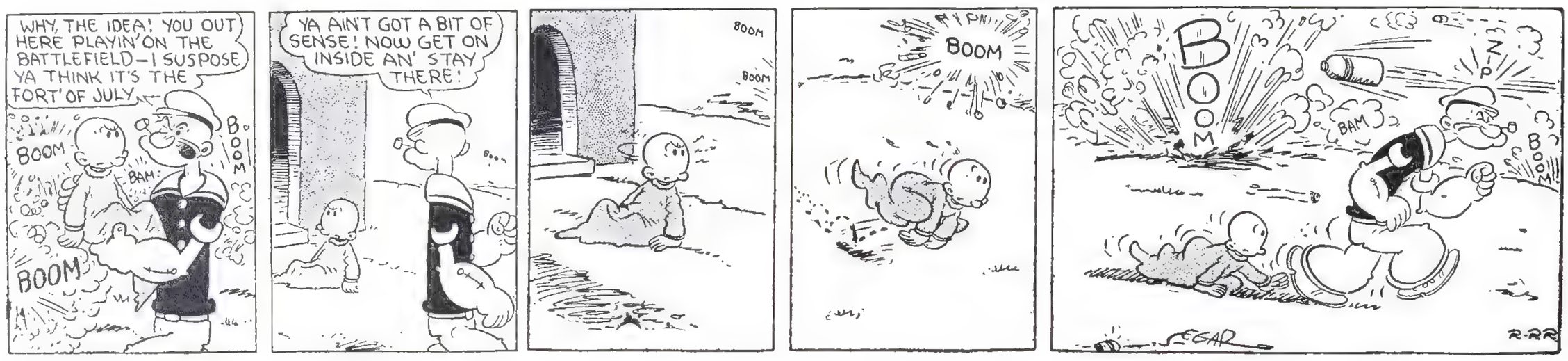
!
SOCK
WHY, YOU!

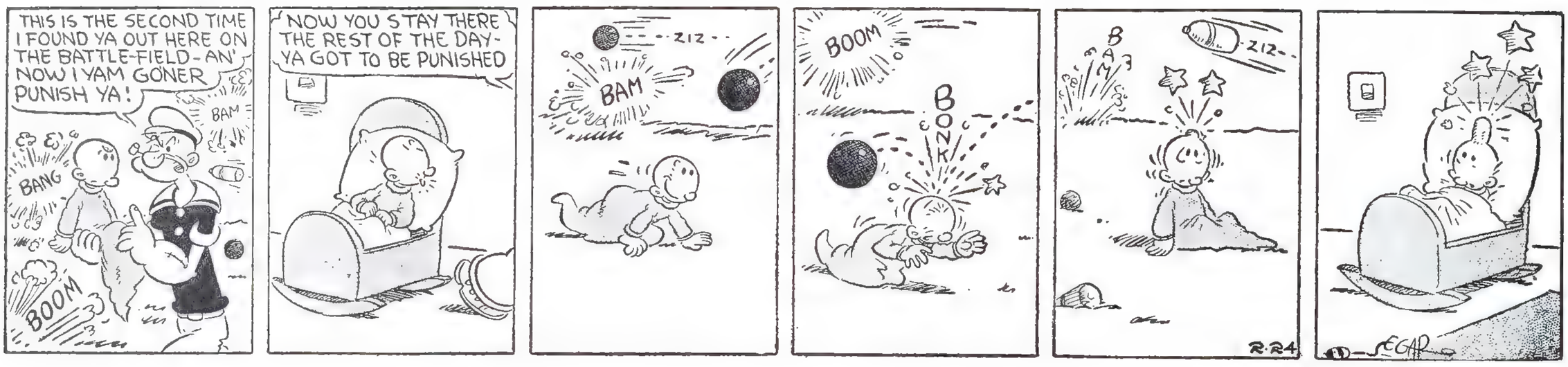
AVAST, YA SWABS, I DIDN'T MEAN FOR YA TO FIGHT EACH OTHER! I WANTS YA TO FIGHT THE BRUTIANS!
POW
SOCK
BIFF
BOP
SOCK

SMACK
WHAT ARE YA TRYIN' TO DO, HELP THE EMENY- YA AIN'T GOT A BIT OF SENSE! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!
2-13

HELLO, POPEYE- HOW'S YOUR SPINACH-EATING SOLDIERS COMING ALONG?
SWELL
I AIN'T GOT ENOUGH SPINACH TO BUILD UP ME WHOLE ARMY SO I YAM FEEDIN' IT TO JUS A HUN'ERD MEN
COME SEE 'EM- THEY'RE EATIN' LOTSA SPINACH AN' OTHER GOOD FOOD AN' THEY'RE GETTIN' VIM, VIGOR AN VITALIKY
AN' THEY GOT GOOD OL' INTESTIMAL FORTNITUDE, TOO, WHICH MEANS COURAGE- I YAM TEACHIN' 'EM TO BE FIERCE - LISTEN AT 'EM SNARL
G-R-R
G-R-R
2-14
YEP- THEM'S ME NATIONAL PRESERVES- I YAM SAVIN' 'EM FOR A EMERGENSNEE
OH! TAKE ME OUT OF HERE!
G-R-R-R


ATTENTION, NATIONAL PRESERVES- THE FATE OF THIS NATION DEPENDS ON YOU - THA'S WHY I YAM SAVIN' YA FOR A EMERGENSNEE — I YAM NOW GO'NER PENETRATE THE EMENY'S LINES AN' USE SOME STRAGETY- DON'T FORGET TO EAT YER SPINACH WHILE I YAM GONE
IT SURE TAKES A BRAVE MAN TO COME OUT HERE
BANG
WHOOM
IT TAKES NERVE - I MAY GET ME HEAD BLOW'D OFF ANY MINUTE
BAM
BOOM
WELL, FOR~!!
BOOM
BAM
SEGAR
2-21


WHY, THE IDEA! YOU OUT HERE PLAYIN' ON THE BATTLEFIELD - I SUSPOSE YA THINK IT'S THE FORT' OF JULY
BOOM
BAM
BOOM
BOOM
YA AIN'T GOT A BIT OF SENSE! NOW GET ON INSIDE AN' STAY THERE!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BAM
BOOM
SEGAR
2-22


THIS IS THE SECOND TIME I FOUND YA OUT HERE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD - AN' NOW I YAM GONER PUNISH YA!
BAM
BANG
BOOM
NOW YOU STAY THERE THE REST OF THE DAY - YA GOT TO BE PUNISHED
ZIZ
BAM
BOOM
BONK
BAM
ZIZ
SEGAR
2-24


I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITH THIS WAR - I YAM NOW GO'NER DO ME STUFF ON ACCOUNT OF I LOVES PEACE
BAM
BOOM
WHO GOES THERE?
A GEN'LEMAN. QXXOO! STEP ASIDE!
I WANTS TO WALK WHERE YER STANDIN'
WE'VE FOOLED AROUND WITH THE SPINACHOVANS LONG ENOUGH - I WILL PUT MY PLAN INTO OPERATION - MY SECRET PLAN OF ATTACK
BOOM
GENERAL ZAZZ QUIET PLEASE
AH, YES - MY SECRET PLAN - NOBODY EXCEPT MYSELF KNOWS OF IT - I BELIEVE THAT SUCCESS DEPENDS ON SECRECY
SEGAR
2-25


YES, INDEED, A VERY GOOD PLAN OF ACTION TO BE USED AGAINST SPINACHOVA I'M PROUD OF MY WORK
I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT POPEYE - HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO VISIT THE ENEMY
MERCY! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM THIS NATION WILL GO TO PIECES IN A WEEK
OF COURSE, THE SUCCESS OF THIS PLAN DEPENDS UPON COMPLETE SECRECY - NO ONE MUST KNOW TILL THE PROPER TIME
THA'S A GOOD PLAN ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'TCHA THINK THAT SOUT' LINE OUGHTER BE MORE SORT OF NORT'EAST?
HEAVENS! AM I NOT ALONE!?
SEGAR
2-26


WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME? SAY - WHO ARE YOU?
I YAM POPEYE THE SAAALOR
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM!
GUARD! HO THERE! GUARD!
SHUT UP!
HELP! HELP! WHERE THE QQX!! IS EVERYBODY?!
SHUT UP!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M THE GENERAL!
I SEZ - SHUT UP! PIPE DOWN OR I'LL LAY YA AMONG THE LILIES!
SEGAR
R-RT

I GOT THE GENERAL OF THE BRUTIAN ARMY KNOCKED OUT IN HIS CHAIR - LE'S SEE - WHAT'LL I DO NEXT?

GOOD NIGHT! HE'S COMIN' TO! - I'LL HAVE TO CHOKE HIM INSENSIBLE!

OH, MY GORSH! HERE COMES A GUARD!

SAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THE GENERAL?

GENERAL, IF YA DON'T RELAX I KIN NOT HELP YA

I YAM GIVIN' HIM A OSTIPATIC TREATMENT - HE'S GOT A STIFF NECK

OH, I SEE

2-28 SEGAR

IT'S A GOOD THING I THUNK FAST - THE GUARD DIDN'T KNOW I WAS CHOKIN' THE GENERAL - I TOLD HIM I WAS GIVIN' A OSTIPATIC TREATMENT

SAY, I'D LIKE A TREATMENT - CAN YOU GIVE ME ONE?

SURE. COME ON IN AN' HAVE A CHAIR

GO TO IT. GIMME THE WORKS! DON'T BE AFRAID OF HURTING ME

I WON'T

DON'T BE AFRAID OF HURTING ME

OKAY. RELAX

!

THEY'S MORE'N ONE WAY OF WINNIN' A WAR

TWEET

2-29 SEGAR

CALLIN' GENERAL WIMPY! AHOY! AHOY! GENERAL WIMPY

AHOY, GENERAL WIMPY - UNLEASH ME SPINACH-EATIN' NATIONAL PRESERVES AN' BRING 'EM OVER BY THE EMENY TRENCHES

AYE, SIR

GENTLEMEN, STOP GNASHING YOUR TEETH! CONTROL YOURSELVES TILL YOU MEET THE ENEMY

GNASH CLICK G-R-R-R G-R- GNASH

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS - REMEMBER, YOU HAVE NO GUNS

WE DON'T NEED GUNS! WE'LL GNASH OUR TEETH IN THEIR FACES AND TEAR 'EM UP WITH OUR HANDS

FRISKY LITTLE DEMONS, AREN'T THEY?

WE'RE FULL OF SPINACH-WE GOT TO USE UP OUR ENERGY

G-R-R-

3-2

I GOT THE EMENY GENERAL UNCONSCIOUS - I'LL PAINT OPEN EYES ON HIM AN' USE HIM LIKE A VENTRILOKIST DUMMY

I YAM NOW GONER PULL OFF THE GREATEST PIECE OF WAR STRAGETY THA'S EVER BEEN PULLED OFF

IT AIN'T BULLETS WICH WINS WARS, IT'S BRAINS!

I GOT THE EMENY GENERAL KNOCKED OUT IN HIS CHAIR AN' I YAM GO'NER USE HIM FOR A VENTRILOKIST DUMMY

3-3

FIRST, I GOT TO FIX HIS EYES SO THEY'LL LOOK LIKE HE AIN'T UNCONSCIOUS

TWEET

AN' I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN ME LIFE

BLOW ME DOWN! HE SURE DON'T LOOK LIKE HE'S SLEEPIN'

TWEET

ARF! ARF!

POPEYE KNOCKED OUT GENERAL ZAZZ AND PROPPED HIM UP IN HIS CHAIR - OF COURSE, THE GENERAL'S EYES ARE CLOSED - BUT POPEYF PAINTED SPOTS ON HIS EYELIDS SO NOW HE LOOKS VERY MUCH AWAKE

HERE COMES A CAPTAIN - NOW'S ME CHANCE TO BEGIN DOIN' ME STUFF

CAP'N - SEND ALL YER MEN TO MF I WANTS TO TALK TO EM PERSNALLY

YES, SIR

ARF' ARF' HERE THEY COME

TWEET

BOYS, YA BEEN FIGHTIN' IN THEM TRENCHES FOR MUNT'S - I YAM PROUD OF YA ALL AN' I YAM GO'NER REWARD YA - JUS PILE UP YER GUNS AN' GO FISHIN'

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU, GENERAL

WHEE'

POPEYE'S TRICK IS WORKING TO PERFECTION - HE KNOCKED OUT THE ENEMY GENERAL. PROPPED HIM UP IN HIS CHAIR, PAINTED SPOTS ON HIS EYELIDS TO MAKE HIM LOOK WIDE AWAKE AND IS NOW USING HIM FOR A VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY

3-5

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL. I WANTS ALL OUR SOLJERS TO LEAVE THE TRENCHES AN' COME STAND IN FRONT OF ME TENT

I REFUSE TO GIVE SUCH AN ORDER

LEAVE ME TENT AT ONC'T AN' COME BACK IN FIVE MINUTES

?

THE IDEA OF HIM REFUSIN' TO OBEY OUR ORDERS — 'SA INSULK, AIN'T IT, GENERAL?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL - DO YA SEE HOW MAD I YAM? DO AS I SEZ OR I'LL HAVE YA SHOT

YES, SIR

YA KIN NOT ALL GET IN ME TENT SO YA KIN PASS ME WORDS TO THE WHOLE ARMY WICH IS OUTSIDE

YOU BOYS HAS BEEN SUFFERIN' THE UNCOMFORTS OF THE TRENCHES FOR MUNT'S - AN' YA BEEN GOOD SOLJERS - I YAM GONER REWARD YA -

-JUS' PILE UP YER GUNS AN' TAKE THE DAY OFF - GO OUT IN THE WOODS AN PICK WILD FLOWERS - IT'LL DO YA GOOD TO GET CLOS'T TO MOTHER NATURE

FINE

GREAT

WHEE!

OH, THANK YOU GENERAL!

ARF ARF

THE GENERAL SURE IS A GOOD SCOUT

THIS IS THE KIND OF A WAR I LIKE

I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT PICKIN' FLOWERS, BUT IT SURE BEATS THE TRENCHES

EGAR

3 6

HOT DORG! AM I PUTTIN' IT OVER?! I GOT THE WHOLE BRUTIAN ARMY OUT PICKIN' WILD FLOWERS

HE'S SLEEPIN' LIKE A BABY- BUT THEM SPOTS WICH I PAINTED OVER HIS EYE-LIDS SURE MAKE HIM LOOK AWAKE

I BEEN USIN' HIM AS A VENTRILOKIST DUMMY AN' I BEEN GIVIN' ORDERS - MY GORSH! HERE COMES THE MAJOR-GENERAL

GENERAL - I CANNOT UNDERSTAND YOUR ORDERS. YOU HAVE THE ENTIRE ARMY OUT PICKING WILD FLOWERS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

TWEET-TWEET-TWEET

OH-TWEET-TWEET TWEET

OH-TWEET-TWEET

TWEET

TWEET

TWEE

!

?

EGAR

3-7

TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET

WHY, GENERAL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

!

YOUR EYES, GENERAL - THEY DON'T SEEM NATURAL

?

WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE - HIS LEFT EYE RUBBED OFF

GOOD HEAVENS! HIS RIGHT EYE, TOO! WHY, HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! HAH! THERE'S BEEN FUNNY WORK GOING ON!

3-9

NOT FUNNY WORK, JUS' GOOD CLEAN STRAGETY

SAY, WHO ARE YOU?

I YAM POPEYE THE SAILOR

EGAR

I JUST RECEIVED A RADIO MESSAGE FROM POPEYE - HE WANTS TRUCKS TO HAUL AWAY THE ENEMY'S GUNS

I'VE NOTICED THE ENEMY HAS STOPPED FIRING, BUT HOW COULD HE MAKE THEM LAY DOWN THEIR GUNS?

PROBABLY A COLOSSAL BIT OF STRATEGY

O, BRAVE SPINACH-EATING NATIONAL RESERVES - POPEYE HAS ORDERED YOU TO THE FRONT - FOLLOW HARD UPON MY HEELS, YOU LITTLE DEMONS!

COME ON, BOYS, THROW THESE GUNS INTO THE TRUCKS AN' TAKE 'EM OVER TO OUR SIDE

COME ON, MEN, THE EMENY AIN'T GOT NO GUNS - LE'S SHOW 'EM WHAT A HUN'ERD AN' ONE SPINACH-EATERS KIN DO WITH THEIR FISKS

EGAR

3-10

SPLAT

3-11

BOP

BOP

G-R-R-R

FRISKY LITTLE RASCALS, AREN'T THEY?

BIFF

G-R-R

SOCK

BOP

GEN'LEMEN—

ANOTHER VICKORY FOR SPINACH!

GENERAL WIMPY, IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT THE WAR IS OVER AND WE WON?

YES, INDEED, OUR STRATEGY WAS A BIT TOO MUCH FOR THEM

YA KIN WAKE UP NOW, GENERAL, THE WAR'S OVER

THE WAR IS OVER!!!! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! WHO WON?

WE WIN'D

LISTEN, GENERAL, I COME INTO YER TENT, KNOCKED YA OUT - PAINTED EYES ON YER EYELIDS TO MAKE YA LOOK AWAKE - THEN I GOT BEHIND YER CHAIR AN' GIVED ORDERS

!

I USED YA FOR A VENTRILIKIST DUMMY - I TOLD YER SOLJERS TO TAKE THE DAY OFF - I SENT 'EM OUT TO PICK WILD FLOWERS. THEN WE TOOK THEIR GUNS AND BEAT UP MOST OF 'EM WITH OUR FISKS

WELL- I'LL BE- - I'LL BE.-

3-12

THERE'S YER SHIPS - YER SOLJERS ARE ABOARD READY TO SAIL FOR BRUTIA - GET ABOARD-

WELL- I'LL BE- - - -

EGAR

YOUR SPINACH-EATING NATIONAL RESERVES DID GOOD WORK. BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR BOYS IN THE TRENCHES WHO HAD GUNS?

MY GORSH'

I FORGOT ALL ABOUT ME SHEEPS WICH HAS BEEN IN THE TRENCHES FOR MUNTS

AHOY, YA SWABS, COME ON OUT OF THEM TRENCHES THE WAR'S OVER!

WHAT WAR ?

3-13

I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!

PLOP

I GOT THREE HUNDRED PINOCHLE

THIS IS A HAND LIKE A FOOT

YOU'RE SET

WHO DEALT THIS MESS?

C'MON, BID

SURE, I'LL MAKE IT

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK

110 120 130 140

SEGAR

ME SHEEPS WICH I THOUGHT WAS OUT THERE IN THE TRENCHES FIGHTIN' AIN'T BEEN PAYIN' NO ATTENTION TO THE WAR—

THEY BEEN PLAYIN' PINOCHLE FOR MUNTS- AHOY, YA SWABS - THE WAR'S OVER- COME OUT OF THE TRENCHES- WE WIN'D THE WAR

HOO-RAY- WE WON THE WAR

I DON'T CARE WHO WON THE WAR! I WON THAT GAME OF PINOCHLE AN' YOU OWE ME TWO BITS

C'MON- YA OWE ME A BUCK

OH, YEAH?

I SEZ, COME OUT OF THEM TRENCHES - THE WAR'S OVER - WE GOT PEACE

SETTLE UP!

PAY ME OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF

YOU AND WHO ELSE?

GIMME MY "40" CENTS!

AW, GNATS! THE MINUTE WE GETS PEACE THEY BEGINS FIGHTIN' I CERTINGLY YAM DISGUSTIPATED

WHO'S A CROOK!?

OH, SO YOU'RE BROKE, EH?

YOU HEARD ME

PAY UP OR ELSE

WHY- YOU-

BOP SOCK SMACK BIFF SOCK

3-14

SEGAR

DEAR SHEEPS, I BRANG YA THROUGH THE WAR— WE WIN'D— NOW WE KIN HAVE PEACE AN' PROGRESS AN' BUILD UP OUR COUNTRY

WE'RE SICK OF SPINACHOVA! WE WANT TO GO HOME- HOME, TO THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH

MY GORSH! I KIN HARDLY BELIEVE ME EARS!

WE WANT TO GO HOME

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, I MAY THROW A FIT ANY MINUTE - I YAM GETTIN' MADDER AN' MADDER!

AWRIGHT, GO HOME! G'WAN HOME! GET OUT OF ME SIGHT BEFORE I LOSES ME TEMPER!

WHAT IS A "JEEP" HAH! IF YOU OWNED ONE YOUR TROUBLES WOULD BE OVER— COMING- "EUGENE, THE JEEP"

JEEP'S TAIL

TO OLIVE OYL

3-16

WE DON'T LIKE SPINACHOVA! WE WANT TO GO BACK TO BROADWAY- WE WANT TO GO HOME!!

DEAR SHEEPS— YA'VE BROKEN ME HEART— I YAM FLABBERGASKET!! SHEEPS! HAH! SHEEPS!

YA AIN'T SHEEPS! YER JUS' WHOLFS IN SHEEPS CLOTHES. THA'S ALL!

I YAM THROUGH WITH YA! G'WAN HOME - WHO CARES - I YAM DISGUSTIPATED

ROOEY TO THE ALL OF YOU, FROM THE ALL OF WE!

BLAST 'EM

JEEP!

JEEPS TAIL

COMING "EUGENE THE JEEP"

TO OLIVE OYL

3-17

CHIEF— I YAM GIVIN' SPINACHOVA TO YOU— ME ROYAL PALACE IS YOUR'N PERSNALLY— TAKE CARE OF THINGS AN' BUILD UP A STRONG NATION

UGH- HEAP FINE MAN, YOU!

SPINACHOVA, THE LAND OF ME DREAMS- I GOT TO LEAVE YA

POPEYE, ARE WE REALLY GOING TO LEAVE SPINACHOVA?

YEAH, WE GOT TO GO

S-SH- DON'T DISTURB POPEYE, HE FEELS VERY SAD

ME LAST NIGHT IN SPINACHOVA- ME LAST LOOK FROM THIS WINDOW AT THE MOON DROPPIN' INTO THE SEA— ME SHEEPS AIN'T HAPPY

3-18

WAIT TILL YOU SEE EUGENE!

THIS BOX CONTAINS ONE GENUINE -JEEP

JEEP'S TAIL

EUGENE THE JEEP

TO OLIVE OYL

WE'RE HOMESICK- WE'VE JUST GOT TO GO HOME

OKAY- TAKE THE ARK AN' GO HOME- I'M GONER USE OUR ONLY AIRYPLANE

G'BYE, SHEEPS

HURRY UP, POPEYE, WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU

THE OLDER I GETS THE WISER I GETS- BUT I STILL AIN'T WISE ENOUGH TO BE A DICTIPATOR OR A PRESIDINK- FROM NOW ON I YAM JUS' GONER BE POPEYE

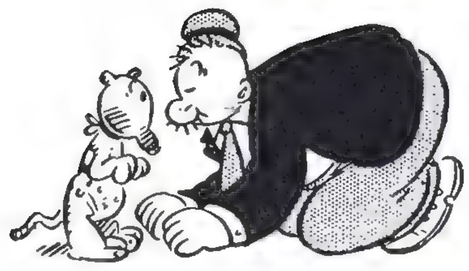
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED

The end

HA! HA! HA! WAIT TILL YOU SEE EUGENE!

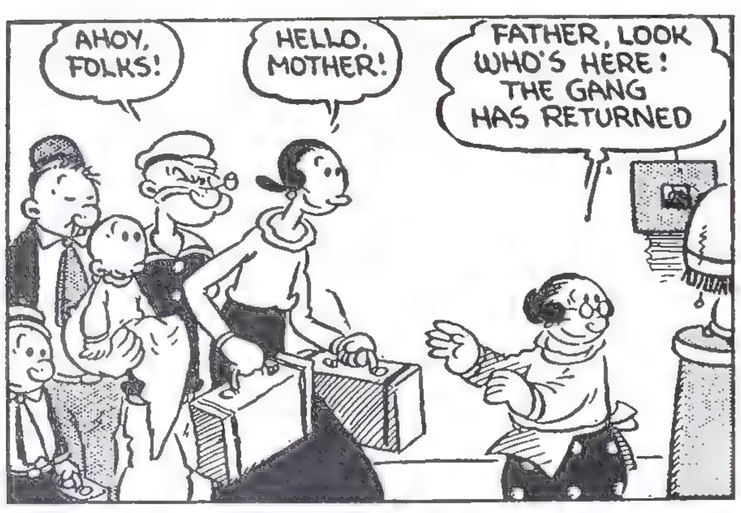
3-19

SEGAR



CHAPTER VI:

EUGENE THE JEEP

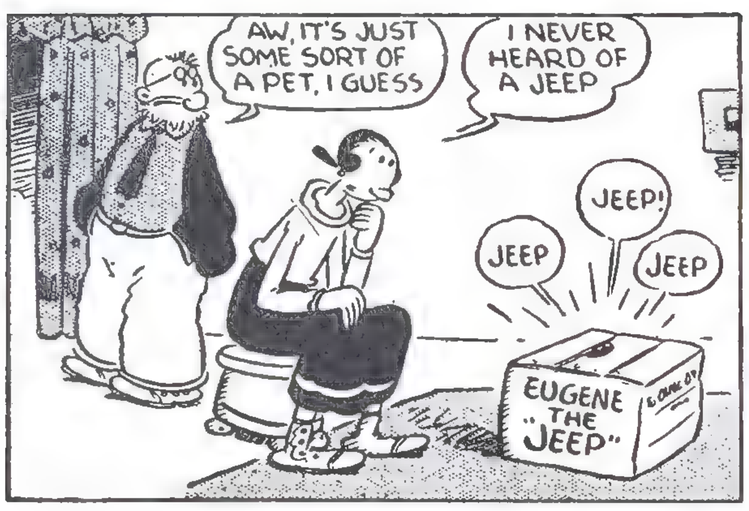




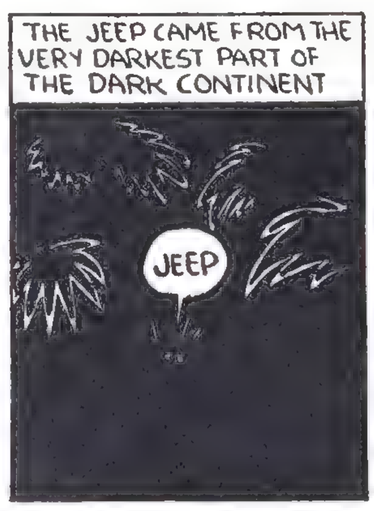




































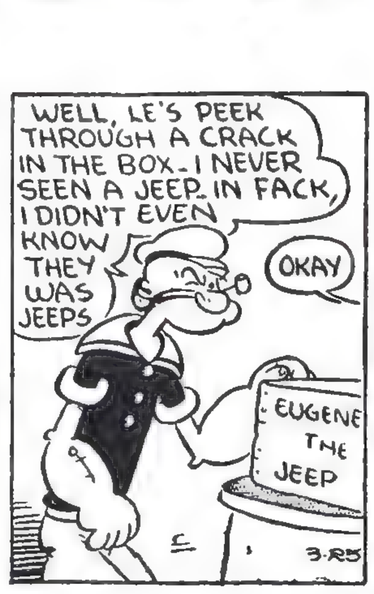














YES, POPEYE, PETS ARE A LOT OF BOTHER- I THINK I'LL SELL THE JEEP THAT UNCLE SENT ME

SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR, OLIVE- YA WANT ME TO SEE WHO IT IS?

OKAY

KNOCK KNOCK

CHIZZLEFLINT IS MY NAME- MISS OYL, I HEAR THAT YOU ARE THE OWNER OF AN AFRICAN JEEP- IS IT TRUE?

IT IS

HMM

THE LITTLE PEST ISN'T WORTH IT, OF COURSE- BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE CRISP ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL FOR HIM

HE'S YOURS! GEE-I'D HAVE SOLD HIM FOR 30¢

I YAM SORRY, MISTER CHIZZLEFLINK, BUT MISS OYL AIN'T SELLIN' YA THAT AMINAL

I BEG PARDON?

I SEZ SHE AIN'T SELLIN' THE JEEP

WHO ARE YOU?

I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR, THA'S WHO

OF COURSE I'LL SELL HIM

3-26

EGAR

LISTEN, POPEYE, YOU KEEP OUT OF MY AFFAIRS! I'M OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! WHY, I'D BE KA-RAZY IF I DIDN'T SELL MY JEEP FOR A HUNDRED BUCKS!

PROBABLY THE ONE-EYED GENTLEMAN THINKS I'M NOT OFFERING YOU ENOUGH- HMM- NOW, MISS OYL- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO-

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR YOUR JEEP

REALLY? OKAY!

MISS OYL AIN'T SELLIN' THE JEEP

WELL, I'LL BE ~

IT'S NOT YOUR JEEP!!

NO, BUT SHE'S ME SWEETY AN' I YAM GONER PROTECK'ER AN ME PERSNAL INSTINCK TELLS ME YER A CROOK

3-27

EGAR

MR. CHIZZELFLINT OFFERED ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR MY JEEP AND YOU WOULDN'T LET HIM BUY IT!

EUGENE THE JEEP

GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN

YA MEANS WE AIN'T SWEETIES NO MORE?

YES- WE'RE NOT!!

ME PERSNAL INSTINCK TOLD ME NOT TO LET YA SELL THE JEEP— WELL- G'BYE-HONEY-

DON'T CALL ME HONEY!!

G-R-R- I'M SO MAD I COULD CHEW THE HINGES OFF THE DOOR!!

MISS OYL - P-S-T I'LL GIVE YOU TWO THOUSAND FOR YOUR JEEP

SURE- OKAY!

I YAM SORRY BUT MISS OYL AIN'T GONER SELL THAT AMINAL

3-28

EGAR

HELLO, MISS OYL, IS THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR AROUND? HE ISN'T? GOOD! - LISTEN, MISS OYL, I STILL WANT TO BUY YOUR JEEP

MEET ME BY THE OLD OAK TREE ON BROWN'S HILL - BRING THE JEEP- I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HIM

OKAY! SURE! OH, MY, YES!

MY GOSH! FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I HOPE POPEYE WASN'T SNOOPING

3-30

WELL, MR. CHIZZELFLINT- HERE'S THE JEEP-

AND HERE'S THE MONEY

$5000.00

AN' HERE IS ME!! AN' I SEZ YA AIN'T SELLIN' THE JEEP! SUMPIN' TELLS ME HE'S TRYIN' TO GYP YA

WELL- FOR~!

EGAR

MR. CHIZZELFLINT OFFERED ME $5000.00 FOR EUGENE AND YOU WOULDN'T LET ME SELL HIM! TELL ME WHY

FIRST HE OFFERS YA A HUN'ERD BUCKS, AN' NOW HE OFFERS YA FIVE THOUSING— LISTEN, THAT JEEP IS WORTH MORE'N YA GOT ANY IDEAR ABOUT

I YAM JUS' TRYIN' TO PROTECK YA, HONEY- I DON'T WANT YA TO GET CHEATED

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. LET'S OPEN THE BOX

THA'S THE STUFF- LE'S GIVE HIM A GOOD. LOOKIN' AT

I HOPE HE DOESN'T BITE US!

THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR IS IN MY WAY- HE MUST BE REMOVED FROM THIS EARTH

3-31

WELL- BLOW ME DOWN!

EUGENE THE JEEP

TOMORROW WE'LL SEE THE JEEP

EGAR

COME ON, MAW- THEY'RE GOING TO LET THE JEEP OUT OF THE BOX

I'M JUST DYING TO SEE THE LITTLE FELLOW!!

COME ON, JEEPIE- COME OUT OF YOUR BOX

COME ON, EUGENE

THERE HE IS!

JEEP!

EUGENE THE JEEP

I'LL BET HE'S HUNGRY- I'LL GO GET HIM SOME SPINACH

OH, ISN'T HE DARLING!!?

JEEP JEEP JEEP JEEP JEEP JEEP

EUGENE THE JEEP

4-1

EGAR

HOW MUCH WOULD YOU CHARGE TO RID THE EARTH OF A FELLOW NAMED POPEYE?
TEN BUCKS IS MY PRICE AND NOT ONE CENT LESS!
HMM- I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED-BUT I WANT A GOOD, CLEAN JOB
YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, BOSS, I'LL DO MY BEST- I'M CONSCIENTIOUS
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT ONE-EYED RAT I COULD HAVE BOUGHT THAT JEEP FOR A FEW DOLLARS - HMM- I'D BE WILLING TO GO AS MUCH AS ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR THAT ANIMAL
I BELIEVE I AM THE ONLY MAN LIVING WHO KNOWS OF THE STRANGE POWERS OF A JEEP, AND I'LL OWN HIM IF I HAVE TO DO MURDER WITH MY OWN HANDS
4-2
AW, LEMME HOLD HIM A WHILE- DON'T BE SO STINGY WITH HIM
ROCK-A-BYE, JEEPIE, UP IN THE TREE TOP-
-EEP
JEEP
EGAR

B B B B A A A A N N N G G G G G
COUGH COUGH
DON'T LOOK SUSPRISED. DID YA THINK I WAS A SISSY?
SPLAT
YA BLASTED SWAB!
EGAR
4-3

AHOY, OLIVE, A FELLAH JUS' NOW TRIED TO MURDER ME- AN' HE WASN'T A OL' EMENY NEITHER
BUT, POPEYE! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO MURDER YOU?
LISTEN, HONEY, THAT LITTLE AMINAL IS WORTH MORE'N YOU AN' ME KIN EVEN IMAGINE
?
I GOT A HUNCH THAT CHIZZELFLINT HIRED A SWAB TO MURDER ME ON ACCOUNT OF I WOULDN'T LET YA SELL HIM YER JEEP
I'LL ADMIT HE'S CUTE, BUT I CAN'T SEE WHY HE'S SO VALUABLE- WHY DOES MR. CHIZZELFLINT WANT HIM
??
AHOY, JEEPIE, HOW'SA BOY?
JEEP
4-4
EGAR

I'M TELLIN' YOU- YA CAN'T KILL THAT SAILOR!
I THINK YOU'RE SCARED- KEEP TRYING TILL YOU GET HIM
OH, YEAH?- WHEN I SHOOT A MAN FIVE TIMES AND HE COUGHS UP AND SPITS OUT THE BULLETS AND THEN KNOCKS ME FOR A LOOP I'M LAYING OFF HIM!
!
ER- GOOD MORNING, POPEYE-
MISTER CHIZZELFLINT, SOMEBODY HIRED A THUG TO KILL ME-
GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!
A COURSE, I AIN'T SAYIN' IT WAS YOU, YA UN'ERSTAND- BUT JUS' IN CASE IT WAS-
WELL- JUS' IN CASE IT WAS!
IF I ONLY KNEW WHY A JEEP IS SO VALUABLE-
4-6
EGAR

MY GOSH, POPEYE! HERE COMES MR. CHIZZELFLINT AGAIN!
LISTEN, OLIVE- IF HE TRIES TO BUY YER JEEP, TELL HIM YA WON'T TAKE LESS THAN A MILLION DOLLARS- THAT'LL FIX HIM
GOOD IDEA!
MISS OYL, I OFFERED YOU FIVE THOUSAND FOR YOUR JEEP- I NOW OFFER SIX THOU-SAND-
I'M SORRY, MR. CHIZZELFLINT, BUT I WON'T TAKE A CENT LESS THAN ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR HIM
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS FOR HIM!!
!
JEEP
4-7
EGAR

IF MY JEEP IS WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS TO YOU, HE'S WORTH THAT MUCH TO ME, SO I WON'T SELL HIM
THA'S TELLIN' HIM
BUT YOU'LL NEVER DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THE JEEP- I AM THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH THAT KNOWS
AND UNLESS YOU KNOW THE SECRET HE WILL BE OF NO MORE VALUE TO YOU THAN A DOG OR A CAT- GOOD DAY, FOOLS!
JUST THINK! ONE MILLION DOLLARS!
I YAM FLABBER-GASKET!!
4-8
UNCLE BEN, IN HIS LETTER SPEAKS OF ANCIENT MYTHS CREDITING THE JEEP WITH STRANGE POWERS- HE SAYS THAT JEEPS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A FOURTH-A-
A FOURTH DIMENTIONAL BRAIN- AND- HERE'S A PARAGRAPH I MISSED- JUST LISTEN TO THIS ——
WHAT IS IT?
EGAR

AH, THERE'S A LOAFER WHO MIGHT DO A NICE BIT OF FOUL WORK FOR A PRICE

MY GOOD MAN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN A DIME?

NO, THANK YOU - I'VE GOT ONE

I WAS JUST FOOLING - BUT LISTEN TO ME NOW - HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?

I BEG PARDON?

MY GOSH! OH, MY GOSH!

WHAT DOES YER UNCLE SAY IN THE PARAGRAPH YA OVERLOOKED?

4-9

OH, GOOD HEAVENS! HE SAYS—

HE SAYS—

"IF YOU DON'T FEED THE JEEP ORCHIDS HE'LL DIE"

PLOP

I AIN'T BUYIN' ORCHIDS TO FEED A GOOFY ANIMAL LIKE HIM!

YEP - THA'S RIGHT - YER UNCLE BEN SEZ IF YA DON'T FEED THE JEEP ORCHIDS HE'LL DIE

AND ORCHIDS COST FROM TWO TO FIVE DOLLARS APIECE - UGH!

WHY, THE IDEA - ORCHIDS !!!

BUT, SIR - I'M SURE THAT I HAVE NOT THE ABILITY TO EARN $100,000.

DON'T WORRY - JUST COME TO MY HOME

JUST WHAT, MR. CHIZZELFLINT, WILL I HAVE TO DO TO EARN THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND?

PRACTICALLY NOTHING AS FAR AS LABOR IS CONCERNED

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CROOK YOUR FIRST FINGER, LIKE THIS

YOU MEAN MY TRIGGER FINGER?

YES - YOUR TRIGGER FINGER

4-10 EGAR

YOU DON'T MEAN MURDER!!

I DO!!

SO YA GOT TO FEED THE JEEP ORCHIDS OR ELSE HE'LL DIE, EH?

OH, WHAT A MESS!!

YOU DARN LITTLE ORCHID-EATER! WHY CAN'T YOU BE SATISFIED WITH GERANIUMS!?

I DO NEED THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS - I DO NEED IT, SIR - I DO—

BUT, TOO, SIR, THE MAN I AM TO MURDER NEEDS HIS LIFE

DON'T GET SENTIMENTAL

I GOT A BIG IDEAR - WHY DON'T YA THROW SOME ORCHID SEED OUT IN THE BACK YARD AND RAISE YER OWN ORCHIDS?

4-11

WELL - IN THE FIRST PLACE THEY WOULDN'T GROW - AND BESIDES, IT TAKES SEVEN YEARS FOR AN ORCHID PLANT TO BLOOM

OH -

I'M NOT A MURDERER, MISTER CHIZZELFLINT

I'M OFFERING YOU A FORTUNE - STAY HERE AND THINK IT OVER

I'M GOING TO MY OFFICE — I'LL EXPECT YOUR DECISION WHEN I RETURN

HMM - A NOTEBOOK - MR. CHIZZELFLINT'S NOTEBOOK

HE'S AN EXCELLENT WRITER - HMM - WELL - WELL - QUITE INTERESTING - WELL - BLESS MY SOUL!

!

4-13

IF WE ONLY KNEW THE SECRET OF THE JEEP -

OL' CHIZZELFLINT WON'T NEVER TELL YA AN' YA KIN LAY TO THAT

WELL - FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!

MY NOTEBOOK! I MUST HAVE LEFT IT ON THE LIVING ROOM TABLE - IF THAT LOAFER READS IT—

-HE'LL LEARN THE SECRET OF THE JEEP!

SAY! DID YOU LOOK INSIDE OF THAT NOTEBOOK?

WHAT NOTE-BOOK?

MR. WIMPY, IF YOU'RE LYING I'LL KILL YOU HERE AND NOW!!

JONES IS MY NAME, I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS!

4-14

EUGENE, YA BLASTED ORCHID-EATER! I SURE WISHT YA COULD TELL ME THE SECRIK - WHY'RE YA SO VAL'ABLE?

CHIZZELFLINT WILL NEVER TELL YOU THE SECRET ABOUT THE JEEP

JUS'A SAME I YAM GO'NER SEE HIM

YOU LIED! I BELIEVE YOU READ MY NOTEBOOK! I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU, MR. WIMPY!

YOU HAVE THE WRONG PARTY - JONES IS MY NAME—

AVAST, YA SWAB! LAY OFFA WIMPY!

BOP

I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS

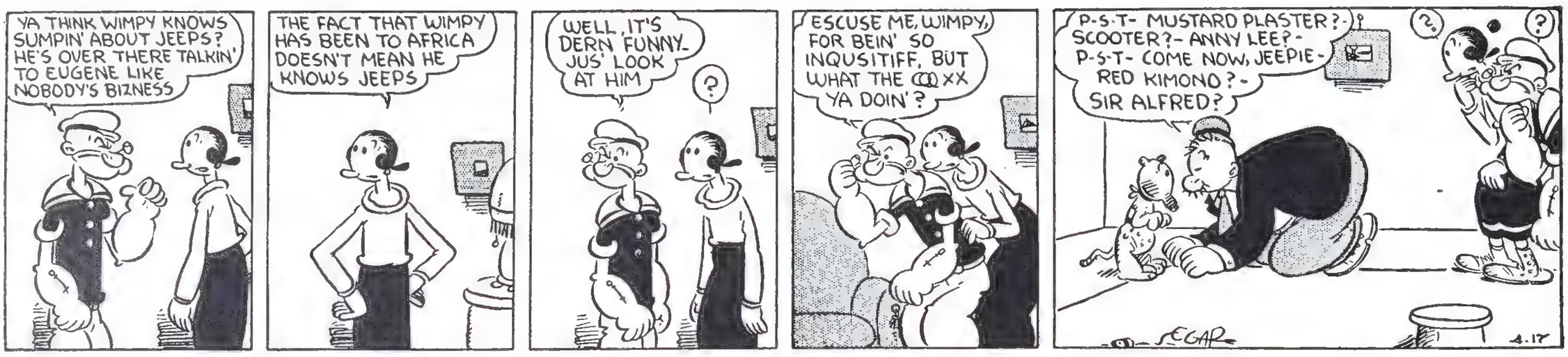
HE TRIED TO HIRE ME TO COMMIT A MURDER

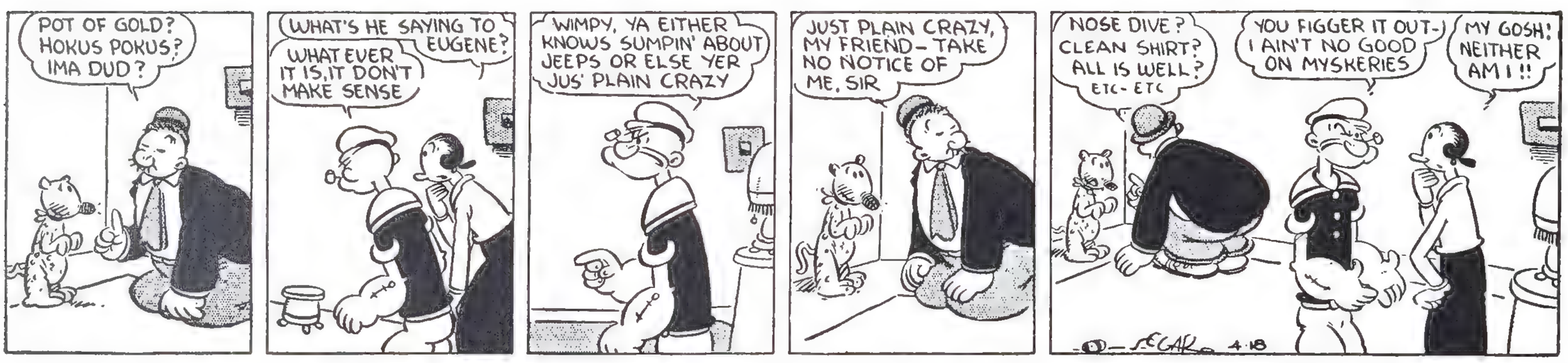
AN' I'M THE SWAB WICH HE WANTS KILLED - KEEP AWAY FROM HIM

4-15

I'D BET A MILLION THAT WIMPY READ MY NOTE-BOOK — HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE POWER OF A JEEP — HE CAN MAKE A FORTUNE



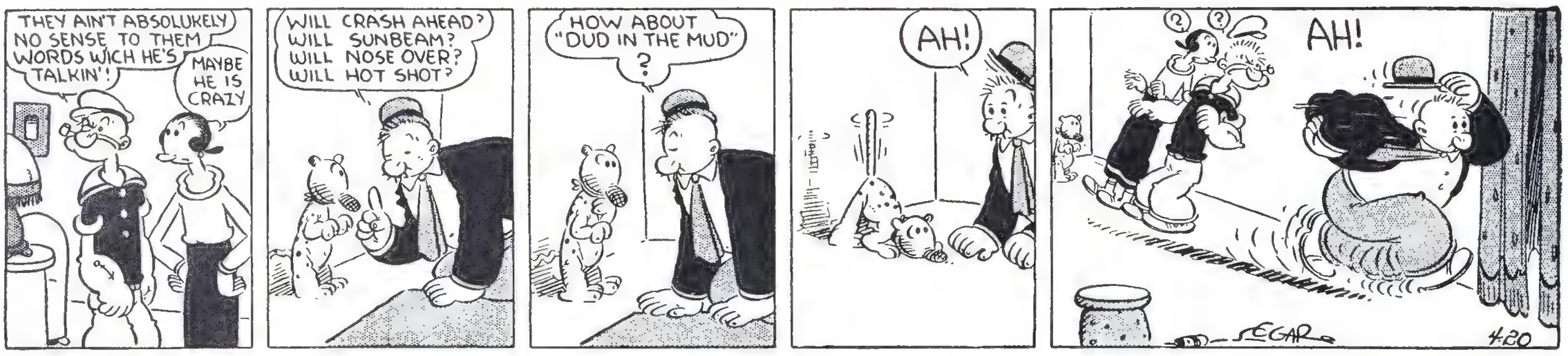






CHAPTER VII:

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!





DID YOU CATCH ANYTHING THAT WIMPY SAID TO EUGENE?
NAW- IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE

WHO DO YOU LIKE IN THIS RACE, BUDDY?
"DUD IN THE MUD"- I HAVE MY VERY ALL ON HIM
YOU MUST BE CRAZY

"RED KIMONO" IS THE FAVORITE - STILL "DUD IN THE MUD" OUGHTA GET TO THE LINE BY SIX O'CLOCK - SOME LONG SHOT - BUT IF HE SHOULD WIN YOU'LL CLEAN UP

THEY'RE OFF!
"DUD IN THE MUD" GRABS THE LEAD AND IS TEARING ON AND ON - BUT HE'LL PROBABLY PIFFLE OFF AS USUAL

COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
DUD IN THE MUD!
4-22

EGAR

I STILL THINK WIMPY GOT INFREMATION FROM YER JEEP
OH, HOW COULD HE?

COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!

"DUD IN THE MUD" IS TIRING - OH, GOOD - GOOD - GOOD - HEAVENS!!

COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY
4-23

WHAT DO YOU THINK??
XXX, MISTER!! THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO THINK!

"DUD IN THE MUD" IS DROPPING BACK! HE'S TIRING!

COME ON, BABY!
COME ON, BABY!
4-24

"DUD IN THE MUD" STILL LEADING, BUT "RED KIMONO" IS GAINING RAPIDLY
COME ON, "RED KIMONO"!

IT LOOKS LIKE "RED KIMONO" WILL GO OVER - NO! NO! "DUD IN THE MUD" LEAPS AHEAD AGAIN!
SAY, WILL YOU STOP SWEATING ON ME!?

"DUD IN THE MUD" WINS!
NICE RACE, WASN'T IT?
AW, GO~~~!

SOME LONG SHOT!! YOU GET "243" BUCKS FOR YOUR TWO-DOLLAR TICKET
NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?

EGAR

AH, GOOD MORNING, MY FRIENDS! GOOD MORNING - GOOD MORNING -

AND GOOD MORNING TO YOU, TOO, EUGENE, YOU FINE LITTLE FELLOW - HAVE AN ORCHID

MISS OYL, HERE IS A BOX OF CHOCOLATES FOR YOU - I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY THEM
UGH-ER - OH, THANKS, WIMPY

AND FOR YOU, POPEYE, A CAN OF SPINACH
SAY, WHAT THE XXX IS THIS, CHRISTMAS?
SPINACH

HOW KIN HE AFFORD TO BUY PRESINKS? I KNOWS HE WAS BROKE YESTERDAY

LOOK! HE'S TALKING TO THE JEEP AGAIN
PST- PST- PST- PST
PST-
4-25
EGAR

LOOK, POPEYE, HE'S AT IT AGAIN! HE'S WHISPERING TO THE JEEP
HE'S WISE TO SUMPIN' ABOUT THAT JEEP

PST - EUGENE, HOW ABOUT "HOT FLASH"? WILL HE WIN IN THE SECOND RACE?

AH!

? ! ? ? ! ?
SWISH

"200" DOLLARS ON "HOT FLASH" TO WIN
EGAR
4-27

WHICH ONE YOU ON TO-DAY?
I LIKE "HOT FLASH"
YOU'RE CRAZY! "GOLD DUST" IS A CINCH TO WIN

THEY'RE OFF!
COME ON, GOLD DUST
HOP ALONG, HOT FLASH!

HOT FLASH

HOT FLASH WINS!!
HOW DO YOU DO IT? THAT HORSE WILL PAY TEN TO ONE! HOW STRONG WAS YOU ON HIM?
$200- TO WIN
I'LL BE-!

I'LL TAKE "$2000." FOR THIS "$200" TICKET, PLEASE - NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?
!

'TWAS LUCKY FOR ME THAT I LEARNED THE POWER OF THE JEEP - HE HAS A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL BRAIN AND THE ABILITY TO FORETELL THE FUTURE
$ 2000-
4-28

THREE SHAKES OF A JEEP'S TAIL MEANS 'YES' - UNEXPLAINABLE BECAUSE HIS POWER COMES NOT FROM AN EARTHLY SOURCE - NEXT I SHALL BET THE $2,000- ON THE NOSE
$ 2,000

WILL "FOXTAIL" WIN IN THE FIRST RACE? WILL "WHITE HEAT"? "MOTHER'S BABE"?

"HARRY CHEST"?

AH!

OKAY, EUGENE

WIMPY BEEN HERE TO-DAY?

I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM - WHY?

I JUS' WANTS TO TALK TO THE SWAB

"HARRY CHEST" IS IN THE LEAD - HMM I HAVE $2,000 ON HIM TO WIN

COME ON, MOTHER'S BABE! CAN I PICK 'EM? POOEY!

"HARRY CHEST" PAYS SIXTEEN TO ONE - SO I'LL TAKE $32,000 FOR THIS TWO-GRAND TICKET - NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT?

!

AND VERY SHORTLY I SHALL PLAY THE ALL OF IT ON THE NOSE OF A WINNER

$ 32,000-

4-29 EGAR

GOOD MORNING, FOLKS - I'LL HAVE SPEECH WITH THE JEEP IF YOU DON'T MIND

YA LOOKS MIGHTY PROSPRIS FOR TO BE JUS'A LOAFER

LISTEN, ME FREN - YA KIN NOT TALK TO THE JEEP NO MORE TILL YA TELLS US WHAT YA KNOWS ABOUT HIM

IT WILL COST YOU JUST "FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS" CASH TO TALK TO MY JEEP FOR TWO MINUTES

ARF! ARF!

HAH! A MERE NOTHING - HERE YOU ARE, MY GOOD LADY, FIVE ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILLS

!

WELL, THAT BEATS ME!

ME, TOO! I YAM FLABBERGASKIT! I YAM DUMBFOUNDIT!

AH, THANK YOU, JEEPIE - "NOSE OVER", EH? HMM - I'LL BRING YOU AN ORCHID TO MORROW

4-30 EGAR

OH, WHAT A BRUTE! ARE YOU THE FAMOUS "SLAG, THE SLUGGER"? I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU

YEAH

I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA - 'AN' IF YA DON'T TELL OLIVE WHAT YA KNOWS ABOUT JEEPS I YAM GONER BUST YER HEAD LIKE IT WAS A 'LECTRIC LIGHT BLUB

HE KNOWS SOMETHING ALL RIGHT - MAYBE HE GOT THE SECRET OF THE JEEP FROM CHIZZELFLINT

WELL, FIRST OF ALL I WANT YOU TO DO AWAY WITH A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF POPEYE!

!

GET THIS - I'M NOT A KILLER - I'LL CRACK EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY - CRUSH HIM TO A PULP - BREAK HIS NECK - AND - AND THAT'S ALL!

IF YOU WANT HIM MURDERED, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET SOME OTHER GUY - I GOT A HEART

MURDER WOULD BE RATHER HARD ON HIM

EGAR 5-1

POPEYE, IF I TOLD YOU AND OLIVE WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE UNBELIEVABLE POWER OF A JEEP, MR. CHIZZELFLINT WOULD FIND IT OUT -

HE WANTS OLIVE'S JEEP, AND HE WANTS NO HUMAN BEING TO KNOW ITS POWER

SO WHAT?

'TIS A WONDER THAT THE ALL OF US HAVE NOT BEEN ERADICATED ALREADY

I FEARS NO MAN! I FEARS NO BEASK -

AN' I ALSO FEARS NO AMINAL — I KIN LICK ANY MAN ON EART'!

DON'T WORRY - I CAN LICK ANY MAN ON EARTH!

FINE

EGAR 5-2

YES, MY FRIENDS, I KNOW THE POWER OF THE JEEP. I GOT MY INFORMATION FROM MR. CHIZZELFLINT'S NOTEBOOK - IF I TOLD YOU THE SECRET HE'D MURDER ALL THREE OF US

IF I TOLD YOU - HE'D KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT I READ HIS NOTEBOOK HE'D TAKE MY LIFE - HE WANTS EUGENE AND THE SECRET FOR HIMSELF ALONE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME AN' OLIVE - I KIN PROTECK'ER — I KIN LICK ANY MAN ON EART'

BE CAREFUL, SLAG - THAT ONE-EYED FELLOW IS TOUGH

I CAN LICK ANY MAN ON EARTH

THE MAIN THING IS — STEAL THE JEEP AND BRING HIM TO ME! I WISH YOU'D DO AWAY WITH MISS OYL, POPEYE AND WIMPY - BUT IF YOU'RE AGAINST MURDER, BEAT 'EM UP AT LEAST

ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY WILL GET CRUSHED!! WHAT THE @@XX IS A JEEP?

EGAR 5-4

I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED POPEYE - I WANT TO BREAK HIS NECK

HE ISN'T HERE

WELL, THEN, I WANT TO SEE A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF WIMPY?

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MY GOOD MAN? JONES IS MY NAME - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS

JONES WON'T DO! I'M SUPPOSED TO HALF-KILL A GUY NAMED WIMPY

MR. WIMPY WENT TO CHINA

SMITH IS MY NAME - I'M ONE OF THE SMITH GIRLS

LISTEN, JONES - I'M LOOKIN' FOR A "JEEP". WHATEVER THAT IS - IS THERE A JEEP AROUND HERE?

A JEEP? ER - WHY, NO, ER - HMM - A JEEP, EH?

5-5 EGAR

I OUGHTA LAY ME FISK UN'ER WIMPY'S NOSE AN' MAKE HIM TELL ME WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT JEEPS!

CHIZZELFLINT SENT ME HERE TO STEAL A JEEP- LISTEN, JONES, ARE YOU SURE THERE AIN'T NO JEEP AROUND HERE?

A JEEP- HMM - LET ME THINK

OH, YES, MR. SLAG, THERE IS A JEEP OUT IN BACK - YES, BACK IN THE PASTURE - YES, YES - I RECOLLECT NOW — HMM-

SAY- WHAT'S THIS THING?

FIDO, YOU SHOULDN'T BE ON THE LIVING-ROOM TABLE - YOU'RE A BAD DOGGY

I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO GIVE YOU TO MISTER SLAG

I DON'T WANT THE MUTT - COME ON, JONES, SHOW ME THAT JEEP

5-6

YES, I RECALL NOW, THE FOLKS HERE DO OWN A JEEP. HE'S OUT IN THE PASTURE — COME WITH ME

WHY, MR JONES! THAT LOOKS LIKE A COW!

CERTAINLY MR SLAG - A "JEEP COW"

A GENUINE JEEP COW- "JEEP" IS SPANISH FOR CREAM — GET THE IDEA? A JEEP COW IS A COW THAT GIVES PURE CREAM ONLY - NO MILK

OH, I SEE - THIS JEEP COW IS VALUABLE BECAUSE SHE GIVES CREAM ONLY - NO WONDER CHIZZELFLINT WANTED ME TO STEAL HER

OH, MY, YES

MR. JONES SAID IT WAS A JEEP

WELL, I'LL BE SO AND SO-!

SAY- DID I LUG THIS THING TWO MILES FOR NOTHING !!?

WHO'S MR. JONES?! WHY, YOU BIG FATHEAD!!

?

5-7

GUESS I'LL GO UP AN' SEE HOW OLIVE OYL AN' HER JEEP IS GETTIN' ALONG

GET THIS, JONES! I WANT THE JEEP!

YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM, SIR!

I SHALL GRAB THE JEEP AND FLY AWAY WITH THE SPEED OF LUBRICATED LIGHTNING!

COME HERE, JONES - GIMME THAT JEEP!

NO! NO! YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM!

GIMME HIM OR I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!

OH. ALL RIGHT! TAKE HIM!

5-8

FOXY SORT OF INDIVIDUAL, AM I NOT?

I'LL SAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT A JEEP LOOKS LIKE - SHOW ME A PICTURE OF ONE

I HAVEN'T A PHOTO OF A JEEP - I'LL DRAW A PICTURE OF ONE

NO WONDER ARTISTS MAKE BIG MONEY - IT ISN'T SO EASY TO DRAW — BUT IF I MAKE UP MY MIND TO DO A THING I'LL DO IT.

THERE NOW — GO BRING ME AN ANIMAL WHICH LOOKS LIKE THIS

JEEP

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!

5-9

I'M THROUGH FOOLING! HAH! I BELIEVE YOU'RE THE MAN I'M SUPPOSED TO TEAR UP

CRASH

OH, SO YOU'RE THE JEEP! I SHOULDA KNOWN IT

STOP! STOP!

CERTAINLY I'M GOING TO STEAL THE JEEP! WHAT DID YOU THINK I AM HERE FOR?

5-11

WHAT! YOU BACK?

YA DING-DONG RIGHT I YAM!

SMACK

TOUGH LITTLE RAT, EH? WELL, I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU ONCE AND FOREVER RIGHT NOW!

SPLAT

KIND OF SUSPRIZED, AINTCHA? HAH! I'LL MAKE YA DISGUSTIPATED WITH YERSELF

G-R-R

I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!

COME ON!

5-12

OH, ISN'T IT HORRIBLE!?! THEY REMIND ME OF BEASTS

I NOTICE THAT POPEYE ISN'T HAVING IT SO EASY

RIP SMACK UGH

WHY, YOU~!

CLICK

LISTEN A MINUTE BEFORE WE GOES ON WITH THE BATTLE - I ADMITS YER GIVIN' ME A TOUGH FIGHT - BUT YA CAN'T WIN! YER A CROOK! AN' I YAM FIGHTIN' FOR WHA'S RIGHT!

DON'T GIMME NO PREACHIN' YOU RAT! THE BIGGEST MAN WILL WIN AN' I'M HIM!

EGAR 5-13

STOP IT! STOP IT! ARE YOU UNCIVILIZED BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE OR ARE YOU MEN?

RIP SOCK

THEY ARE, I AM CERTAIN- UNCIVILIZED BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE

WHOP BOP

SPLAT

5-14

OH, THIS IS HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!

HIT HIM, POPEYE !!

SMACK HIM!

UGH BOP SOCK

I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ALL ME LIFE! SAY-THAT SWAB KIN FIGHT!

EGAR 5-15

DID THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR DO ALL THAT TO YOU?! ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN'T HIT BY A TRUCK?

HE DID! HE NEARLY KILLED ME - AND THE MORE I POUNDED HIM THE BETTER HE LIKED IT

BUT- BUT- OHY, HE'S ONLY A SHRIMP!

A SHRIMP IN SIZE. BUT HIS MUSCLES ARE LIKE STEEL CABLES CHARGED WITH LIGHTNING!

AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER, HE THANKED ME FOR GIVING HIM A GOOD FIGHT - I AM DISGUSTIPATED

POOEY!

FORCE AND BRUTE STRENGTH GET ME NOWHERE - ARE YOU A GOOD BURGLAR?

I'M TOPS, BOSS - SLINK, THE SLICKER, THAT'S ME

5-16

I LICKED THE BIG BAD MANS, JEEPY - HE WON'T STEAL YA!

THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE SINCE THIS JEEP CAME INTO MY LIFE

EGAR

SURE, BOSS - I COULD STEAL THE SHIRT OFF A NIGHT WATCHMAN AND HE'D NEVER KNOW IT

VERY WELL! BRING ME THE JEEP

BRUTE STRENGTH FAILED - BUT I'M SURE THIS SNEAK THIEF WILL SUCCEED

Z-Z-Z

Z-Z-Z

MY GORSH! EUGENE IS GONE!!

THE JEEP IS NOT IN THE GRIP, YOU FOOL!

BUT I PUT HIM IN THIS GRIP AND LOCKED IT - HE COULDN'T GET OUT

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! I THOUGHT I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE!

JEEP

5-18 EGAR

THIS TIME I'LL GO WITH YOU - YOU STEAL THE JEEP - HAND HIM TO ME AND I'LL PUT HIM IN A BOX AND STRAP THE LID DOWN

Z-Z-Z

Z-Z-

NOW I'LL STRAP THE LID DOWN AND THAT WILL BE THAT

DO I GET PAID AS MUCH EVEN IF YOU DID HELP ME?

SURE, SLINK - SUCCESS IS ALL THAT MATTERS

HE ISN'T IN THE BOX!

!

Z-Z-Z

EGAR 5-19

Z-Z-Z

Z-Z-Z

Z-Z-

LET'S REST- THIS SAFE IS MIGHTY HEAVY!

ARE YOU TELLING ME?

Z-Z-Z

WHEW! IT SURE IS HEAVY !!

YES, BUT WE'VE GOT HIM THIS TIME - HE COULDN'T GET OUT OF A LOCKED SAFE

5-20

SLINK YOU SAW ME LOCK THAT JEEP IN THIS SAFE- WELL- HE'S GONE- THE SAFE IS EMPTY

!

EMPTY ?!!?

I CAN'T DOPE IT OUT! IT'S BEYOND ME- DON'T ASK ME TO THINK- IF I COULD THINK I WOULDN'T BE A BURGLAR

WE'LL GET HIM AGAIN AND I'LL HOLD HIM

HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME

HOLD HIM TIGHT

DON'T WORRY, SLINK, I'LL HOLD HIM TIGHT

5-21

DON'T TELL ME HE'S GONE !!

!

SEGAR

I GUARDED YA ALL NIGHT- AN' THA'S WHY NOBODY STOLE YA- COME ON- IT'S TIME TO GET UP

!

AND- AND HE DISAPPEARED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! I'M AN EXPERT THIEF, BUT I CAN'T STEAL A GHOST

MR. CHIZZELFLINT MAY KNOW A LOT ABOUT JEEPS- BUT THERE CERTAINLY IS A LOT HE DOESN'T KNOW, TOO- THIS HAPPY-LOOKING LITTLE FELLOW HAS POWERS THAT WILL NEVER BE KNOWN

5-22

SEGAR

LE'S TAKE A WALK, OLIVE- YA BEEN STAYIN' IN TOO MUCH WORRYIN' ABOUT YER JEEP

IF I WENT OUT HE MIGHT RUN AWAY

NOW YOU STAY RIGHT HERE IN THIS ROOM- DON'T YOU DARE TRY TO FOLLOW US

I'LL LOCK THE WINDYS AN' DOORS SO'S HE KIN NOT GET OUT

BE SURE YOU SHUT THE DOOR

I LOCKED IT

5-23

SAY- HOW IN THE ---- DID YOU GET OUT?!!

!

JEEP

SEGAR

MAY I HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH EUGENE ?

NOT TILL YOU TELL ME THE SECRET YOU KNOW ABOUT JEEPS

I SHALL SIT HERE IN MY ROOM AND TRY TO THINK UP A WAY TO PERSUADE MISS OYL TO LET ME SPEAK WITH THE JEEP

IF I COULD HAVE FREE ACCESS TO EUGENE I COULD MAKE A MILLION ON THE RACES- HMM

WHY, EUGENE! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?!!

HE DISAPPEARED, POPEYE- HE'S BEEN GONE FOR AN HOUR

SAY, WHAT'S THIS FORMIN' HERE ON THE TABLE? LOOKS LIKE A JEEP GHOST!

5-25

!

?

!

?

I AM PROFESSOR GIPF, SCIENTIFIC SOLVER OF MYSTERIES- HAVE YOU A MYSTERY TO BE SOLVED ?

I HAVE !!

WE LOCKED THIS JEEP IN A ROOM AND HE ESCAPED. HE IS ALSO ABLE TO DISAPPEAR RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES

HMMM- IS ZASSO ?

I SUSPECT THAT HE HAS FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL QUALITIES- IT'S LUCKY I HAVE MY DIMENSION-DETECTOR

!

DARN IT! OH, DARN THE LUCK!

IS SOMETHING MISSING ?

YES

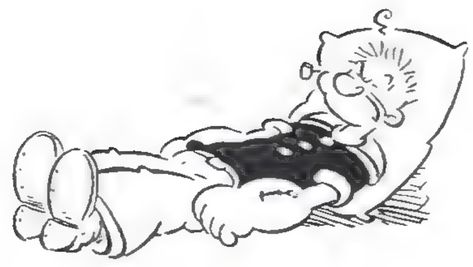
HAVE YOU GOT A PIECE OF WIRE?

!

!

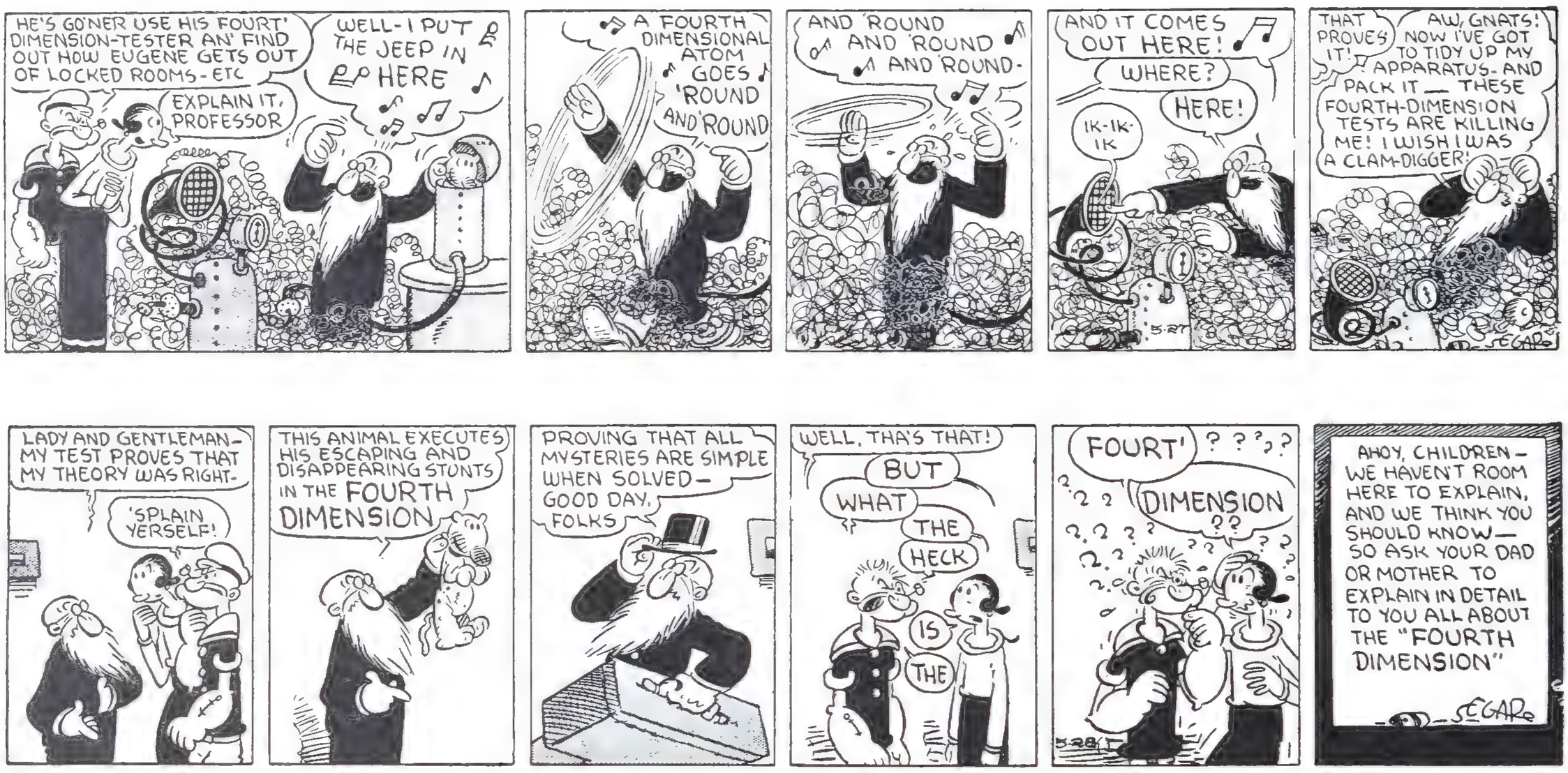
5-26

SEGAR



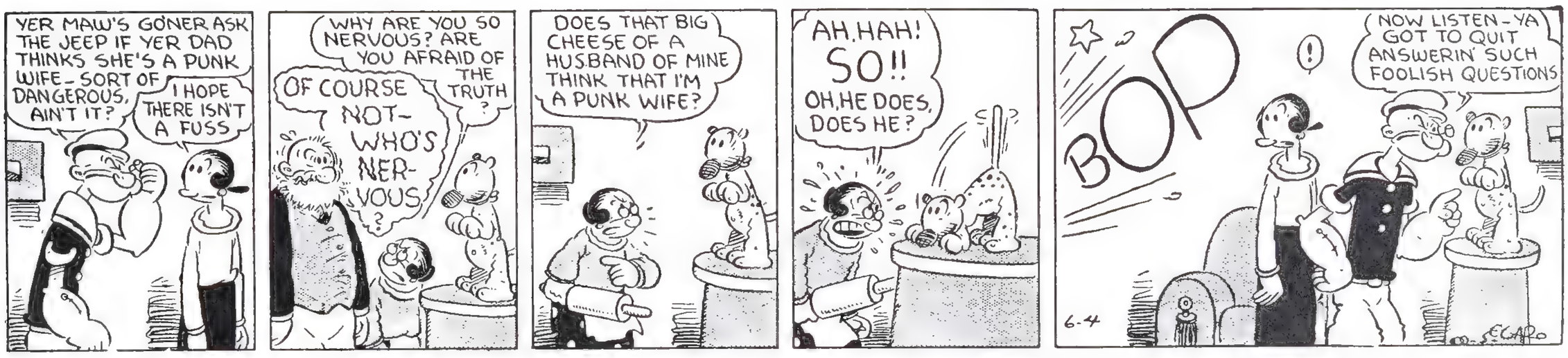
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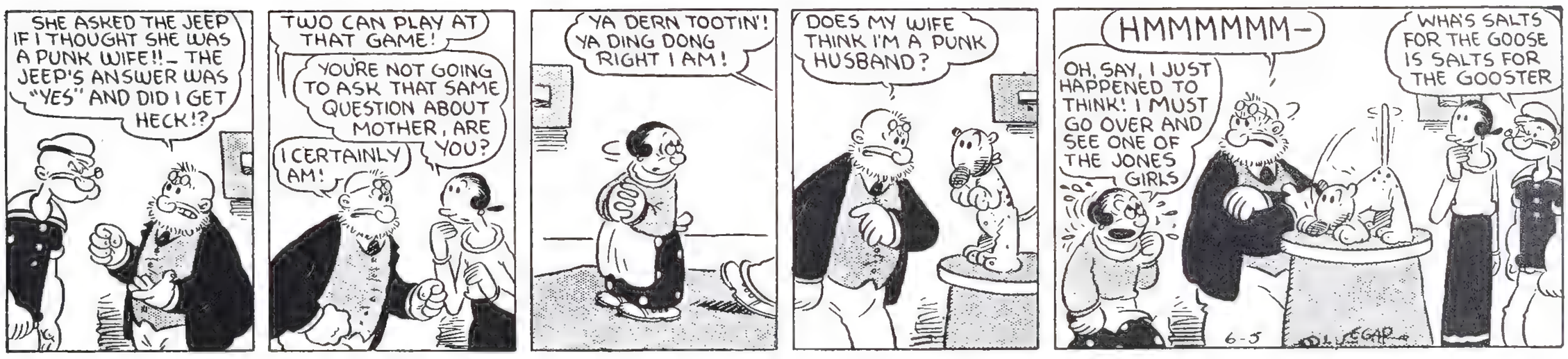
LOSING HIS PUNCH

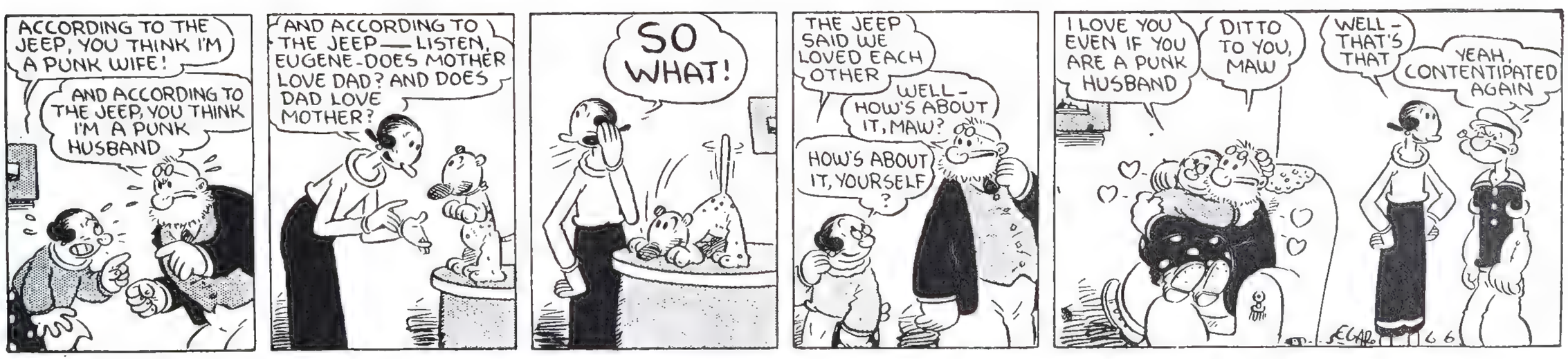



WHEN HE BENDS LOW AND WIGGLES HIS TAIL IT MEANS "YES". I'M GOING TO ASK HIM SOMETHING
YEAH, TRY HIM OUT
JEEPIE, YOU ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS TRUTHFULLY—TELL ME- AM I CONSIDERED BEAUTIFUL?
WELL- DO MEN THINK I'M PRETTY?
AM I ATTRACTIVE?
CUTE?
WELL!- AM I UGLY?
!
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
?
6-2
EGAR


BE CAREFUL WHAT YA AST HIM, MRS. OYL- YA MIGHT BE DISGUSTIPATED WITH THE ANSWER
ANSWERS QUESTIONS, EH?
HMM- I'VE GOT A QUESTION TO ASK THE JEEP- I'LL ASK HIM IF MY HUSBAND THINKS I'M A PUNK WIFE
I OBJECT! NOW LISTEN, MAW- I THINK YOU'RE A GOOD WIFE
I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE KITCHEN- I FORGOT SOMETHING
BUT, MAW-
WHAT'S THE ROLLING-PIN FOR?
6-3
HMMM— IT'S JUST IN CASE-
EGAR


YER MAW'S GONER ASK THE JEEP IF YER DAD THINKS SHE'S A PUNK WIFE- SORT OF DANGEROUS, AIN'T IT?
I HOPE THERE ISN'T A FUSS
WHY ARE YOU SO NERVOUS? ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE TRUTH?
OF COURSE NOT- WHO'S NER-VOUS?
DOES THAT BIG CHEESE OF A HUSBAND OF MINE THINK THAT I'M A PUNK WIFE?
AH, HAH! SO!!
OH, HE DOES, DOES HE?
BOP
!
NOW LISTEN- YA GOT TO QUIT ANSWERIN' SUCH FOOLISH QUESTIONS
6-4
EGAR


SHE ASKED THE JEEP IF I THOUGHT SHE WAS A PUNK WIFE!!- THE JEEP'S ANSWER WAS "YES" AND DID I GET HECK!?
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ASK THAT SAME QUESTION ABOUT MOTHER, ARE YOU?
I CERTAINLY AM!
YA DERN TOOTIN'! YA DING DONG RIGHT I AM!
DOES MY WIFE THINK I'M A PUNK HUSBAND?
HMMMMMM-
OH, SAY, I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK! I MUST GO OVER AND SEE ONE OF THE JONES GIRLS
WHA'S SALTS FOR THE GOOSE IS SALTS FOR THE GOOSTER
6-5
EGAR


ACCORDING TO THE JEEP, YOU THINK I'M A PUNK WIFE!
AND ACCORDING TO THE JEEP, YOU THINK I'M A PUNK HUSBAND
AND ACCORDING TO THE JEEP— LISTEN, EUGENE- DOES MOTHER LOVE DAD? AND DOES DAD LOVE MOTHER?
SO WHAT!
THE JEEP SAID WE LOVED EACH OTHER
WELL- HOW'S ABOUT IT, MAW?
HOW'S ABOUT IT, YOURSELF?
I LOVE YOU EVEN IF YOU ARE A PUNK HUSBAND
DITTO TO YOU, MAW
WELL- THAT'S THAT
YEAH, CONTENTIPATED AGAIN
6 6
EGAR


WILL "HOT FLASH" WIN IN THE THIRD RACE? WILL WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES IN NO TIME
"GO FORTH" WIN?
JEEP JEEP
WILL "NOSEOVER" WIN?
WE'LL BET EVERYTHING ON "NOSEOVER"
AH! FINE!!
POPEYE! THE JEEP GAVE US THE DOPE! "NOSEOVER" WILL WIN IN THE THIRD RACE! WIMPY SAYS HE'LL BE A LONG SHOT
SWELL! WE'LL CLEAN UP
I JUS' HAPPINGED TO THINK- I AIN'T GONER BET ON ACCOUNT OF RACE HORSHING IS PERTY CLOSE TO GAMBLING
!
NOT GOING TO BET?!
COME OUTSIDE AN' I'LL SHOW YA WHY I YAM NOT GO'NER BET
I CAN'T IMAGINE!
I DON'T CARE WHAT ADULKS DO- GROWN-UPS KIN DO AS THEY PLEASE. BUT I AIN'T GO'NER SET NO BAD EXAMPLE FOR ME CHIL'REN FRENS BY BETTIN' ON RACE HORSHES
HELLO, POPEYE, OL' PAL
'LO, POPEYE
AHOY
6-6
EGAR

OH, I'M SO EXCITED! THE JEEP SAID THAT "NOSEOVER" WOULD WIN IN THE THIRD RACE - I MUST SCRAPE UP ALL THE MONEY I CAN -

SO YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BET ON THE RACES_ MAY I ASK WHY?

I DON'T WANT TO SET NO BAD EXAMPLE FOR ME CHILREN FRENS

MAYBE I YAM GOOFY, BUT I JUS' AIN'T GO'NER RUN NO RISK OF STARTIN' ANY OF ME KID PALS OFF ON THE WRONG COURSE

!

I HOCKED EVERYTHING BUT MY SKIRT_ ALTOGETHER I HAVE FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS TO BET

I YAM DISGUSTIPATED !!

HOCK SHOPPE

$

EGAR

I'VE HOCKED EVERYTHING BUT MY SKIRT_ I'VE GOT ALL MY MONEY ON "NOSEOVER" IF HE DOESN'T WIN I'LL KILL THAT JEEP

DON'T BE SO NERVOUS_ THE JEEP NEVER LIES

THEY'RE OFF!! "NOSEOVER" GRABS THE LEAD!

6-10

COME ON, NOSEOVER!

CALM YOUR SELF - WE CAN'T LOSE!

NOSEOVER WINS!

OH'

SEE - DIDN'T I TELL YOU?

WAIT, POPEYE, I WANT TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT! NOSEOVER PAID TWENTY TO ONE - GOSH! WINNING IS SO MUCH FUN!

$cc

EGAR

SOMEOTHER TIME - I YAM GOIN' DOWN AND SIGN UP FOR A SPRIZE FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB — A CHAMP

YOU'RE REALLY WILLING TO FIGHT JAMES J. JAB? ARE YOU IN YOUR RIGHT MIND?

I KNOWS WHAT I YAM DOIN'

6-11

IF HE SENDS YOU TO THE HOSPITAL DON'T BLAME ME — I'M NOT FORCING THIS MATCH ON YOU

HORSHPITALS AIN'T WORRYIN' ME

ALL RIGHT_ WE'LL SIGN THE PAPERS - NOW PUT ON TRUNKS I WANT TO SEE YOU TWO SIDE BY SIDE -

THE JEEP WILL TELL US THE WINNER OF THE FIGHT BEFOREHAND - THEN WE'LL BET ALL OUR MONEY

FINE - NOW LET'S ASK HIM WHO WILL WIN IN TO-DAY'S RACES

JIM - THIS IS JUST A LITTLE MATCH TO KEEP YOUR NAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC — JUST ANOTHER "SET-UP," YOU KNOW -

SURE - JUS'A "PUSH-OVER"

OKAY, BOSS, YEAH, I KNOW

OKAY

YOUR SIGNING UP TO FIGHT JAMES J. JAB IS LIKE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT

OH. YEAH ?

WELL, I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR YOU - YOU'VE GOT NERVE - BUT NERVE WON'T HELP MUCH - JAB WILL KILL YOU - HEY! THE DOOR IS OVER THIS WAY

6-12

WHERE THE HECK ARE YOU GOING? ARE YOU BLIND?

WELL - SO LONG

LOOK OUT: YOU'LL RUN INTO THE WALL

GOOD HEAVENS! WALKED RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!

ORCHIDS ARE EXPENSIWE, BUT WE MUST KEEP THE JEEP HAPPY SO HE'LL TELL US WHO IS GOING TO WIN THE COMING PRIZE-FIGHT

WITH EUGENE'S HELP WE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD

JEEP' JEEP'

9

WELL, IT BEATS ME - THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR LOOKED LIKE A WEAKLING

6-13

HEY, JAB, COME HERE - LISTEN - THAT RUNT I SIGNED UP TO FIGHT YOU MAY BE GOOD - HE DOESN'T USE DOORS — JUST WALKS RIGHT THROUGH THE WALLS

!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT - YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO TRICK ME INTO TRAINING HARD

IT'S A FACT - I SAW HIM WALK RIGHT THROUGH

I'M TELLING YOU, JAB, DON'T GET AN IDEA THAT THAT SAILOR ISN'T TOUGH - YOU'D BETTER TRAIN HARD

AW, HE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN'

AND, BOSS_ I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT HIM BUSTIN' THROUGH WALLS INSTEAD OF USIN' DOORS

SOME ONE IS KNOCKING

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

?

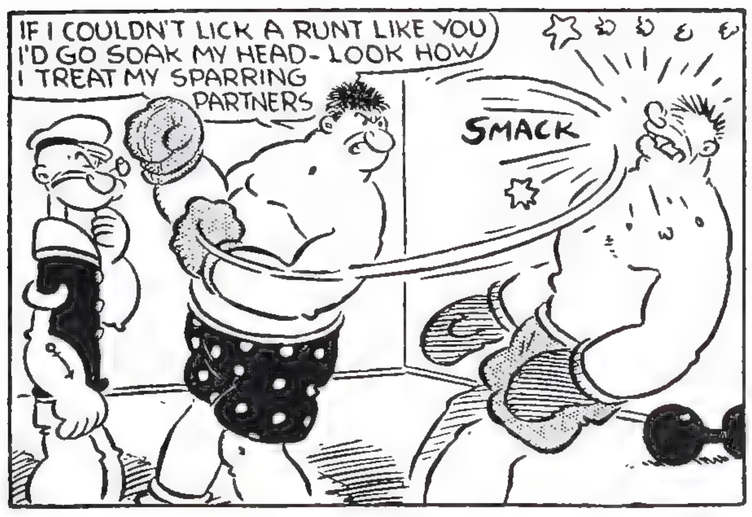
6-15

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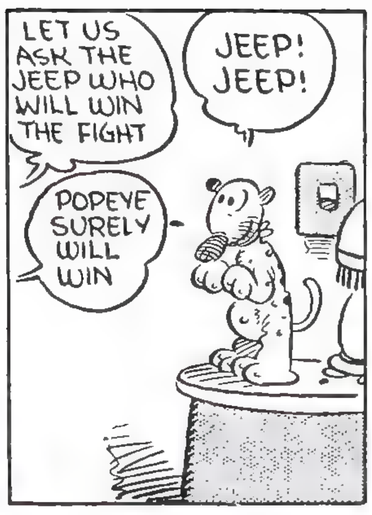
AHOY! I JUS' COME OVER TO TELL YER MAN NOT TO BOTHER ABOUT TRAININ' ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM JUS'A WEAKLIN'

EGAR

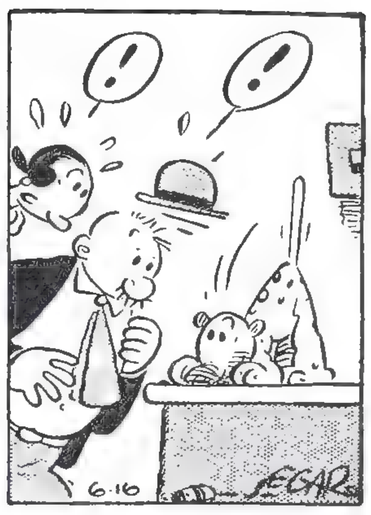
WE'LL ASK THE JEEP TO TELL US THE WINNER OF THE FIGHT, THEN WE'LL BET HEAVILY!

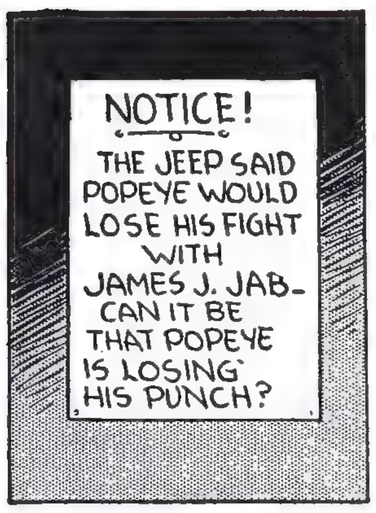

IF I COULDN'T LICK A RUNT LIKE YOU I'D GO SOAK MY HEAD- LOOK HOW I TREAT MY SPARRING PARTNERS
SMACK


IF THA'S ALL YA GOT I'LL BRING ME KNITTIN' ALONG TO PASS OFF THE TIME WHILE WE'RE IN THE RING
ARF' ARF'


LET US ASK THE JEEP WHO WILL WIN THE FIGHT
JEEP! JEEP!
POPEYE SURELY WILL WIN


STILL, WE MUST BE SURE
LISTEN, EUGENE- WILL POPEYE LOSE THE FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB?

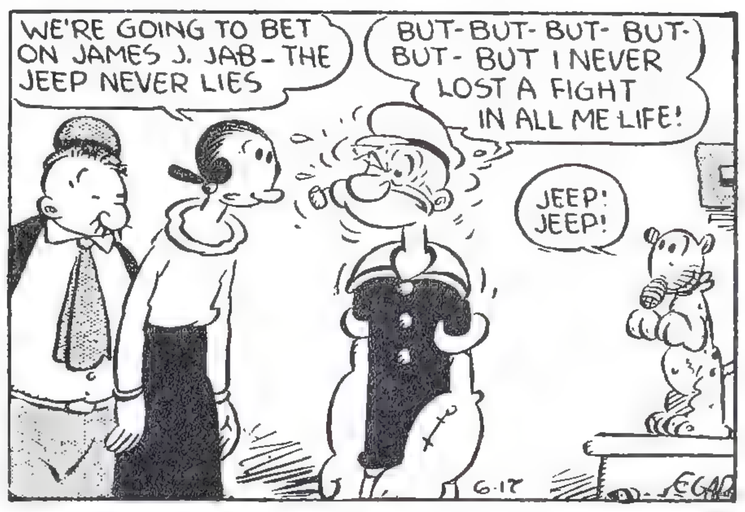

6-16
SEGAR


NOTICE!
THE JEEP SAID POPEYE WOULD LOSE HIS FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB- CAN IT BE THAT POPEYE IS LOSING HIS PUNCH?


I KIN LICK FIFTY SWABS LIKE MISTER JAB- I'LL GO UP TO OLIVE'S HOUSE AN' SEE WHAT THE JEEP SEZ ABOUT IT


IF YER GO'NER DO ANY BETTIN', PUT YER MONEY ON ME TO WIN - IF YA DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK THE JEEP


WE'VE ALREADY ASKED THE JEEP AND HE SAID YOU'D LOSE

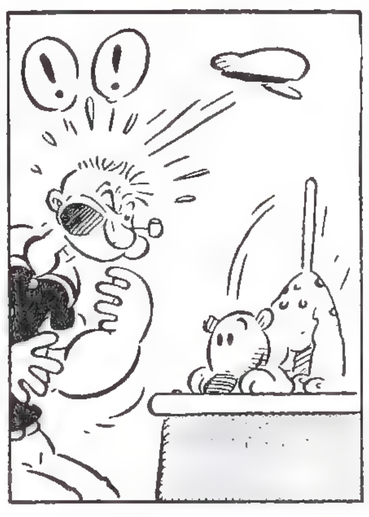

WE'RE GOING TO BET ON JAMES J. JAB - THE JEEP NEVER LIES
BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT- BUT I NEVER LOST A FIGHT IN ALL ME LIFE!
JEEP! JEEP!
6-17
SEGAR


YA MEANS TO SAY THE JEEP SAID I'D LOSE ME FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB?
YER KIDDIN' ME


WHY SHOULD WE KID YOU? GO ASK HIM YOURSELF
THE' JEEP NEVER LIES


BLOW ME DOWN! I WILL AST HIM! YA GOT ME ALL HOT AN' BOTHERED- CERTINGLY I'LL AST HIM


AHOY, JEEP! AM I GO'NER LOSE THE FIGHT WITH JIMMY JAB ?



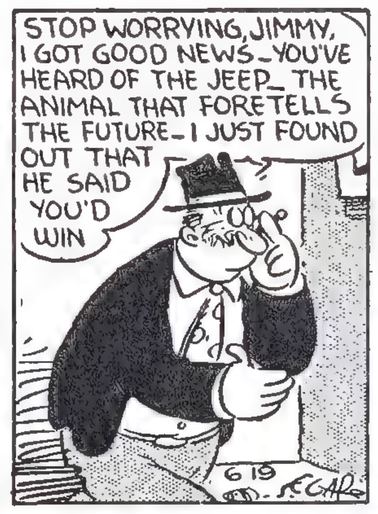

POOR POPEYE- HE'S WORRYING HIMSELF SICK
6-18
SEGAR


POOR POPEYE— HE'S WORRYING HIMSELF TO DEATH BECAUSE THE JEEP SAID HE'D LOSE HIS NEXT FIGHT

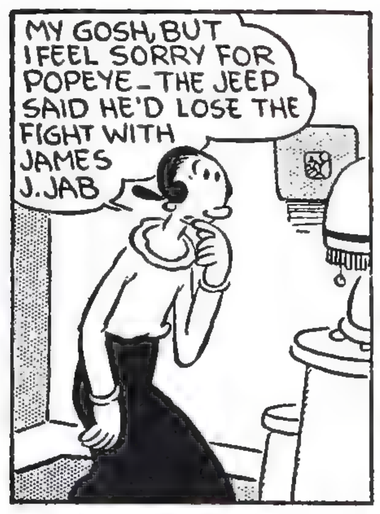

IF JIMMY JAB LICKS ME ALL ME CHILREN PALS WILL QUIT EATIN' SPINACH! IT'LL MEAN THAT I YAMA USETER WAS


LIFE AIN'T BRIGHT NO MORE - I FEELS LIKE SUMPIN' THE CAT DRUGGED IN


THAT FELLOW, POPEYE, IS THE TOUGHEST GUY I EVER SAW— GEE- WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL IF HE LICKED ME?


STOP WORRYING, JIMMY, I GOT GOOD NEWS - YOU'VE HEARD OF THE JEEP— THE ANIMAL THAT FORETELLS THE FUTURE - I JUST FOUND OUT THAT HE SAID YOU'D WIN
6 19
SEGAR

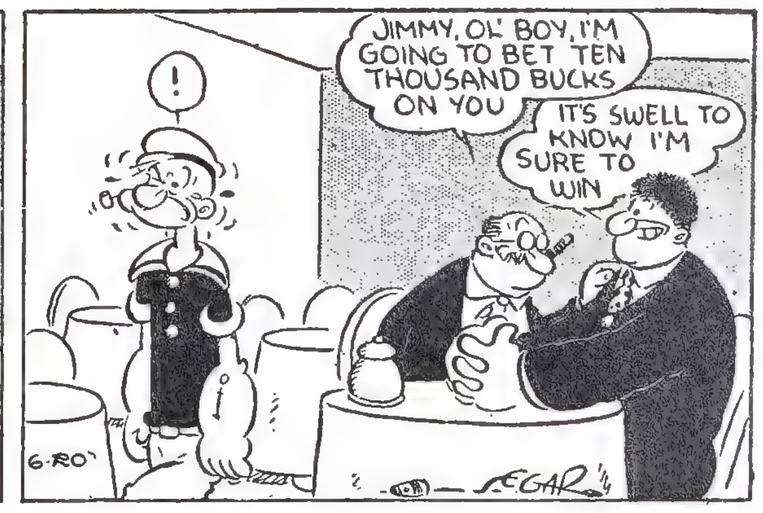

OH, WHAT A RELIEF! WHY, SAY- I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
I ALSO FEEL A LOT BETTER


MY GOSH, BUT I FEEL SORRY FOR POPEYE - THE JEEP SAID HE'D LOSE THE FIGHT WITH JAMES J. JAB


'TIS SAD, INDEED, BUT WE MUST NOT LET SENTIMENT INTERFERE WITH BUSINESS - WE MUST BET AGAINST POPEYE
YES, THAT'S SO


JIMMY JAB DON'T LIVE A CLEAN LIFE AN' IF HE LICKS ME THE KIDS WILL THINK HE'S OKAY AN' USE HIM FOR A EXAMPLE - HE AIN'T NO GEN'LE- MAN LIKE I YAM


I AIN'T HUNGRY - BUT I SUSPOSE I BETTER GO IN HERE AN' EAT SOME SPINACH - IT MIGHT CHEER ME UP

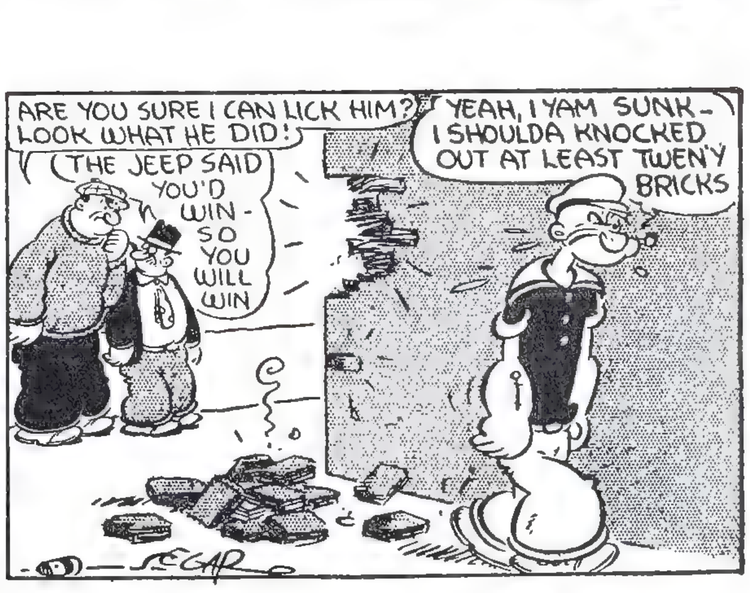

JIMMY, OL' BOY, I'M GOING TO BET TEN THOUSAND BUCKS ON YOU
IT'S SWELL TO KNOW I'M SURE TO WIN
6-20
SEGAR


WITH THE AID OF THE JEEP I HAVE MADE FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND I SHALL BET IT ALL ON JIMMY JAB TO BEAT POPEYE
JEEP
JEEP


THERE'S THAT FUNNY- LOOKING SAILOR I'M GOING TO FIGHT— WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?
I HAVE NO IDEA- LET'S WATCH HIM


THE JEEP SAID JIMMY JAB IS GO'NER LICK ME - I GOT TO FIND OUT IF I YAM LOSIN' ME PUNCH


WHAM
6-22


ARE YOU SURE I CAN LICK HIM? LOOK WHAT HE DID!
THE JEEP SAID YOU'D WIN - SO YOU WILL WIN
YEAH, I YAM SUNK - I SHOULDA KNOCKED OUT AT LEAST TWEN'Y BRICKS

POOR POPEYE- HE SURE IS FEELING LOW

IF JIMNY JAB LICKS ME LIKE THE JEEP SEZ HE'S GONER, I'LL BE RUINT ON ACCOUNT OF HE AIN'T NO GEN'LE-MAN

I WOULDN'T MIND GETTIN' LICKED BY A GEN'LEMAN- BUT HIM-UGH-IT'S GONER BE ARFUL-ME KID PALS WILL BE TURNT AGAINST ME-I YAM IRKED!

G·23

GONER GET LICKED-I AIN'T IMPORTINK NO MORE-I YAM ONLY JUS'A WAS-BEEN

AW, CHEER UP, POPEYE- YOU'LL LICK HIM- I JUST KNOW YOU WILL

SHUSH!-

DON'T ENCOURAGE HIM! WE'RE GOING TO BET AGAINST HIM- SO SHUSH!-

!

CERTAINLY YOU'LL LOSE! YOU CAN'T WIN! THE JEEP SAID YOU'D LOSE! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE

OH, MY GORSH !!

EGAR

WITH THE AID OF THE JEEP I'VE MADE $500,000 ON THE RACES- OR RATHER, I HAVE THAT AMOUNT LEFT

I'M "$100,000" TO THE GOOD-BUT I WANT MORE

JEEP JEEP

$100,000

$ 500,000

YOO-HOO, OLIVE, AHOY, HONEY, I NEEDS YA- I NEEDS SYMPTHITTY- COME AN' ENCOURACH ME-I YAM LOW

G·24

I CAN'T ENCOURAGE YOU, POPEYE- YOU KNOW I'M TAKING THE JEEP'S TIP AND AM BETTING ON JIMMY JAB-I CAN'T WISH YOU LUCK

POPEYE WILL LOSE- I'LL DOUBLE MY $500,000 AND YOU'LL DOUBLE YOUR $100,000

SWELL

I AIN'T GOT NOBODY IN ME HOUR OF NEED— I YAMA LONELY SAILOR- I YAMA GOT NOBODY MAN— SHE TURNT ME DOWN FOR MONEY-I YAM JUS'A LONELY SAILOR- WOE IS ME

EGAR

FOLKS, I WANTS YA TO KNOW SUMPIN'-I YAM SURE JIMMY JAB WILL LICK ME, ON ACCOUN'T OF THE JEEP SAID HE WOULD- IT AIN'T JUS' LOSIN' WICH IS GOT ME DOWN— IT'S LOSIN' TO A MAN WICH AIN'T NO GEN'LEMAN- A MAN LIKE HIM LICKIN' A GEN'LEMAN LIKE ME WILL BE A BAD EXAMPLE FOR HUMANIKY—

DON'T GET ME WRONG-I AIN'T NO HARD LOSER

G·25

I JUS' DON'T WANT TO GET LICKED BY A SWAB WICH AIN'T FITTIN' TO TAKE ME PLACE-

BUT HOW KIN HE LICK ME? WHAT'S HE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT- G-R-R- I'LL KNOCK HIS BLASTED NOSE UP UNDER HIS HAT! I'LL LAY 'IM AMONG THE CUSTOMERS! POOEY!

BUT THE JEEP!!

THE JEEP SAID HE'D LICK ME

EGAR

MR. GAMBELL, I HEAR YOU WANT TO BET ON THE FIGHT- A FRIEND AND I WISH TO BET $600,000" ON JIMMY JAB- WILL YOU COVER IT?

I CERTAINLY WILL- I'D BET MY SHIRT ON POPEYE

G·26

I'VE ARRANGED OUR BETS, WIMPY- TELL ME WHY YOU WANTED ME TO TAKE CARE OF IT FOR YOU

WELL- I'M THE OFFICIAL REFEREE—

AND, OF COURSE, IT WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT FOR ME TO BET ON ONE OF THE BOYS- NOT THAT I'D CHEAT- OH, HEAVENS, NO! I WOULDN'T CHEAT MUCH

OH, HELLO, POPEYE! SAY- MR. GAMBELL JUST BET $600,000." ON YOU - HE THINKS YOU'RE HOT

!

OH, MY GORSH! AN' THE JEEP SEZ I'LL LOSE!- UGH! I KIN NOT STAN' IT!

POPEYE! POPEYE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? QUICK, WIMPY, CALL A DOCTOR!!

BONK

HELP! CALL A DOCTOR! QUICK! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH POPEYE

SPEAK TO ME, POPEYE! OH, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?

G·27

WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M ASKING YOU!

OH, DOCTOR! IS IT SERIOUS?

I'LL SAY IT'S SERIOUS!

DON'T GET SO EXCITED! HERE YOU'VE GOT ICE IN THE HOT WATER BOTTLE AND HOT WATER IN THE ICE BAG.

POOEY

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL QUICK- CALL AN AMBULANCE

CLANG CLANG

AMBULANCE

HIS TEMPERATURE IS A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO

IT'S A NERVOUS CONDITION

POOR POPEYE. I FEEL VERY SORRY FOR HIM I DO HOPE HE'LL BE WELL IN TIME FOR THE PRIZE FIGHT- ER- SO HE'LL BE ABLE TO GO INTO THE RING-

HMM- AND LOSE

!

6·29

YEAH, POPEYE IS IN THE HOSPITAL
I HOPE HE GETS OUT IN TIME FOR OUR FIGHT SO I CAN SEND HIM BACK
I'VE BET SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS ON POPEYE TO BEAT JIMMY JAB AND NOW POPEYE'S IN THE HOSPITAL - LOOKS LIKE I'M SUNK - STILL, POPEYE IS A MAN OF IRON
MY GOSH! POPEYE IS DELIRIOUS!
YEOW
HOSPITAL QUIET PLEASE - THE NURSES ARE SLEEPING
HEY, NURSE! WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR HIM?
HOW CAN I DO ANYTHING HOLDING MY EARS?
6-30
EGAR

DOCTOR, DID YOU SAY POPEYE WOULDN'T EAT?
HE WON'T EAT A BITE - HE'S WEAK AS A CAT - HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE PART IN THAT PRIZE FIGHT
I'LL HAVE TO HAVE HELP - I'LL SEE WHAT DOCTOR JONES THINKS ABOUT HIM
QUIET
YES, DOCTOR, I HAVE QUITE A COMPLICATED CASE ON MY HANDS - WILL YOU LOOK AT MY PATIENT?
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM - IT'S VERY, VERY PUZZLING - HMM
HMM
POPEYE - SPEAK TO ME - DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I'M YOUR LITTLE OLIVE OYL
OH, I SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER! LOOK AT HIS ARMS - THEY'RE ALL SWOLLEN FROM THE ELBOW TO THE WRIST
OOUR-R-R
EGAR

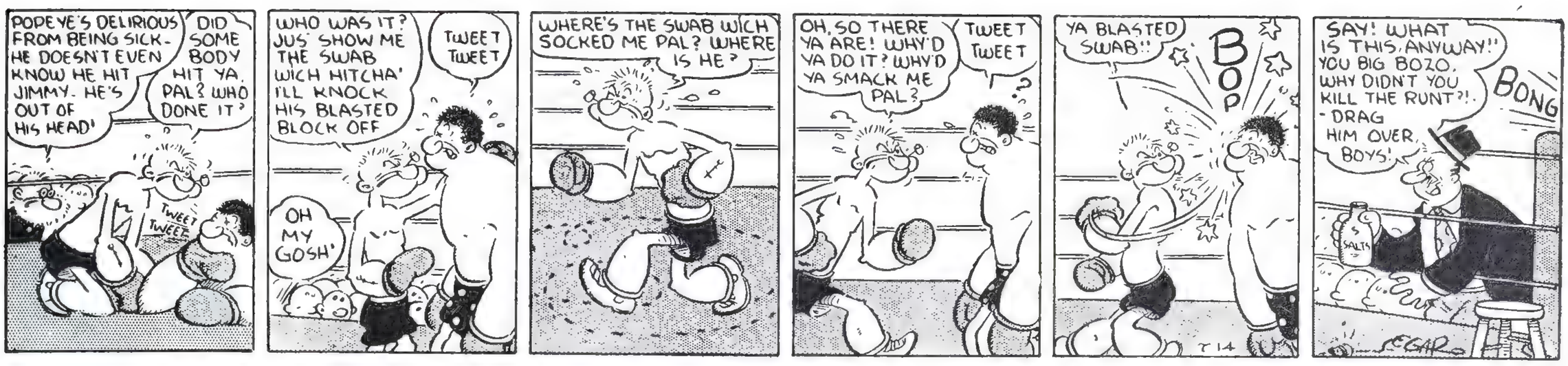
DON'T BE SILLY, DOCTOR, HIS ARM ISN'T SWOLLEN - THAT'S NATURAL FOR HIM
REALLY?
WELL, THEN, DARN IT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM
SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA !!
LET'S OPERATE AND SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER
AW, GNATS
LISTEN, THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO — WE'LL CALL IN SOME MORE DOCTORS AND HOLD A CONSULTATION
THAT'S RIGHT! WE'LL DO IT NOW
SAY - I DON'T THINK ANY OF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
OH, YEAH? LISTEN --
YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU SAY THERE'S NO FISH IN CLEAR LAKE
I ALWAYS CATCH FISH AT CLEAR LAKE AND I'M NO FISHERMAN
I LIKE THE BASS IN MYRTLE LAKE
T. R
EGAR

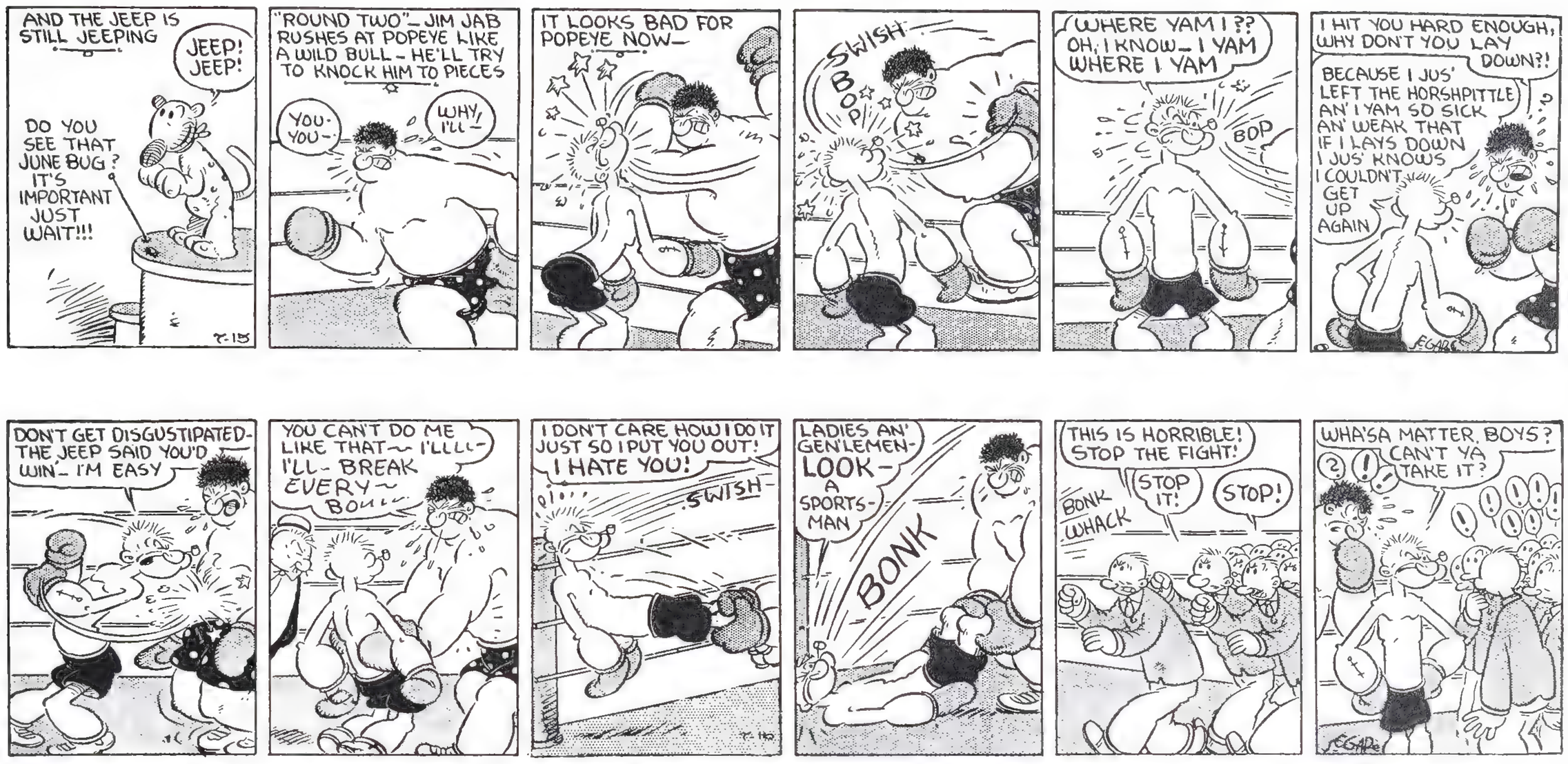
THEN YOU THINK IT WILL BE SAFE FOR US TO OPERATE ON POPEYE?
CERTAINLY IT WILL BE SAFE FOR US
QUIET
IT'S AN UNUSUAL CASE AND I WANT TO PERFORM THE OPERATION, MYSELF
VERY WELL, DOCTOR
HOW IS POPEYE? IS HE ALL RIGHT?
THEY'RE JUST BEGINNING TO OPERATE
DARN IT!! OH, DARN! DARN! DARN!
JUST LOOK AT MY NEW TWENTY-SEVEN-DOLLAR KNIFE!! I CAN'T MAKE A DENT IN THAT TOUGH SAILOR
WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR STREET-TEARER-UPPER FOR A FEW MINUTES?
RA-TAT-TAT-TAT
T. 3
EGAR

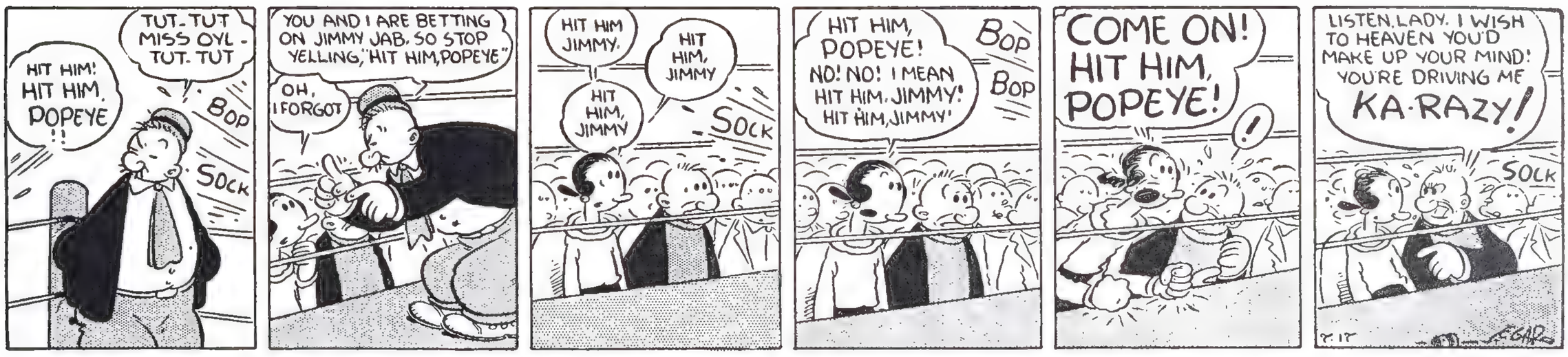
I CAN'T OPERATE ON POPEYE BECAUSE I CAN'T MAKE A DENT IN HIS TOUGH HIDE — JUST GIVE HIM HIS MEDICINE AND LET IT GO AT THAT
I CAN'T GIVE HIM HIS MEDICINE - HE'S ASLEEP AND I DON'T WANT TO AWAKEN HIM — HE MUST HAVE IT, BUT I'M AFRAID TO TRY TO OPEN HIS MOUTH - HE NEEDS SLEEP
GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE AND A FUNNEL - I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM WITHOUT WAKING HIM UP
YOU MEN ARE SO HELPLESS
HOSPITAL QUIET PLEASE
SMART GAL, ISN'T SHE?
THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME!
T. 4
EGAR

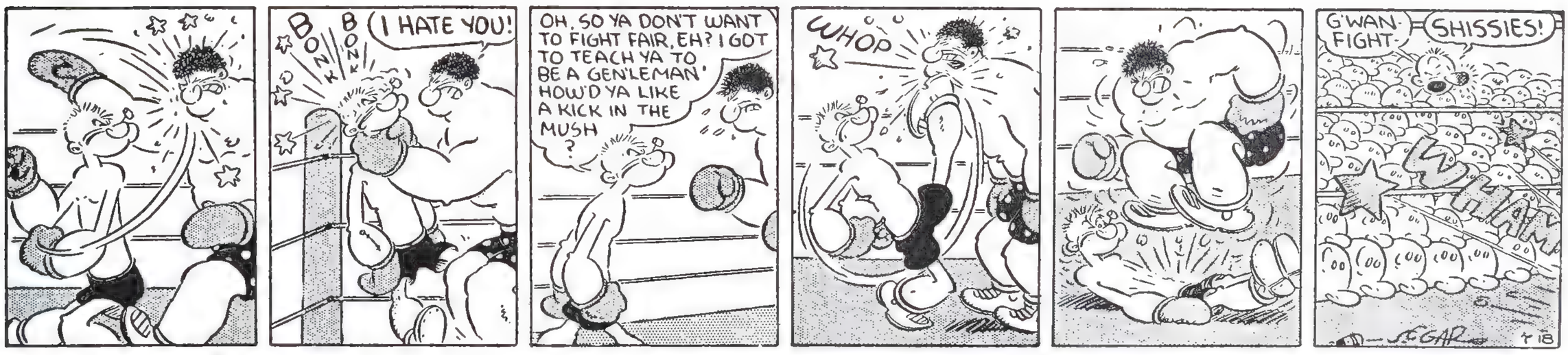
DOCTOR, WE WANT TO KNOW IF POPEYE WILL BE ABLE TO GO INTO THE RING AND FIGHT ON THE DAY WE PLANNED?
DON'T BE SILLY! HE WON'T BE OUT OF BED FOR SIX MONTHS
I YAMA SICKISH SAILOR - BUT WHEN THE BELL RINGS I'LL BE THERE WITH ALL I GOT!
HELLO, POPEYE —— THAT'LL BE FINE! DON'T DISAPPOINT US
GET BACK TO BED! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE THIS HOSPITAL! THE IDEA! YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE!
DON'T WORRY, DOC, I'LL SEND HIM RIGHT BACK TO YOU
T. 6
EGAR

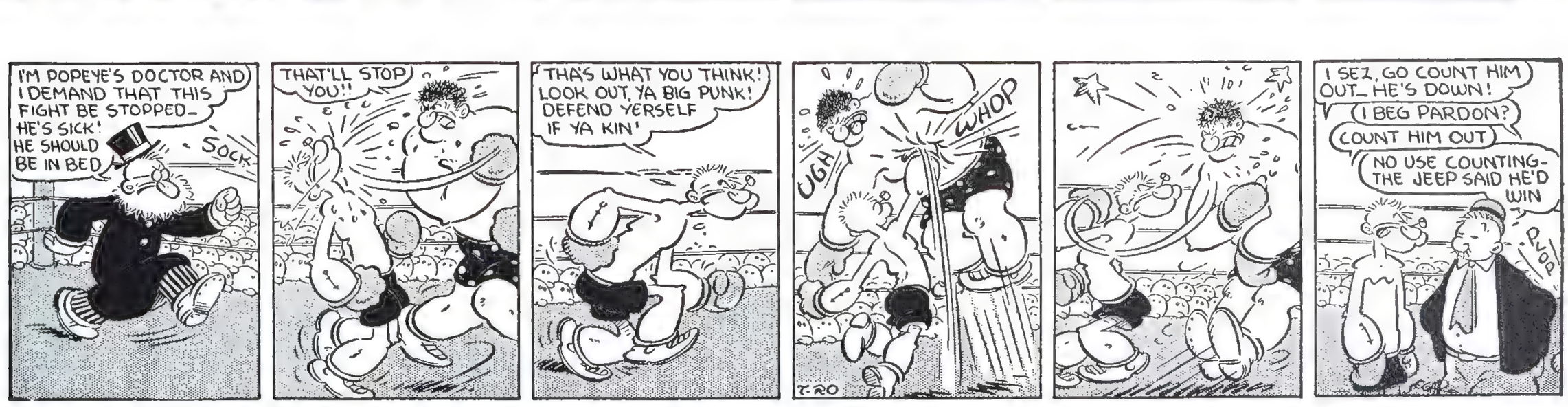

I WON'T GO BACK TO BED! GIMME ME CLOTHES- I YAM GO'NER FIGHT JIMMY JAB
GET TO BED!
YA KIN NOT STOP ME! GIMME ME PANTS !!
BUT! BUT! YOU'RE ALMOST DEAD!
NOW LISTEN- SAY- YOU MAY DIE ANY MINUTE!
I SEZ- GIMME ME PANTS!! SUSPOSE I DOES DIE- IT AIN'T YER FUMERAL
IF I YAM GO'NER DIE I MIGHT JUS' AS WELL DIE FIGHTIN'- G'BYE, DOC
THE JEEP SAID I'D LOSE- OLIVE IS BETTIN' AGAINST ME- I YAMA LONELY SAILOR- I YAMA GOT NOBODY MAN
THIS IS THE DAY OF THE FIGHT, ISN'T IT?
YES, I MUST BE GETTING DOWN THERE. I'M THE REFEREE, YOU KNOW
EVERYTHING'S AGAINST POPEYE- THE JEEP SAID HE'D LOSE- WIMPY IS REFEREE AND IS BETTING AGAINST HIM AND POPEYE IS SICK
EVEN I AM BETTING AGAINST HIM- UGH- AND ALL FOR THE SAKE OF MONEY
IF THAT JEEP HAD ONLY KEPT STILL- IT'S TOUGH WHEN YA KNOWS YER GO'NER LOSE- AN' MISTER, GAMBELL IS BETTIN HEAVY ON ME- THA'S TOUGH
"YOU WERE CRAZY TO BET "$600,000" ON POPEYE
MAYBE SO- BUT I'LL LAY ANOTHER HUNDRED THOUSAND ON POPEYE IF YOU'LL COVER IT
OKAY!
T·8
THA'S RIGHT- A AMBULANCE TO TAKE ME TO THE RING- NO, I AIN'T KIDDIN'- I YAMA "WAS-BEEN"- I YAMA ALL GONE SAILOR G'BYE
OH, MY GOSH! I JUST KNOW I'LL FAINT
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! IN-TRO-DUCING THE WORLD'S FAMOUS JAMES J. JAB
WHERE'S POPEYE? HE SHOULD BE IN THE RING
IF HE DOESN'T SHOW UP ALL BETS WILL BE OFF
HERE HE IS NOW, MISS OYL
I'VE CARRIED 'EM OUT- BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER CARRIED ONE IN
WHICH IS THIS GENTLEMAN'S CORNER?
T·9
WAKE UP. MISTER POPEYE, IT'S ABOUT TIME TO TRADE PUNCHES
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— IN-TRO-DUCING POPEYE, THE SAILOR
POPEYE COMING IN ON A STRETCHER WILL MAKE THE AUDIENCE SYMPATHIZE WITH HIM- MY MAN WILL BE UNPOPULAR
GET IT OVER QUICK! DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH HIM
OKAY- ONE PUNCH OUGHT TO DO IT
OH, POPEYE- I HOPE YOU WIN! NO! NO! OH, POPEYE, I HOPE YOU LOSE
SAY, LADY WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?
THERE'S NO ANSWER TO MY WORRIES- YOU SEE, I WANT HIM TO LOSE BECAUSE I'M BETTING AGAINST HIM- AND I WANT HIM TO WIN BECAUSE HE'S MY SWEETHEART
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP?
T·11
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT J. WELLINGTON WIMPY IS YOUR REFEREE
APPRECIATIVE ⓄⓄXX!! AREN'T THEY?
BOOOOO
OH! THERE'S THE BELL!
BONG
SIT DOWN
YOU DIZZY DAME
COME NOW, GENTLEMEN, LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
YOU RUNT! I'LL FIX YOU FOR COMING INTO THE RING ON A STRETCHER AND MAKING ME FEEL LIKE A HUNK OF HORSE MEAT!
T·11
I YAM WHAT I YAM!
HE'S FALL ING
IF YA THINKS YER DOIN' RIGHT YA DESERVES CREDIT EVEN IF YER WRONG
BONK
POPEYE IS DELIRIOUS- HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD' HE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY AN' SPINACH IS THE BEST VEGABLE
TWEET TWEET
T·13


POPEYE'S DELIRIOUS FROM BEING SICK- HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HE HIT JIMMY- HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD!
DID SOMEBODY HIT YA, PAL? WHO DONE IT?
TWEET TWEET
WHO WAS IT? JUS' SHOW ME THE SWAB WICH HITCHA' I'LL KNOCK HIS BLASTED BLOCK OFF
TWEET TWEET
OH MY GOSH!
WHERE'S THE SWAB WICH SOCKED ME PAL? WHERE IS HE?
OH, SO THERE YA ARE! WHY'D YA DO IT? WHY'D YA SMACK ME PAL?
TWEET TWEET
YA BLASTED SWAB!!
BOP
SAY! WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY!! YOU BIG BOZO, WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL THE RUNT?!- DRAG HIM OVER, BOYS!
BONG
SALTS
EGAR


AND THE JEEP IS STILL JEEPING
JEEP! JEEP!
DO YOU SEE THAT JUNE BUG? IT'S IMPORTANT JUST WAIT!!!
"ROUND TWO"- JIM JAB RUSHES AT POPEYE LIKE A WILD BULL - HE'LL TRY TO KNOCK HIM TO PIECES
YOU- YOU-
WHY! I'LL-
IT LOOKS BAD FOR POPEYE NOW-
SWISH
BOP
WHERE YAM I?? OH, I KNOW- I YAM WHERE I YAM
BOP
I HIT YOU HARD ENOUGH, WHY DON'T YOU LAY DOWN?!
BECAUSE I JUS' LEFT THE HORSHPITTLE AN' I YAM SO SICK AN' WEAK THAT IF I LAYS DOWN I JUS' KNOWS I COULDN'T GET UP AGAIN
EGAR
DON'T GET DISGUSTIPATED- THE JEEP SAID YOU'D WIN- I'M EASY
YOU CAN'T DO ME LIKE THAT~ I'LLLL- I'LL- BREAK EVERY~ BONE!
I DON'T CARE HOW I DO IT JUST SO I PUT YOU OUT! I HATE YOU!
SWISH
LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN- LOOK- A SPORTS- MAN
BONK
THIS IS HORRIBLE! STOP THE FIGHT!
BONK WHACK
STOP IT!
STOP!
WHA'SA MATTER, BOYS? CAN'T YA TAKE IT?


HIT HIM! HIT HIM, POPEYE!!
TUT-TUT MISS OYL- TUT-TUT
BOP
SOCK
YOU AND I ARE BETTING ON JIMMY JAB, SO STOP YELLING, "HIT HIM, POPEYE"
OH, I FORGOT
HIT HIM JIMMY.
HIT HIM, JIMMY
HIT HIM, JIMMY
SOCK
HIT HIM, POPEYE! NO! NO! I MEAN HIT HIM, JIMMY! HIT HIM, JIMMY!
BOP
BOP
COME ON! HIT HIM, POPEYE!
LISTEN, LADY. I WISH TO HEAVEN YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND! YOU'RE DRIVING ME KA-RAZY!
SOCK
EGAR


BONK
BONK
I HATE YOU!
OH, SO YA DON'T WANT TO FIGHT FAIR, EH? I GOT TO TEACH YA TO BE A GEN'LEMAN' HOW'D YA LIKE A KICK IN THE MUSH?
WHOP
G'WAN- FIGHT-
SHISSIES!
EGAR


I'M POPEYE'S DOCTOR AND I DEMAND THAT THIS FIGHT BE STOPPED- HE'S SICK! HE SHOULD BE IN BED
SOCK
THAT'LL STOP YOU!!
THA'S WHAT YOU THINK! LOOK OUT, YA BIG PUNK! DEFEND YERSELF IF YA KIN!
UGH
WHOP
I SEZ, GO COUNT HIM OUT- HE'S DOWN!
I BEG PARDON?
COUNT HIM OUT
NO USE COUNTING- THE JEEP SAID HE'D WIN
PLOP

THERE'S THE JUNE BUG AGAIN- JUST A LITTLE MYSTERY THAT WILL SOON BE EXPLAINED

WHY DIDN'T YA COUNT HIM OUT? HE WAS DOWN FOR TWEN'Y MINUTES

I BEG PARDON ?

OKAY- IF YA WON'T COUNT HIM OUT THEN I'LL GIVE HIM ME OL' "TWISKER" SOCK AND HE'LL STAY DOWN FOR A WEEK

G-R-R

CRACK

SWISH

WHOMP

NOW YA KIN TAKE YER TIME ABOUT COUNTIN'— I COME IN ON A STRETCHER AN' HE'LL GO OUT ON ONE- THEY DON'T WAKE UP SOON AFTER ME TWISKER SOCK GETS 'EM

BUT- BUT- THE JEEP SAID HE'D WIN

EGAR

YOU WON'T NEED TO COUNT HIM OUT, WIMPY— THEY'LL CARRY HIM OUT

BUT! BUT! THE JEEP SAID HE'D WIN— AND I BET ALL MY MONEY ON HIM!

TWEET

TWEET

OH, SO THA'S IT? YA BET ALL THE MONEY YA WIN'D ON THE HORSH RACES, EH?

YES, THE ALL OF IT," FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND"

$500,000

MOVE OVER!

EGAR

SAY, DO YOU KNOW I LOST A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?!

NOW YOU GET RIGHT BACK TO BED— YOU'RE A SICK MAN. YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE HOSPITAL!

I GOT SO IN'ERESTED IN THE SPRIZE FIGHT I FORGOT ABOUT BEIN' SICK

HOW COME YOU WON WHEN THE JEEP SAID YOU'D LOSE?! YOU BRUTE! G-R-R-R

YOU KNEW I WAS BETTING ON JIMMY JAB— COULDN'T YOU HAVE LET HIM WIN FOR MY SAKE?! YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY- MORE-

JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT JEEP!

JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT JEEP!

A JEEP IS SUSPOSED TO TELL THE TRUTH— WON'ER HOW COME HIM TO SAY I'D LOSE?

OLIVE AN' WIMPY SURE LOST A LOT OF MONEY ON ACCOUNT OF THAT AMINAL— I'LL GO SEE IF SHE'S SORE

YOU GOSH DARN, LOW-DOWN, DOUBLE-CROSSING SO AND SO!! YOU BLA- BLA- BLA- BLA WHY, YOU - BLA- BLA BLA- YOU---

?

I GOT A HUNCH, THEY'S A MISTAKE— I'LL BET THE JEEP REALLY DIDN'T LIE— HMM- A JUNE- BUG

BUZZ

YOU'RE A LIAR! A SNAKE IN THE GRASS- A WOLF IN JEEP'S CLOTHING

LOOK OUT, WIMPY, HE'S GETTING MAD! HE'S TIRED OF YER INSULKS

B O P

WELL, SLAM ME DOWN A HATCH! DID YA SEE THAT!!?

THA'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SEEN IN ALL ME BORN DAYS

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

JEEP! JEEP!

POPEYE, I WON OVER A MILLION DOLLARS ON THAT FIGHT- I WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU

NO, THANKS- JUS' GIVE SOME OF IT TO A ORPHINKS' HOME

THAT'S THE MAN WHO WON ALL OUR MONEY. GET HIM OUT OF HERE— I HATE HIM!

AND I HATE YOU, TOO" YOU LIED TO ME! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

YA DON'T WANT THE JEEP, EH? WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT HIM- I WANT HIM!

OKAY! TAKE HIM! AND KEEP HIM OUT OF MY HOUSE!

THANKS

DON'T WORRY, JEEP I BELIEVES IN YA— YER MINE NOW— HMM- I DON'T THINK YA LIED- I'LL BET THERE WAS SOME MISTAKE

OLIVE, YA REALLY WANT TO GIVE ME THE JEEP?
I SAID SO— HE LIED TO ME AND I DON'T WANT HIM!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THERE'S THAT JUNE BUG AGAIN - AN' THE JEEP IS WATCHIN' HIM

IT LIT ON THE TABLE RIGHT IN FRONT OF EUGENE

MY GOSH! WHAT'S HE SIGNALING "YES" FOR? OH, I GET IT— HE JUS' BENT DOWN TO LOOK AT THE BUG

HMM— MAYBE THEY WAS A JUNE BUG ON THE TABLE WHEN THEY AST HIM IF I'D LOSE THE FIGHT—

I'LL BET HE WASN'T PAYIN' NO ATTENTION TO THE QUESTION— JUS' BENT DOWN TO WATCH THE BUG AN' WE THOUGHT HE MEANT "YES"
JEEP JEEP
7-28
EGAR

YEP, THA'S IT! THE JEEP DIDN'T LIE ABOUT WHO'D WIN THE SPRIZE FIGHT-

HE JUS' BENT DOWN TO LOOK AT A BUG AND WE THOUGHT HE WAS ANSWERIN' YES

I TOLD YOU TO TAKE THAT JEEP OUT OF HERE! I GAVE HIM TO YOU SO TAKE HIM AWAY!!

THANKS FOR GIVIN' TO ME THIS VALUABLE AMINAL
VALUABLE, ME EYE! HE'S NO GOOD!
7-29

THA'S WHAT YOU THINK!!
?

WELL, YA GOT A GOOD HOME NOW— OLIVE OYL AIN'T GOT NO PATIENCE WITH AMINALS
JEEP! JEEP!
EGAR

SO THE JEEP DIDN'T LIE, AFTER ALL
NO— HE BENT DOWN TO LOOK AT A BUG AN' WE THOUGHT HE MEANT "YES"

YA KNOW, WIMPY, SOMETIMES I GETS A FEELIN' THAT ME FATHER AIN'T DEAD— I WISHT I KNEW

THAT'S EASY— WHY DON'T YOU ASK THE JEEP?
OH, MY GORSH!

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! AHOY. EUGENE—

WELL, ASK HIM
IF I FINDS OUT FOR SURE HE'S DEAD I'LL FEEL ARFUL- AN' IF HE'S ALIVE I'LL GET SO EXCITIPATED I'LL FAINT

AHOY!!
A NEW STORY IS COMING UP SOON- IN FACT, IT WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK- EXCUSE OUR CONCEIT, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE A "WOW"—!!! AND THE JEEP WILL PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART——
EGAR
7-30

POPEYE HAS A FEELING THAT HIS FATHER IS STILL LIVING
REALLY!

IF ME POPPA SHOULD BE LIVIN' HE'D BE SOMEWHERE AROUND "NINETY-SIX" YEARS OLD

YOU MEAN TO SAY THE JEEP DIDN'T LIE ABOUT WHO'D WIN THE FIGHT?!
-HE BENT DOWN TO LOOK AT A BUG AND WE THOUGHT HE WAS SIGNALING "YES"

WELL, IN THAT CASE—

I WANT MY JEEP BACK!
BUT YA GIVED HIM TO ME!
YES, BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND
7-31
EGAR

AND A WOMAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO CHANGE HER MIND
PIPE DOWN! I'M THINKIN' ABOUT ME POPPA— IF HE'S ALIVE I SUSPOSE HE'S CAREWORN AN' WEAK—

I KNOW! I GAVE THE JEEP TO YOU, BUT I WANT HIM BACK— AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE HIM TO ME I'LL SUE YOU AND MAKE YOU GIVE HIM BACK

BEFORE YA GOES ON TALKIN' ABOUT LAW-SUITIN' ME I'LL JUS' AST THE JEEP IF IT WOULD DO YA ANY GOOD

ALL RIGHT, ASK HIM— A WOMAN HAS A RIGHT TO CHANGE HER MIND AND THE JUDGE WILL RESPECT A WOMAN'S RIGHTS!

LISTEN, JEEP, IF OLIVE SUES ME, WILL THE JUDGE ALLOW ME TO KEEP YA?

HE SEZ "YES", SO IT'S NO USE SUIN' ME—

AN' NOW I YAM GO'NER AST HIM IF ME FATHER IS ALIVE— I YAM ALMOST SURE HE AIN'T, BUT I'LL AST HIM-
A NEW STORY WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK——
EGAR
8-1

JUST IN CASE SOME OF YOU CAME IN LATE AND DON'T KNOW WHAT A JEEP IS, WE'LL DO A LITTLE EXPLAINING— HERE, FOLKS, IS A "JEEP"— HIS NAME IS EUGENE AND HE'S THE MOST REMARKABLE ANIMAL ON EARTH!!

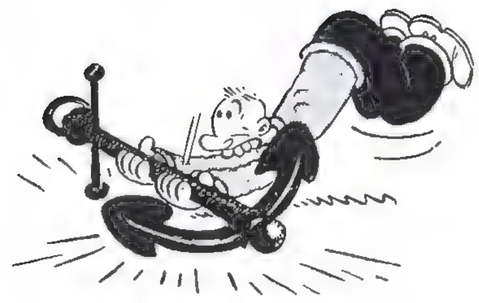
A JEEP HAS MAGICAL POWERS— IF ASKED A QUESTION REGARDING THE PAST, PRESENT OR FUTURE HE WILL ANSWER TRUTHFULLY BY SIGNALS- IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT A JEEP HAS A "FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL BRAIN"

WHEN THE JEEP BOWS DOWN LIKE THIS, THE ANSWER IS "YES". IF YOU ASK A QUESTION AND HE DOESN'T BEND DOWN THE ANSWER IS "NO"

POPEYE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT HE WAS AN ORPHAN
BUT LATELY I BEEN GETTIN' A FEELIN' THAT ME POPPA IS ALIVE-

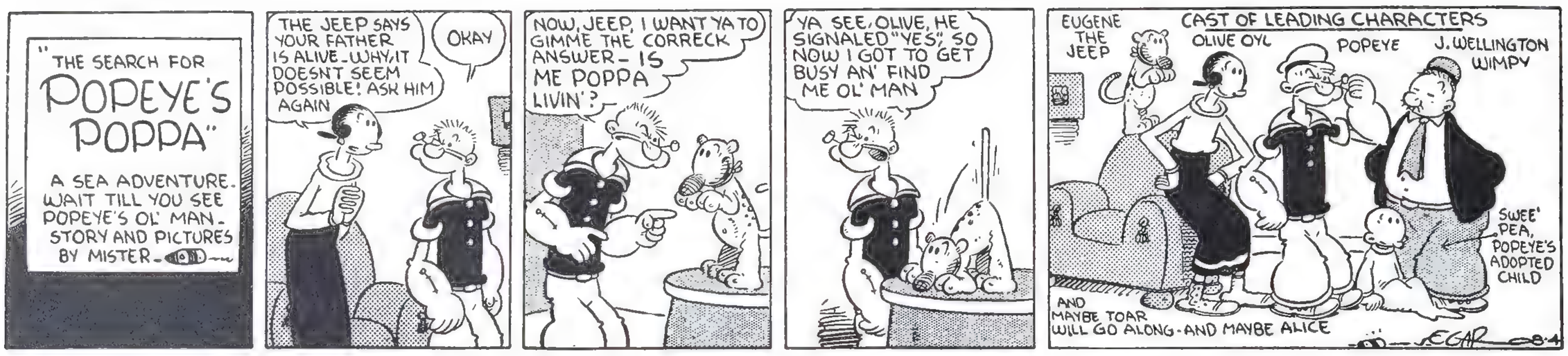
AN' I YAM GO'NER AST THE JEEP AN' FIND OUT- TELL ME, EUGENE, IS ME POPPA LIVIN?

THE ANSWER IS "YES" OH, MY GORSH! I GOT A POPPA
BEGINNING A NEW STORY- "THE SEARCH FOR POPEYE'S POPPA"
8-3
EGAR



CHAPTER IX:

THE SEARCH FOR POPEYE'S POPPA



LISTEN, CAP'N KEEL, I DON'T WANT YOUR SHIP FOR NOTHIN'- HERE, TAKE THIS $5.00.00

I'LL TAKE NOT A CENT

I'LL NOT SELL YOU MY SHIP- I'M AN HONEST MAN- I'M GIVING HER TO YOU- SHE'S A FINE SHIP WORTH AT LEAST FIFTY THOUSAND

I'LL HAVE THE PAPERS FIXED UP SO YOU CAN TAKE POSSESSION AT ONCE

?

IT JUS' DON'T MAKE SENSE- HE SEZ, "I'M GIVIN' HER TO YA- I DON'T WANT TO CHEAT YA- SHE'S A FINE SHIP." IT BEATS ME

WHILE HE'S FIXIN' UP THE PAPERS I'LL WALK DOWN TO THE DOCKS AN' TAKE A SQUINT AT HER- I'LL BET SHE'S A ROTTEN OL' TUB

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! SHE'S JUS' AS PERT' AS SHE KIN BE- I YAM FLABBERGASKET!

CAPTAIN KEEL GIVING YOU HIS SHIP FREE?! WHY I CAN'T IMAGINE SUCH A THING!

I CAN'T 'MAGINE IT EITHER, BUT JUS'A SAME 'SA FACK- HE'S FIXIN' UP THE PAPERS NOW

LISTEN, OLIVE, GET YER THINGS PACKED UP- WE'RE SAILIN JUS' AS SOON'S I PICK UP A CREW

GETTIN' A SWELL SHIP FOR NOTHIN' AN' HERE I YAM WORRYIN' ABOUT IT- I SUSPOSE IT'S BECAUSE I AIN'T USED TO HAVIN' THINGS GIVED TO ME

HERE'S THE PAPERS. SHE'S YOURS

THANKS, CAP'N. EVER SO MUCH

AND LIKE I SAID, SHE'S A FINE SHIP

THANK HEAVEN I'M RID OF HER! I NEVER FELT SO RELIEVED IN ALL MY LIFE!

?

?

WHEW! THANK HEAVEN I'M RID OF MY SHIP! I CAN BREATHE EASY NOW- WHAT A RELIEF!!

?!

OH, WHAT A RELIEF!

AHOY! JUS' A MINUTE, CAP'N KEEL- YA GIVED ME YER SHIP FOR NOTHIN' AN' YA ACKS LIKE YA DONE YERSELF A FAVOR, HOW COME ?

IS THEY A MYSKERY CONNECTED WITH THE "LILLY MAE" ?

MYSTERY? MYSTERY?

WHY, HECK, NO! THERE AIN'T NO MYSTERY- NO MYSTERY AT ALL ABOUT THAT SHIP-

SHE'S JUST PLAIN HA'NTED!

YA MEANS GHOSKS?!

YEP- SPOOKS

JUS'A MINUTE, CAP'N. SAY, YA MEANS THAT THE SHIP YA GIVED ME HAS GOT SPOOKS?

YEP, SPOOKS! BIG SPOOKS AND LITTLE SPOOKS, BUT MOSTLY BIG SPOOKS

BUT THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL - THE LILLY MAE IS YOUR SHIP NOW- I'M RID OF HER

HE GIVED ME HIS SHIP FOR NOTHIN', AN' STILL I GOT CHEATED- I YAM DISGUSTIPATED

SPOOKS, GHOSKS, EVIL SPIRIKS - POOEY- THAS THE ONLY THINGS ON EART' I YAM SCARED OF

MAYBE I YAM TOO SUPERSTISKUS— MY GORSH, I NEVER FELT SO DEJECTIPATED IN ALL ME LIFE

HA'NTS, UGH!

EVEN IF THE SHIP IS HA'NTED I GOT TO SAIL IN HER - I GOT TO FIND ME POPPA, HE MAY NEED ME

I GOT TO PICK UP A CREW

AHOY, SAILOR, DO YA WANT TO SIGN ON FOR A VOYAGE ON THE "LILLY MAE"?

I'M THE BRAVEST SWAB WOT EVER STOW'D A SEABISCUIT, BUT I'LL BE @@x@@ IF I'LL SAIL ABOARD THE LILLY MAE! WHY, MATEY, THAT BLARSTED SHIP'S HA'NTED !!

YEAH, OLIVE, I YAM GO'NER HAVE A HARD TIME GETTIN' A CREW FOR THE LILLY MAE- SHE'S HA'NTED

HAUNTED !!

WELL, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

I'VE SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER

BUT JUST THE SAME I'M NOT SETTING FOOT ABOARD A HAUNTED SHIP!

?

WELL, ALL RIGHT, IF YA DON'T WANT TO GO, STAY HOME!

IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, WHY, THEN I'LL GO!

I'LL BET YOU DON'T WANT ME ALONG BECAUSE YOU PROBABLY HAVE A SWEETY IN EVERY PORT- BUT I'M GOING!

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, YOU'RE NOT GOING ON ANY SHIP WITHOUT A CHAPERON

MISSUS OYL, I CONSIDERS THAT AS BEIN' A PERS'NAL INSULK!

YER INSISKING ON A CHAPEROON IS JUS'A SAME AS INCINERATIN' I AIN'T NO GEN'LEMAN

AW RIGHT- I'LL GET A CHAPEROON FOR OLIVE

BUT LIKE I SAID, DEMANDIN' A CHAPEROON IS JUS'A SAME AS INCINERATIN' I AIN'T NO GEN'LEMAN- 'SA INSULK!

I'LL TAKE THE JOB- I'LL LOOK AFTER MISS OYL

OKAY, LUCY, YER HIRED

BUT WHO'LL LOOK AFTER ME? YOU KNOW, THE SEA IS SO ROMANTIC - AND THE STARS OVER THE OCEAN-

AND THE MOON- I GO GNATS OVER MOONS- YES, I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A CHAPERON ALSO

YA GOT ONE

OH, NO I HAVE NOT!

8-17

YER FACE IS YER CHAPEROON

I SUSPOSE SHE'LL BE OKAY FOR YER CHAPEROON, BUT SHE'S TOO DERN ROMAN'IC- MY GORSH! SHE'S ARFUL THAT WAY-

SHE THINKS THAT ALL SAILORS ARE PERFECK LOVERS

REALLY?

YEAH. BUT JUS' WAIT TILL SHE SEES SOME OF THE MUGS WICH IS COMIN' HERE TO SIGN ON - ARF! ARF! WAIT'LL SHE SEES 'EM!

AHOY, BOYS! COME HERE AN' MEET LUCY

LUCY, THEM'S SOME OF THE HAN'SOME SAILORS YA BEEN WANTIN' TO MEET

OH! AREN'T THEY CUTE?

PLOP

8-18

AHOY, MATEY! SHIP AHOY! PIPE DOWN - SLIVVER ME TIMBERS AND ALL SUCH

OH, HELLO, OSCAR, WHAT YA DOIN' IN AMERICA?

I'M A SAILOR NOW, POPEYE, I BEEN SAILIN' THE SEVEN SEAS FOR ALMOST A WEEK

I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T ALMOST HARDLY KNOW ME - YEAH, I HAD MY TEETH FIXED AND I AIN'T A SILLY KID NO MORE - I'M MATURE NOW - I'M TWENTY-ONE - I WANT TO SAIL WITH YOU

SAY- WHO'S THE DAME? THAT GAL - WHO IS SHE?

SHE'S OLIVE OYL'S CHAPEROON

WELL, BLESS MY AUNT MATILDA - OH, MERCY! HAW! HAW! HAW!

8-19

HEY, OSCAR, WHAT THE HECK ARE YA LAUGHIN' AT?

HAW! HAW! HAW HAW HAW!

LOOK! THE CHAPERON! THAT FACE! CAN YOU BEAT IT?!

HAW! HAW! HAW

I YAM TAKIN' SOME GUESTS ALONG - THERE'S YOU, WIMPY, THE JEEP, SWEE'PEA, OSCAR, TOAR, THE GOON, ROUGH-HOUSE. GEEZIL AN' LUCY, YER CHAPEROON

WHY TAKE SO MANY?

WELL, OLIVE, THEY'RE ME FRENS, AN' HMM - IT'LL BE KIND OF NICE HAVIN' FOLKS AROUND ON A HAINTED SHIP

THE GANG IS WAITIN' AT THE DOCKS - ME CREW IS ABOARD - SO IF YER READY LE'S GET GOIN'

COME ON, EVER'BODY, YER LUGGAGE IS ABOARD - FOLLOW ME

I YAM SURE GLAD I GOT COMP'NY - I'D HATE TO SEE A GHOSK ALL BY MESELF

8-20

KEEP HER DEAD SOUT'

AYE, SIR

JEEP, YA SIGNALED THAT ME OL MAN WAS SOUT' WHEN WE WAS ASHORE - NOW JUS' TO MAKE SURE. USE YER MAGIC POWER AN' POINT TOWARD WHERE ME POPPA IS AT.

'OKAY. THANKS, EUGENE

HOLD'ER AS SHE GOES - DEAD SOUT: AN' MIND YA KEEPS A EYE ON THE BINNACLE CONSTINKLY

AYE, SIR

POPEYE, HERE'S A GOOD JOKE - THE WHOLE GANG IS SEASICK EXCEPT- EXCEPT- ER- UM- EXCEPT-

-YOU

OSCAR, WHAT ARE YA DOIN' WITH THAT PIECE OF GREASY PORK?

I'M HAVING FUN - I SHOW IT TO YOUR GUESTS - OH, BOY, DO THEY GET SEASICK?!

KIND OF A ROUGH SEA TO-DAY, AIN'T IT? - SAY, MY GORSH THAT SURE IS A GREASY PIECE OF PORK!

CAN'T YA JUS' 'MAGINE THE FAT TRICKLIN' DOWN PAST YER WINDPIPE?

UGH!!

WHY, OSCAR, YER BENDIN' OVER THE RAIL - YA AIN'T SICK, ARE YA?

OF COURSE NOT - I'M LOOKING FOR MERMAIDS

MY GOSH, I JUST CAN'T GET OVER THAT FACE!
YA MEANS OLIVE'S CHAPEROON?
YEAH. HA! HA!
IT KEEPS ME IN A GOOD HUMOR! HAW! HAW! HAW! HEY, LUCY!
THAT FACE, LUCY. HAW! HAW! HAW! WHERE DID YOU GET IT? HONEST, IT'S SOMETHING - HAW! OH, WHAT A PAN!
WAIT THERE, OSCAR - I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
HA! HA!
HO! HO!
ARF! ARF!
HEE! HEE!
HAW! HAW!
?
HERE
WHY, THAT DAME MUST BE CRAZY - WHY'D SHE HAND ME A MIRROR? I DON'T GET IT
SEGAR

I WON'ER IF I REALLY WILL FIND ME FATHER? MY GORSH, BUT I'LL BE EXCITIPATED IF I DOES!
AHOY, POPEYE, OLD SHIPMATE — SAY — THAT FACE OF LUCY'S, IT'S GOT ME — HAH! AIN'T IT AWFUL?
SHE'S GOT THE FUNNIEST FACE ABOARD THIS SHIP, HASN'T SHE?
YEAH, EXCEP' ONE
EXCEPT ONE?
YEAH, EXCEP' ONE
EXCEP' ONE?
ARF! ARF! HE'S GOT A FACE THAT WOULD STOP A CLOCK - BUT STILL HE DIDN'T CATCH ON
OH! I GET IT -
BUT YOU SHOULDN'T ADMIT IT
UGH!
SEGAR

POPEYE, I NOW GOT CHANCE TO TELL YOU HOW GLAD FOR YOU TO BRING ME ALONG
G'MORNING, TOAR
YOU, TOO, GOOD FELLOW! YOU SWELL GUY
SMACK!
I VERY MUCH PROUD TO KNOW YOU! I KISS!
YA BIG DUMBHEAD. I'LL KNOCK YER BLASTED BLOCK OFF!
IJOT!
HAH! SAME OL' DEAR, SWEET PAL - HE GET MAD ALL OVER TOAR - HA! HA!
SEGAR

POPEYE, YOU LIKE TOAR, EH? YOU MY DEAR, SWEET PAL FROM LONG AGO, AIN'T WE?
I SUSPOSE SO -
I KNOW YA LIKES ME, TOAR - BUT DON'T NEVER GRAB ME AN' KISS ME LIKE YA DONE YESTERDAY.
TOAR JUST WANT TO SHOW HOW MUCH HE AFFECTION DEAR GUY, YOU!
SOMETIMES YOU MAKE TOAR SO MAD I 'GOING KILL YOU! HOW MUCH I GOT TO TELL YOU, TOAR JUST DUMB JUNGLE MAN? I GOT NO SENSE - SAUVY, YOU DUMBHEAD!
TOAR DIE FOR YOU, AND WHEN TOAR CALL YOU DEAR, SWEET, HONEY PAL HE TRY SHOW FRIENDSHIP FROM ONE MAN TO ANOTHER GUY
OKAY, TOAR, I UN'ERSTAND - IT'S JUS' YOUR WAY OF TELLING ME YOU THINK I'M A GOOD SWAB - OKAY. PAL, WE'RE FRENS
OH, FINE!
WELL, SEE YOU LATER, SUGAR-BOY
!
SEGAR 8-RT

TOAR, I DON'T WANT TO SCARE YA, BUT THIS SHIP IS HAN'TED — THEY'S GHOSKS ABOARD SOMEWHERES
POOEY, IF I SEE GHOST I JUST GO —
"WHOOF" AND BLOW HIM AWAY
!
WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING, YOU BIG CHEESE? I GOT A NOTION TO BUST YOU ONE!
OH! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!
I THINK I WILL!
OH, HELP! OH, HELP!
YOU BIG DUMMY! YOU MIGHTA RUINED MY TEETH! I'LL FIX YOU!
ARF! ARF! TOAR'S KIDDIN' HIM
8-28

I'LL GET YOU, YOU BIG DUNCE!
OH, HELP!
THA'S RICH! LOOK AT OSCAR CHASIN' TOAR - HAH! TOAR AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN' ON EARTH - HE'S JUS' KIDDIN' HIM -
DARN YOU! JUST WAIT!
I DIDN'T KNOW TOAR WAS SO PLAYFUL - HAH! PERTY SOON HE'LL LET OSCAR CATCH HIM AND THEN WON'T OSCAR BE SUSPRISED
HE'S SO SCARED OF ME I CAN'T CATCH HIM - BUT IF I EVER GET MY HOOKS ON HIM — — SAY, WOULD THEY HANG ME IF I BROKE HIS NECK?
NOW, OSCAR, NO VIOLENCE - JUS' SLAP HIS FACE
8-29
SEGAR

LEMME AT THAT BIG DUMBHEAD!
STAN' BACK, YA BRUTE! YA AIN'T GO'NER SMACK TOAR—QUIET DOWN!
HOLD HIM BACK!
OSCAR, HOW COME YER ABLE TO SCARE A BIG GUY LIKE TOAR?
IT'S SOME POWER, SOME POWER I GOT
I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD THIS POWER UNTIL I FOUND OUT TOAR WAS AFRAID OF ME— AND AT THAT MOMENT A NEW OSCAR WAS BORN
I SEE
I'M JUST NATURALLY AWESOME
YEAH, I SUSPOSE THA'S IT
I'M BAD! I'M MEAN! I'M TERRIBLE! I'M AWFUL!
I SEZ YER AWFUL!
8-31
SEGAR

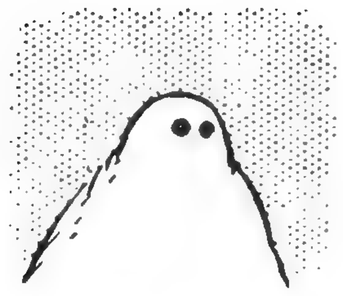
HELP! HELP!
I'LL GET YOU!
YOU BIG HUNK OF WHALE MEAT!
G-R-R
WHEW— DARN THE LUCK— I CAN'T CATCH HIM
MY GOSH, BUT I'M MAD
YEAH, I KIN TELL YER MAD—
ON ACCOUNT OF YER SHOWIN' YER TEETH
?
SAY, SAY, YOU, WAS THAT A WISE-CRACK? BETTER BE CAREFUL, SON'
NOW, OSCAR, CONTROL YERSELF!
9-1
SEGAR

JEEP, ARE WE STILL GOIN' IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION? POINT TO WHERE ME DAD IS AT— HMM— SWELL— WE'RE STILL HEADIN' RIGHT
GOSH, IT'S GREAT TO HAVE BIG BRUTES AFRAID OF YOU— TOAR'S SCARED TO DEATH OF ME— I GUESS I WAS BORN A BAD GUY
?!
STEP ASIDE, YOU PUNK SAILOR! I WANT TO WALK WHERE YOU'RE STANDIN'
!
AHOY, CAP'N— BEGGIN YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT WHAT THE @#$%= IS THIS ?
TWEET
TWEET
OSCAR!
SEGAR

HE COME UP TO ME AND SAID, "STEP ASIDE, YOU PUNK SAILOR"; SO I BOPPED HIM
TOAR AN' ME HAVE BEEN KIDDIN' HIM— HE THINKS HE KIN LICK ALL OF US
OH, I SEE
SO HE'S THE TERRIBLE OSCAR?
YEP, THA'S HIM— HE'S THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ON THIS SHIP
IF I'DA KNOW'D THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE HIT HIM
WHY, IT'S A WONDER HE DIDN'T KILL ME— GEE— I'M LUCKY
HIM KNOCKING ME OUT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT
HE'S GOING OVER AN' PICK ON TOAR NOW
LOOK, HE'S GOING TO HIT TOAR— THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SEEN!
HIT HIM, OSCAR!
GIVE IT TO HIM!
TOAR'S A GOOD ACTOR, HAW!
YOU BIG FATHEAD!
HELP! OH, HELP!
9-3
SEGAR

I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU! WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU! I'LL BUST YOUR PUNK HEAD'
HELP'
G-R-R
LISTEN— TOAR GETTING TIRED OF PLAY WITH YOU, SAVVY?
?
G-R-R
TOAR SHOW YOU GOOD TRICK
!
HELP HELP
HE SAY, "HELP," OUT OF MY MOUTH' HA! HA!
POOEY
HONEST, POPEYE— I NO HIT HIM— JUST SPIT HIM OUT— KIND OF BLOW HIM DOWN!
?!
SEGAR
9-4

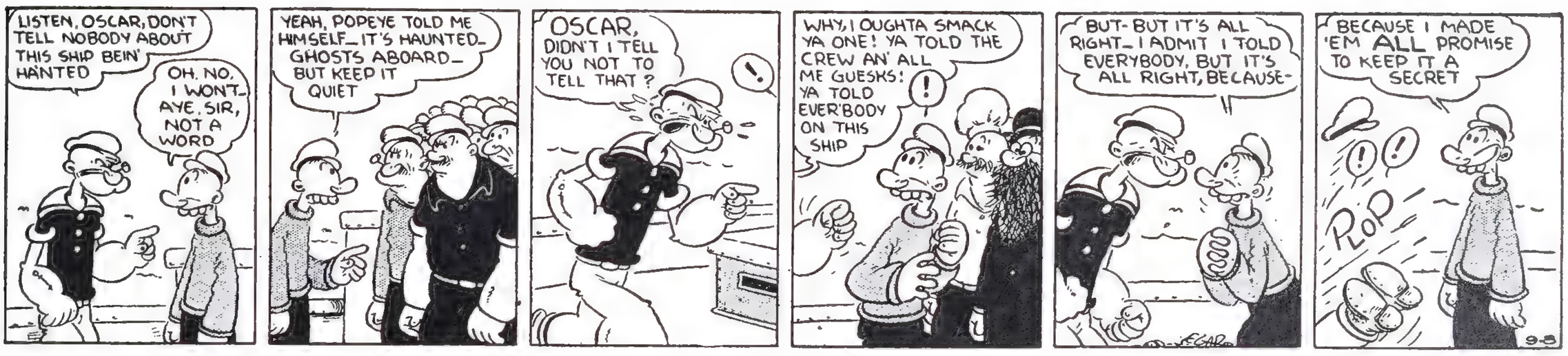
IF ALL ME SAILORS WAS LIKE OSCAR I NEVER WOULD FIND ME FATHER— HE JUS' DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'
TOAR GIVE OSCAR BIG SCARE YESTERDAY, BUT DO NO GOOD— HE STILL THINK HE IS BIG, STRONG MAN— GOOFY, HUH?
YOU SAID IT
COME HERE, OSCAR, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU
AYE, SIR— AND I HOPE IT'S A MAN'S JOB— I'M NO PUNK KID ANYMORE
HERE— TAKE THIS SPARE ANCHOR UP FOR'ARD
AYE, AYE, SIR
G
ARF' ARF' ARF'
!
BAM.
SEGAR
9-5



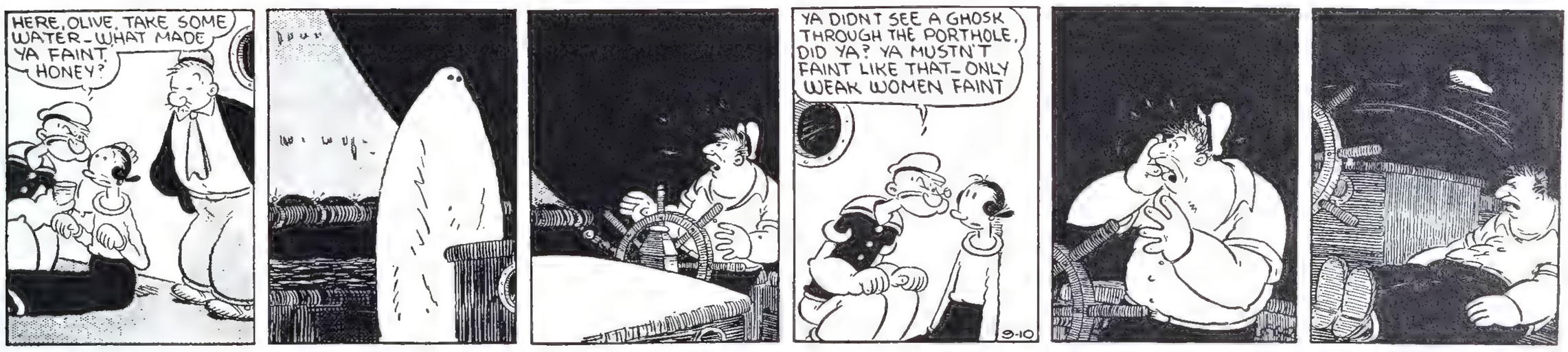
CHAPTER X:

GHOSKS AND GORILLAS











AHOY, CAPTAIN'- HARK! I HAVE NEWS! THE HELMER, I MEAN THE HELMSMAN FAINTED

OH, HE MUST HAVE SEEN THE SAME THING I DID! WELL, GET SOME WATER ON HIM- THEN TELL HIM TO COME HERE

AYE, SIR

AHOY, OSCAR, DID YA PUT SOME WATER ON THAT MAN?

AYE, SIR, I THREW HIM IN THE OCEAN

OF ALL THE DUMBHEADS! I YAM DISGUSTI-PATED

KEEP UP I'LL SAVE YA

OSCAR-YA JUS' CAN'T KNOW HOW DUMB YA ARE! YA JUS' CAN'T!

WHY, THE IDEA!

MY GORSH! HE MUST BE ALMOST DROWNED- I CAN'T BRING HIM TO- BLAST IT! I CAN'T BRING HIM TO!

HERE- THROW THIS WATER IN HIS FACE!

SEGAR

HEAVENS!! I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!

A GHOST WON'T BOTHER ANOTHER GHOST, SO FROM NOW ON I'LL BE A GHOST

I BEEN STANDIN' HERE A HOUR AN' I AIN'T SEEN NO SIGN OF A GHOSK

SMACK

OSCAR!

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING!? YOU NEARLY RUINED MY TEETH!!

SEGAR 9-14

— THEN I WENT BACK TO THE WHEEL AND THE GHOST SLIPPED UP BY ME AGAIN AND MADE ME CHANGE THE COURSE

WE MUST BE FOUR POINTS OFF THE COURSE. SAM TOOK THE WHEEL. BUT I'LL BET THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO HIM

I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT

MISTER, WE'RE FOUR POINTS OFF- HOW COME?

ORDERS, SIR

WHOSE ORDERS?

THE GHOST'S ORDERS, SIR

WHO'S THE SKIPPER OF THIS SHIP, ME OR THAT BLASTED GHOST? PUT 'ER ON THE COURSE I LAID AN' KEEP HER THERE

AYE, SIR

JEEP, YA TOLD ME THAT ME POPPA WAS ALIVE- YER POINTIN' THE WAY TO FIND HIM, BUT IF THAT GHOSK DON'T LAY OFF WE'RE SUNK

JEEP. JEEP

CHANGE BACK

AYE, SIR

SEGAR 9-15

SORRY, SIR, BUT THE GHOST MADE ME CHANGE THE COURSE AGAIN

WELL, I'LL BE —

JEEP, TELL ME, IS THEY A GHOSK ABOARD THIS SHIP?- HAH! YA SEZ 'NO" HMM- THEN IT'S A FAKE

I NEVER SEEN NO GHOSK AN' THE JEEP SEZ THEY AIN'T NONE- AN' A JEEP NEVER LIES

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN, WHA'S THIS?'

OH. I SEE, IT'S JUS' A TALL SWAB WITH A SHEET AROUND HIM- ARF! ARF!

OH, MY GORSH! HE TOOK HIS HEAD OFF!

SEGAR 9 16

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, POPEYE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

LOOK, OLIVE! LOOK!

THE GHOSK HAS GOT HIS HEAD IN HIS HAND

OH!

MY GORSH! THE HEAD IS DANCIN'!!

9-17

PEEK

LOOK THE HEAD IS PLAYIN' WITH US!

G-R-R

G-R-R

SEGAR 9 18

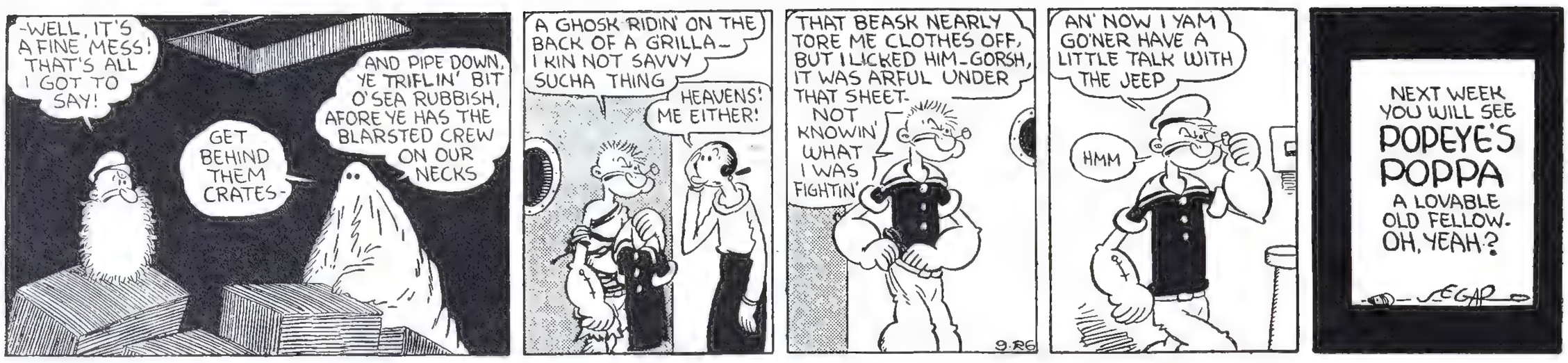
OH, HOW HORRIBLE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
G·R·R
G·R·R
G·R·R
NOBODY KIN UN'ERSTAN' GHOSKS - KEEP YER MOUTH SHUT SO THE EVIL SPIRIKS CAN'T CRAWL DOWN YER NECK
!
!
POPEYE!! TAKE ME INTO THE CABIN BEFORE I FAINT!
I HOPE I NEVER SEE THAT HORRIBLE GHOST AGAIN - GET ME WATER. POPEYE!!
EUGENE - AIN'T I ALWAYS BEEN YER FREN? WHY'D YA LIE TO ME? YA SAID THEY WASN'T NO GHOSKS ABOARD - I'LL BET YA WAS LYIN' ABOUT ME POPPA BEIN' ALIVE, TOO
9·19
EGAD

I KIN NOT STAN' IT NO LONGER. I YAM GOIN' OUT AN' TAKE A SOCK AT THAT GHOSK
OH, POPEYE BE CARE-FUL!
9·21
IT TAKES A BRAVE MAN TO FIGHT A GHOSK - BUT ALL IT KIN DO IS KILL ME
WHOP
!
AVAST YA SWAB
G·R·R
G·R·R
?
!
I YAM MAD NOW. AN' I YAM GONER CRAWL UNDER THAT SHEET AN' SEE WHAT YER MADE OF
!
I SEZ, I YAM GONER CRAWL UNDER THE SHEET AN' SEE WHAT GHOSKS IS MADE OF - I YAM MAD
!
OH, MY GOSH!
9·22
POPEYE, STOP!! OH, DON'T! DON'T!
STAN' BACK, WOMAN, AN' LEMME ALONE!
!
!
!
G·R·R
POPEYE!

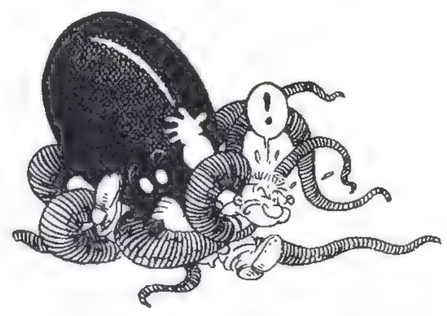
OH, POPEYE, DON'T!
G·R·R
I YAM GO'NER SEE WHAT MAKES IT TICK
!
OH! IT'S ARFUL! I KIN NOT SAVVY IT!
POPEYE, COME OUT FROM UNDER THAT GHOST!
POPEYE !!
SOUK
G·R·R
OUW! WHY, YOU~!
HELP! HELP! THE GHOST IS DIGESTING POPEYE
9·23
EGAD

SAY, WILL YOU BE QUIET OUT THERE!? I CAN'T SLEEP!
HUH?! WELL, WHAT THU~?!
WAKE ME AT SIX
POPEYE! YOU'RE WINNING! - THE HEAD - LOOK! IT'S RUNNING AWAY!
UGH
G·R·R
!
I AIN'T IN'ERESTED IN THE HEAD - THEY'S A THOUSING HAIRY ARMS SQUEEZIN' THE LIFE OUTTA ME!
9·24
EGAD

SMACK
I GIVED 'IM ME OL' TWISKER SOCK!
DON'T WORRY, OLIVE, I WHIPPED IT
I'M COMIN' OUT NOW
BLOW ME DOWN! I DERN NEAR GOT KILLED! ARF! ARF! I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ALL ME LIFE
?
!
MY GORSH! THE GHOSK WAS RIDIN'ON A GRILLA - I LICKED THE BEASK, BUT THE GHOSK IS GETTIN' AWAY
9·25
EGAD





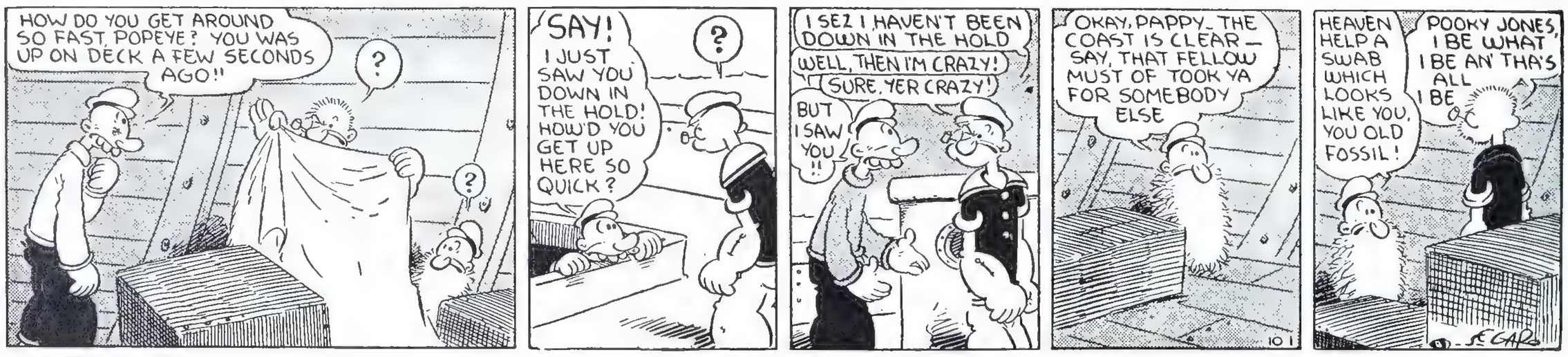


CHAPTER XI:

FAMILY REUNION







YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU WASN'T IN THE FOR'ARD HOLD A MINUTE AGO?
CERTINGLY NOT! QUIT PESTERIN' ME- I GOT SUMPIN TO DO
LISTEN, JEEP, I YAM SURE YER A LIAR, BUT, ANYWAY, GIMME THE DIRECTION - POINT TO WHERE ME POPPA IS AT
JEEP, I YAM GETTIN' SICK OF YER MONKEY BUSINESS - NO MATTER HOW THE SHIP'S HEADED YA ALWAYS POINTS FOR'ARD
WE GHOSTED OUR WAY CLEAN AROUND THE WORLD. WE MUSTA SCARED CAP'N KEEL PERTY BAD. HE AIN'T SKIPPERIN' THIS TUB NO MORE
EH, PAPPY
AYE, POOKY, SAILORS IS ALL SUPERSTISKIMUS. WE DONE JUS' ABOUT AS WE PLEASED WHILE WE WAS STOW'D AWAY - HAD A NICE FREE TRIP AN' NOW WE'RE NEARIN' BARNACLE ISLAND. WE'LL SOON BE HOME
POOKY, WHAT DID YE DONE WITH ME CAP?

I YAM COMPLETELY DISGUSTIPATED!!
I AST THE JEEP TO POINT IN THE DIRECTION WHERE I KIN FIND ME DAD, AN' NO MATTER HOW THE SHIP'S HEADED HE ALWAYS POINTS FOR'ARD-
POPEYE, I'LL BET THE REASON THE JEEP ALWAYS POINTS TO THE BOW OF THE SHIP IS BECAUSE YOUR DAD IS STOWED AWAY UP IN THE FORWARD HOLD
YES, THAT'S THE ANSWER, MY WOMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME SO
AN' ME GEN'LEMAN'S INSTINK TELLS ME YER CRAZY
WELL, JUST THE SAME I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND
WE KIN MAKE BARNACLE ISLAND IN A HOUR OR ME NAME AIN'T POOPDECK PAPPY— TO-NIGHT WE'LL HOOK A LIFEBOAT AN' THE WE OF US WILL SKIP THE SHIP

AS SOON'S THE CREW'S ASLEEP YOU AN' ME AN' CLARENCE WILL HOOK A LIFE BOAT AN' BE GONE
I HEAR VOICES IN THE FORWARD HOLD— I'LL SLIP UP THERE
!
I'LL HAVE A LOOK ON DECK, POOKY, AN' SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR
! !

EAVESDROPPIN', EH? AN' A BLARSTED SHE-CRITTER, AT THAT
!
THA'S WHAT YE GETS FOR SNEAKIN' ON POOPDECK PAPPY, YA DERN SHEMALE!
BOP
WHY, PAPPY, YOU DIDN'T HIT A WOMAN, DID YOU?
SKIRTS AN' PANTS IS ALL THE SAME TO POOPDECK PAPPY!
I'LL FIX YOU, YOU OLD DRIED-UP PIECE OF STALE CHEESE - I'M COMING DOWN THERE
YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN !!!
ARE YOU TELLING ME?
!

AN' DON'T COME BUTTIN' IN NO MORE! I DON'T TAKE NO TRIFLIN' FROM SHEMALES
LISTEN HERE, POPEYE, I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!!
YOUR FATHER IS NO GENTLEMAN! YOU HEAR ME? HE IS NO GENTLEMAN!
?
THERE NOW, TAKE IT EASY - YA'LL BE OKAY - OH, I SEE - YA GOTA BLACK EYE - SOMEBODY KNOCKED YA GOOFY - WHO HIT YA?
YOUR FATHER HIT ME! THAT'S WHO HIT ME!!
!
?

THEY AIN'T NO STOWAWAYS ABOARD EXCEP' GHOSKS - GHOSKS WICH RIDES A G'RILLA - BUT IF YA INSISKS, I'LL HAVE ME MEN SEARCH THE SHIP
WELL I INSIST!
HERE COMES SOME OF THE CREW— TAKE CLARENCE AN' SLIDE DOWN INTO THE LIFEBOAT WHILE I HOLDS 'EM BACK
THERE'S A STOWAWAY! A OL' MAN - GRAB HIM!
COME ON, YE SCUM O' FOUL SEAS! COME GET ME!
STEP UP, YE BLARSTED LUBBERS! STEP RIGHT UP AN' LAY RIGHT DOWN! YER DEALIN' WITH POOPDECK PAPPY NOW
!
WHOMP

I'LL BE WITH YE IN A JIFFY, POOKY

WELL, MEN, DID YA FIND ANY STOWAWAYS LIKE OLIVE SAID YA WOULD?

YES, SIR

AN' 'E KNOCKED THE 'ECK OUT OF US, SIR- 'E WAS A OLD, OLD MAN SIR- A OLD, OLD MAN.

A OL' MAN?

AYE, SIR, NEAR A 'UNDRED, SIR

'E GOT AWAY IN A LIFE-BOAT

AND THE FUNNY THING ABOUT IT WAS, 'E LOOKED LIKE YOU- THAT IS, IN A OLDISH WAY 'E DID, SIR

10 9

LOOKED LIKE ME!!

SEE, SMARTY, DIDN'T I TELL YOU?

SEGAR

SEE, SMARTY, IF YOU'D HAVE LISTENED TO ME EVERYTHING WOULD BE OKAY NOW-

THE STOWAWAY TOOK A LIFE-BOAT AND IS GONE

AND YOU MAY NEVER FIND HIM-

AND THAT STOWAWAY WAS YOUR FATHER!

SNIFF

OH, MY GORSH!

10-10

POPPA! OH, POPPA!

POPPA! OH, POPPA!

GONE- ME POPPA IS GONE!

JEEP, I WANTS YA TO ESCUSE ME FOR CALLIN' YA A LIAR- YA TOLD ME THAT ME POPPA WAS ABOARD THIS SHIP AN' HE WAS, BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE YA

TELL ME ABOUT ME POPPA, OLIVE, YOU SEEN HIM- IS 'E NICE?

IS HE NICE?

IS HE NICE!

10-12

YOUR FATHER IS A FROWZY, UNCOUTH OLD REPROBATE! A VULGAR OLD RUFFIAN! A ROUGH-NECK, A—

STOP! HOLD YER TONGUE B'FORE I TWISKS YER BLASTED NECK OFF! YA KIN NOT TALK LIKE THAT ABOUT ME POPPA

SEGAR

AN' ME POPPA WAS ON THIS SHIP WHEN WE SAILED, STOW'D AWAY IN THE FOR'ARD HOLD, PLAYIN' GHOSK SO'S HE'D HAVE THE RUN OF THE SHIP

I SEES IT ALL NOW- WHEN I AST THE JEEP TO POINT TO WHERE ME FATHER WAS AT, HE ALWAYS POINTED FOR'ARD-

IT'LL SOON BE DAYLIGHT MAYBE I KIN FIND HIM.

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU WANT TO FIND HIM-

ANYBODY THAT WOULD STEAL RIDES ON A SHIP IS A CROOK- I DON'T CARE IF HE IS YOUR FATHER HE GAVE ME A BLACK EYE AND I THINK HE'S A BRUTE

C'MERE! YA KIN NOT INSULK ME POPPA- BRUTE, EH? I'LL BE A BRUTE, TOO, BUT I WON'T GIVE YA NO BLACK EYE!

I LOVES ME POPPA AN' I'LL DEFEND HIM!

WHOP WHOP WHOP

10-13

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THERE'S A ISLAND!

QUICK, JEEP, TELL ME! DID ME POPPA LAND ON THAT ISLAND?

ALL HANDS ON DECK! DROP ANCHOR!

TURN TO, YA LUBBERS, OR I'LL KEEL HAUL THE LOT OF YA!! LOWER A BOAT, WE'RE GOIN' ASHORE!

WELL, SHIVVER ME TIMBERS! THERE'S A BOAT PUTTIN' IN TO OUR ISLAND

!

"POOPDECK PAPPY" I'LL BET THA'S ME POPPA!

KEEP OFF THIS ISLAND BEWARE POOPDECK PAPPY

10-14

SEGAR

I DONT WANT STRANGERS ON THIS ISLAND- OUR G'RILLA WILL TEAR 'EM APART

THE SKIPPER O' THAT SHIP IS A "HE" MAN

G-R-R-R

WHAT THU-?!

KEEP OFF THIS ISLAND

CRACK

KEEP OFF THIS ISLAN

AHOY, OLIVE- I GIVED 'IM ME OL' TWISKER SOCK— ARF! ARF! I AIN'T GOT NO SYMPTHITY FOR G'RILLAS

PLOP

10-15

KEE OFF ISLAN

WELL, I'M A SWAB!! HE KNOCKED OUR G'RILLA COLD WITH ONE PUNCH!

!

BUT, PAPPY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CALL THE GUARD OF THE ISLAND! WHY, THAT WOULD BE MURDER!

I'M CALLIN' THE GUARD

EGR

NO! NO! PAPPY, DON'T DO THAT! IT WOULD BE MURDER!

LISTEN, CHARLIE, THEY'S STRANGERS ON THIS ISLAND, GO CLEAN 'EM OUT!

LOOK AT HIM SNEAKIN' AROUN' THE ISLAND— AIN'T HE CUTE?! CHARLIE'LL FIX 'EM

ERF! ERF! WON'T THEM FOLKS BE SUSPRIZED WHEN THEY SEES THAT MONSKER?

PAPPY, YOU'RE GETTIN' MEANER EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE!

HE'S HIDIN' UP AMONG THE ROCKS— A'COURSE, HE DON'T KNOW I YAM HIS SON

10-16

EGAR

POOP-DECK PAPPY, YOU'RE A MURDERER

I BE WHAT I BE, POOKY JONES, AN' THA'S ALL I BE

I'LL BET ME POPPA DON'T KNOW HE'S GOT A ORFSPRING

!

POPEYE, LOOK OUT!! WHAT'S THAT BEHIND YOU?!!

WHAT THU—!

HELP! HELP! TAKE HIM OFF!!

OH, MY GORSH! A OCTIPUSS!!

HELP! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

10-17

EGAR

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!!

HELP! HELP!

HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!

HELP! HELP! HELP!

HELP, POPEYE! SAVE ME!!

10-19

EGAR

HEAVENS! HE'S SWALLOWING HIM!!

WELL, OCTIPUSSUSES HAS GOT TO EAT, DON'T THEY?

WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO SAY OCTOPUSES?

I ALWAYS GETS TOO MANY SYLLILABLES IN THAT WORD

HELP, POPEYE! I'M GOING TO FAINT!!

NOW WHERE DID HE GO? I'LL BET HE RAN AWAY, THE COWARD

10-20

EGAR

WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT? HE RAN AWAY AND LEFT ME! HE'S A COWARD!

AHOY, OLIVE GO DOWN TO THE LIFEBOAT AN' GET A CAN OF SPINACH

OH! I SEE!

HE'S INSIDE OF THE OCTOPUS!

OKAY, POPEYE, I'LL GET IT!!

C'MON, GIVE IT TO HIM! HE'LL SWALLOW IT, AN' I'LL GRAB IT

I'M AFRAID HE MIGHT BITE ME!

DON'T BE AFRAID—HE DIDN'T BITE ME—HURRY!

10-21

EGAR

THROW HIM THE CAN OF SPINACH—HE'LL SWALLOW IT AN' I'LL GET IT

THERE'S AN OPENER ON THE CAN, POPEYE

OKAY, I GOT IT

GULP GULP GULP

!

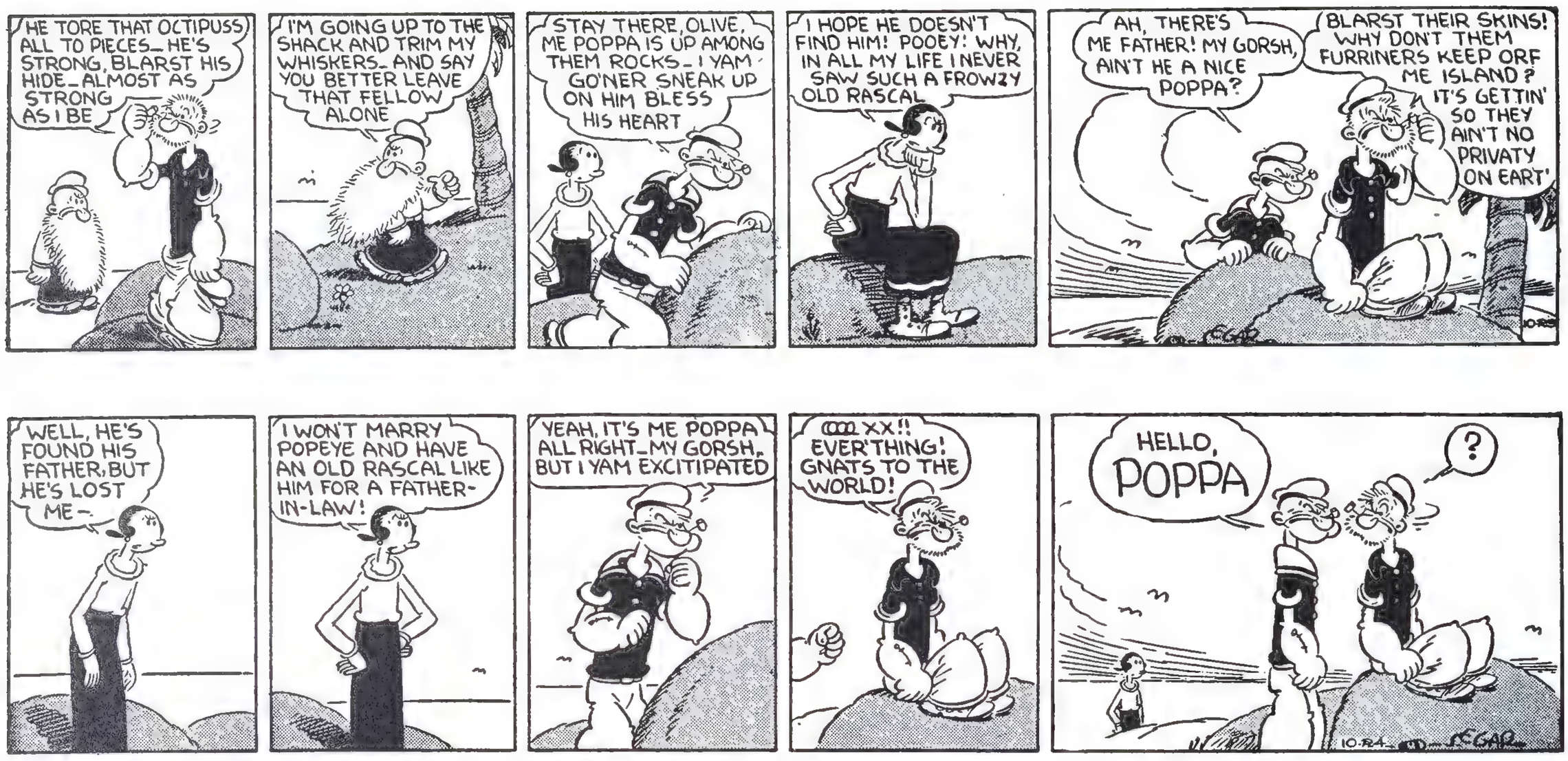
10-22

EGAR



CHAPTER XII:

A FATHER'S AFFECTION



I YAM KIND OF SUSPRISED- YA SEE, POPPA, I THOUGHT YA MIGHT BE A LITTLE BIT GLAD TO SEE ME - MAYBE I YAM SORT OF SEDIMENTAL

BUT AIN'T YA JUS'A LITTLE GLAD TO SEE YER SON?

NAW-

!

I DON'T LIKE RELATIVES

10-29

SEGAR

HEY! DON'T RUN AWAY, POPPA! I YAM YER SON-WAIT!

I AIN'T SO SURE ABOUT YE BEIN' ME SON.

HUMPH-I SEES YE KIN TAKE IT- I GUESS YER ME SON ALL RIGHT

STILL--IF YE WAS ME SON YE'D HAVE HIT ME BACK

!

OR ARE YE ONE OF THEM BLARSTED GEN'LEMEN SWABS WICH DON'T BELIEVE IN FIGHTIN'?

10-30

SEGAR

POPPA, KIN I COME UP TO YER HOUSE AN' VISIK YA?

IT AIN'T NO HOUSE, IT'S A SHACK- OKAY, COME ON UP- I GUESS YER ME SON - OKAY, COME ON UP

BUT YE CAN'T STAY LONG- I DON'T LIKE STRANGERS

!

AHOY, POOKY JONES, PIPE WHAT SEZ IT'S ME SON - YA THINK IT COULD BE?

!

SURE, HE'S YOUR SON, FACES LIKE THAT DON'T JUST HAPPEN

YOU BOTH LOOK ALIKE

YER INCIMERATIN' THAT I LOOKS LIKE THAT ONE-EYED RAT?

AVAST, OR I'LL CRAM YA ONE, YA OLD GOAT !!

10-31

SEGAR

YEAH, POOKY, HE SEZ HE'S ME SON, BUT I DOUBTS IT

AN' HERE'S WHY I THINKS HE AIN'T ME SON- I SOCKED HIM ON THE CHIN AN HE DIDN'T HIT ME BACK

KIN YE IMAGINE A SON OF MINE NOT HITTIN' BACK?

BUT MY GORSH! I WOULDN'T HIT ME OWN FATHER

11-2

!

OH, SO YER A SISSY, HAH?!

SEGAR

OH, MY GORSH, BUT I FEELS ARFUL!

SNIFF

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, POPEYE, WHAT'S WRONG?

SNIFF

CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY ARE YOU SNIFFLING?

SNIFF

COME ON, TELL YOUR LITTLE OLIVE OYL

OKAY, I'LL TELL YA-

ME POPPA IS A ROUGHNECK

11-3

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, YE BLARSTED SISSY!

!

SEGAR

WELL, IF YER GOIN' TO HANG AROUND, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO AST YE TO STAY AN' EAT

COME ON, POOKY'S GOT THE CHOW READY- AN' IF YE KICKS ABOUT THE FOOD YE KIN GO TO BLAZES !!

AN' FIRST OF ALL - TO BEGIN WITH—

YE HAVE GOT TO EAT YER SPINACH!

!

ARE YOU TELLIN' ME?

YAS, I'M TELLIN' YOU!

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ?

SEGAR

11-4

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
STOP LAUGHIN' AN' EAT! I SEZ YE HAVE GOT TO EAT YER SPINACH!

OKAY, POPPA

I WANTS MORE SPINACH
AVAST, YE SWAB, LEGGO- THIS IS MINE!

DIDN'T YA SAY "YE HAVE GOT TO EAT YER SPINACH?" WELL, I YAM EATIN' YER SPINACH
11-5

I WANTS MORE SPINACH!

WELL, SLAP ME DOWN A HATCH! HE'S GOT ONE GOOD QUALITY, ANYWAY !!!

POPPA, I WANTS TO AST YA SUMPIN'— HOW COME YOU AN' ME HAS BEEN SEPERATED SO LONG?

WELL FORTY YEARS AGO WHEN YE WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS OLD I SENT YE OUT TO BUY ME A COB PIPE-
BUT YE DIDN'T COME BACK

I WAITED AN' WAITED, BUT YE DIDIN'T COME BACK

SO I PACKS UP, GETS ABOARD ME SHIP AN' SAILS AWAY
YE BRAT!
FORTY YEARS AGO
11-6

DID YA WAIT A LONG TIME FOR ME TO COME BACK BEFORE YA SAILED AWAY AN' LEFT ME?
I SURE DID-

! I WAITED TILL SIX O'CLOCK

GET THIS— HE SEZ WHEN I WAS TWO YEARS OLD HE SENT ME TO A STORE TO BUY HIM A COB PIPE- HE SEZ I DIDN'T COME BACK

HE SEZ HE WAITED TILL SIX O'CLOCK FOR ME AN' THEN GOT ABOARD HIS SHIP AN' SAILED AWAY, LEAVIN' ME ALONE IN A BIG CITY— THA'S WHAT I CALLS CRUELTY TO DUMB AMINALS

WELL, THAT'S THE WAY I BE— I WON'T WAIT LONG FOR NOBODY OR NOTHIN'
THA'S THE WAY I BE

I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!
I ALSO AM DISGUSTIMATED FLABBERGASTIPATED AND DUMBFOUNDICATED

I BE WHAT I BE AN' I BEEN A "HE" HARD SKIPPER O'A HUNDERD SHIPS! I'M POOPDECK PAPPY, PRIDE OF THE PAFISIC-
AW- PULL UP YER PANTS!
AN' IF YE DON'T LIKE IT STEP RIGHT UP AN' LAY RIGHT DOWN'
11-7

LOOK, OLIVE, THERE'S A BABY PITCHER OF ME ON ME POPPA'S DRESSER

THAT PROVES THAT HE REALLY DOES LOVE ME— AIN'T THAT SWELL?

I DIDN'T KNOW ME POPPA WAS SEDIMENTAL- AT LAST I GOT A FATHER'S AFFECTION

AHOY, POPPA, YA CAN'T FOOL ME NO MORE— I KNOWS YA LIKES ME— YA GOT A BABY PITCHER OF ME ON YER DRESSER

! OH, THAT— HMM- I JUS' PUT IT THERE TO KEEP THE RATS AWAY
11-9

I SEZ, YE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH- GET GOIN'. I DON'T LIKE STRANGERS

BUT, POPPA, I AIN'T NO STRANGER, I YAM YER SON
I DON'T LIKE RELATIVES NEITHER

G'WAN, SAIL AWAY! MY GORSH, I WANTS TO BE NICE TO YA, BUT YA WON'T LET ME!

WHY, I'D DO ANYTHING TO MAKE YA HAPPY!
ANYTHING?
YEAH, ANYTHING

WELL, THEN, GET OFF ME ISLAND AN' STAY OFF, YE BRAT!!

YA OL' GOAT, I YAM SICK OF YER INSULKS! IF YA WASN'T ME POPPA I'D SMACK YA!!
11-10

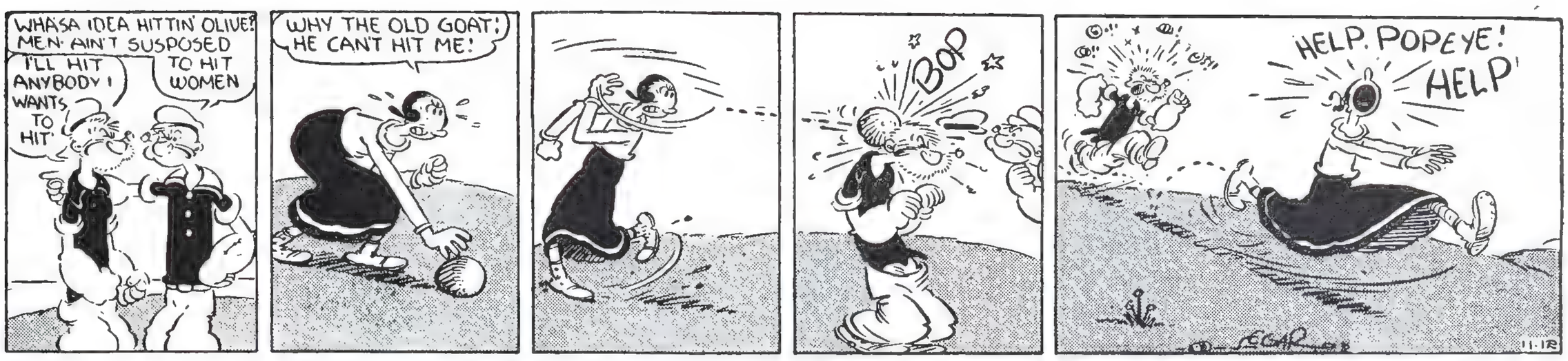
I SEZ, YER GOIN' HOME WITH ME
GET YER BLARSTED HOOKS OFF'N ME NECK!!

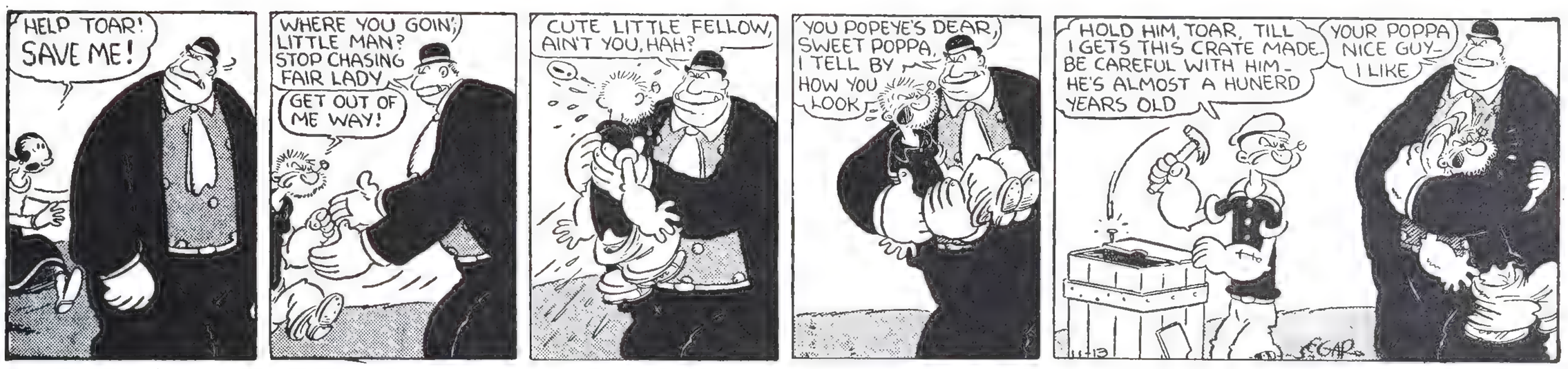
COME HERE, OLIVE, I WANTS YA TO HOLD ME POPPA—

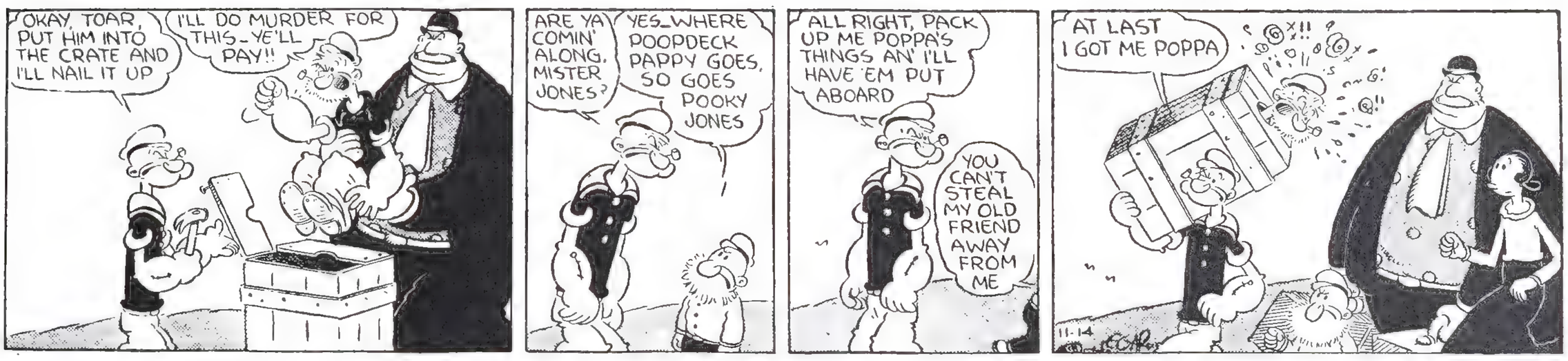
WHILE I MAKES A CRATE TO PUT HIM IN

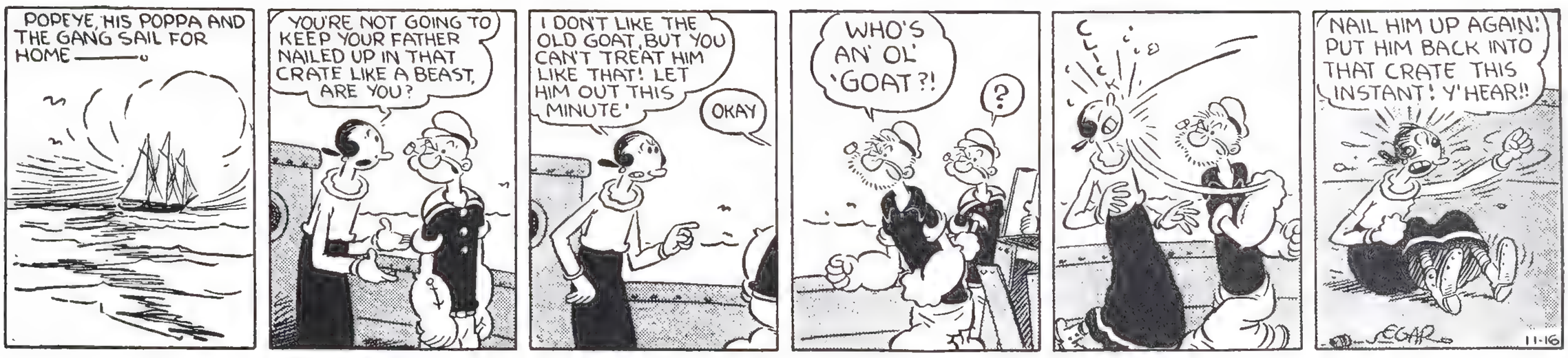
GEE, POPEYE, DO YOU THINK I CAN HOLD HIM?
SURE, YA KIN- HE'S ALMOST A HUNERD YEARS OLD

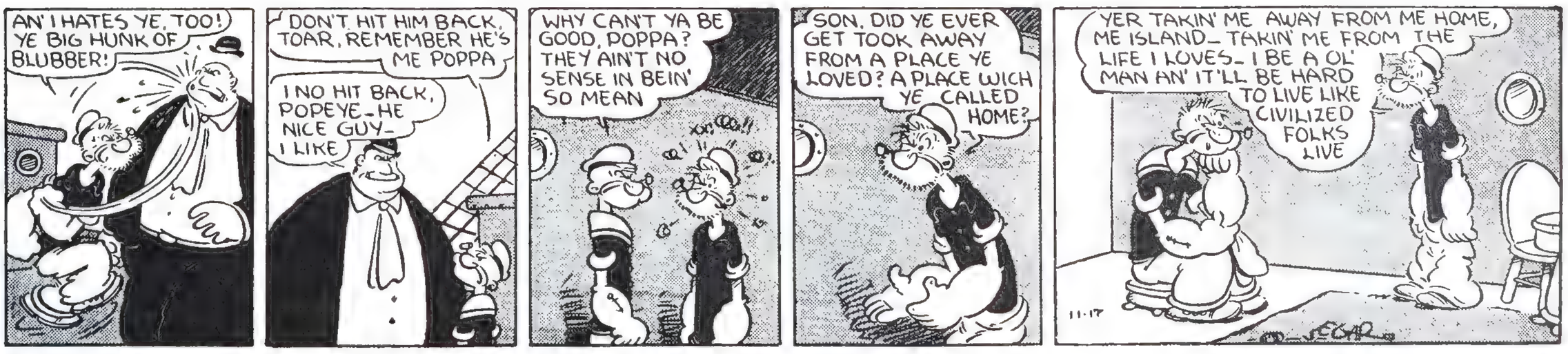
BOP!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
11-11


WHASA IDEA HITTIN' OLIVE? MEN AIN'T SUSPOSED TO HIT WOMEN
I'LL HIT ANYBODY I WANTS TO HIT
WHY THE OLD GOAT! HE CAN'T HIT ME!
BOP
HELP, POPEYE! HELP!
SEGAR
11-12


HELP TOAR! SAVE ME!
WHERE YOU GOIN', LITTLE MAN? STOP CHASING FAIR LADY
GET OUT OF ME WAY!
CUTE LITTLE FELLOW, AIN'T YOU, HAH?
YOU POPEYE'S DEAR, SWEET POPPA, I TELL BY HOW YOU LOOK
HOLD HIM, TOAR, TILL I GETS THIS CRATE MADE- BE CAREFUL WITH HIM- HE'S ALMOST A HUNERD YEARS OLD
YOUR POPPA NICE GUY- I LIKE
11-13
SEGAR

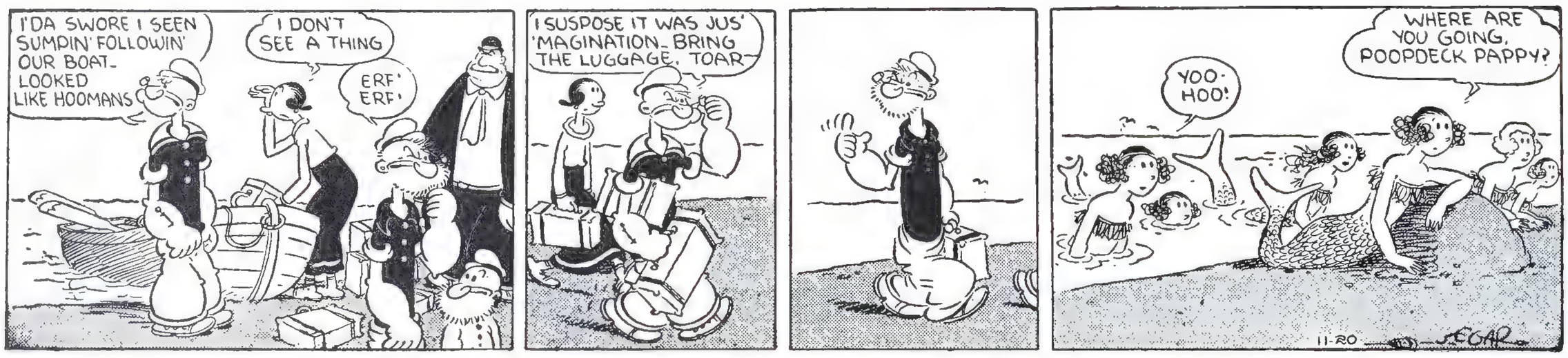

OKAY, TOAR, PUT HIM INTO THE CRATE AND I'LL NAIL IT UP
I'LL DO MURDER FOR THIS- YE'LL PAY!!
ARE YA COMIN' ALONG, MISTER JONES?
YES- WHERE POOPDECK PAPPY GOES, SO GOES POOKY JONES
ALL RIGHT, PACK UP ME POPPA'S THINGS AN' I'LL HAVE 'EM PUT ABOARD
YOU CAN'T STEAL MY OLD FRIEND AWAY FROM ME
AT LAST I GOT ME POPPA
11-14
SEGAR

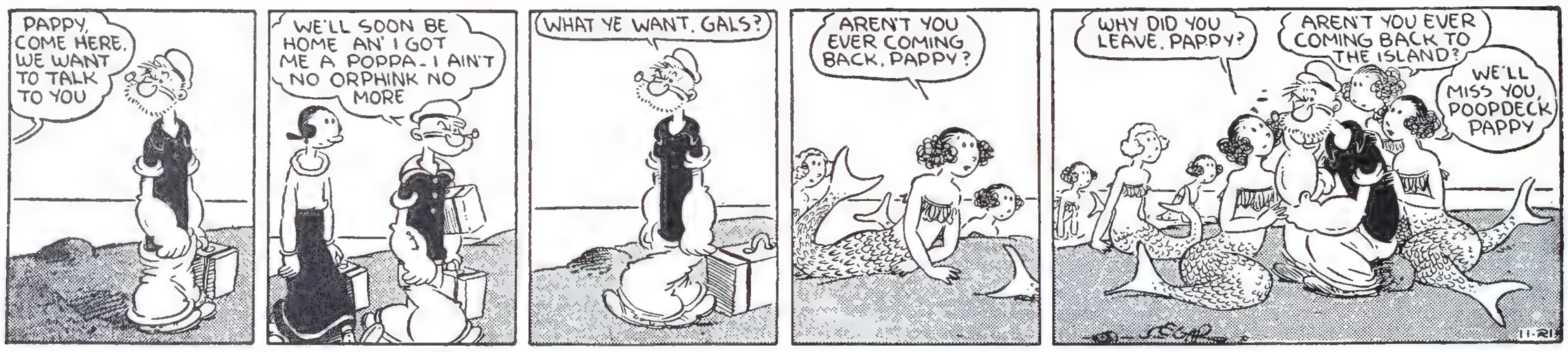

POPEYE, HIS POPPA AND THE GANG SAIL FOR HOME
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP YOUR FATHER NAILED UP IN THAT CRATE LIKE A BEAST, ARE YOU?
I DON'T LIKE THE OLD GOAT, BUT YOU CAN'T TREAT HIM LIKE THAT! LET HIM OUT THIS MINUTE'
OKAY
WHO'S AN' OL' 'GOAT?!
?
CLICK
NAIL HIM UP AGAIN! PUT HIM BACK INTO THAT CRATE THIS INSTANT! Y'HEAR!!
SEGAR
11-16

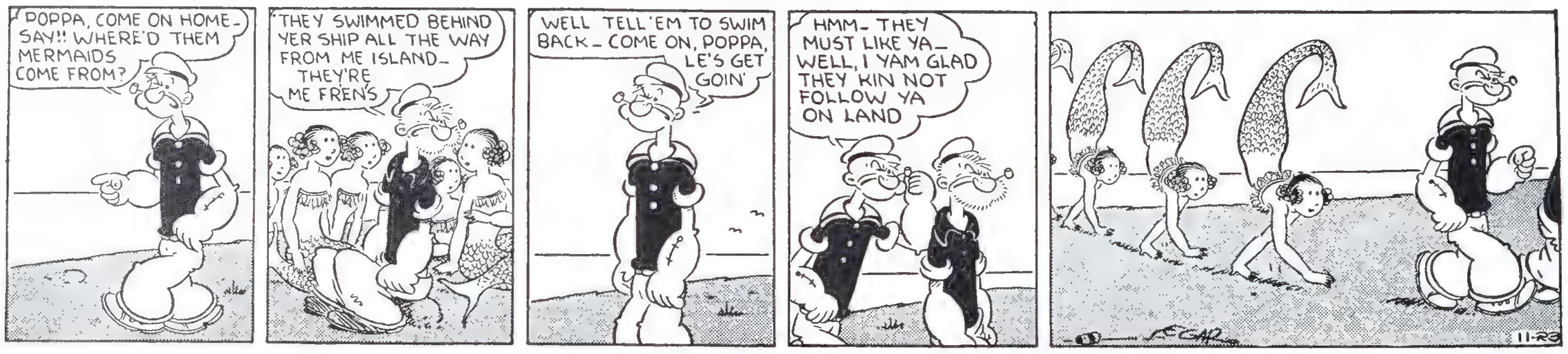

AN' I HATES YE, TOO! YE BIG HUNK OF BLUBBER!
DON'T HIT HIM BACK, TOAR, REMEMBER HE'S ME POPPA
I NO HIT BACK, POPEYE- HE NICE GUY- I LIKE
WHY CAN'T YA BE GOOD, POPPA? THEY AIN'T NO SENSE IN BEIN' SO MEAN
SON, DID YE EVER GET TOOK AWAY FROM A PLACE YE LOVED? A PLACE WICH YE CALLED HOME?
YER TAKIN' ME AWAY FROM ME HOME, ME ISLAND- TAKIN' ME FROM THE LIFE I LOVES- I BE A OL' MAN AN' IT'LL BE HARD TO LIVE LIKE CIVILIZED FOLKS LIVE
11-17
SEGAR

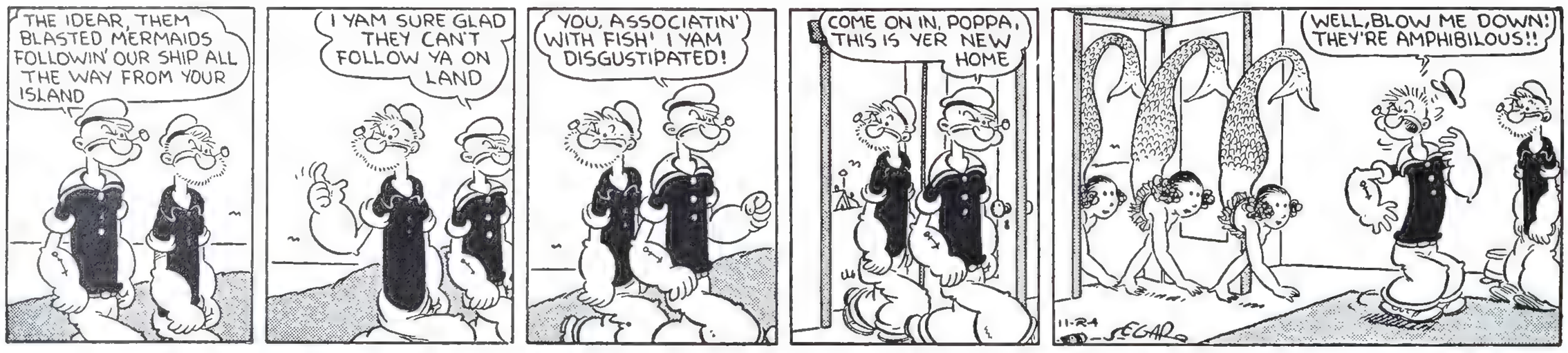

MY GORSH, BUT I FEELS DEJECTIPATED- HE SEZ I YAM STEALIN' HIM AWAY FROM HIS HOME
WELL, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING, ISN'T IT? AS MEAN AS HE IS, I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR HIM
I WONDER IF I'LL EVER SEE THEM OL' JAGGED ROCKS AGAIN AN' THEM SANDY BAYS WHERE I USTER SET AN' FISH AN' SMOKE ME PIPE- NO TROUBLE, NO WORRY, JUS' PEACE
11-18
IT'S GOIN' TO BE MIGHTY HARD TO CHANGE ME WAYS- I'M FEELIN' ALL SUNK DOWN IN ME CHEST- I'M AN OL' MAN
SNIFF
POOPDECK PAPPY, I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, I REALLY DO
GET OUT O'HERE, YE DERN OL' CIVILIZED SHEMALE- I DON'T WANT YER SYMPTHAPITTY
SMACK


WE LEFT THE ISLAND THREE WEEKS AGO. ISN'T THAT LAND AHEAD?
YEAH, IT'S OUR HOME PORT
CHEER UP, PAPPY— YOUR FRIENDS FOLLOWED YOU ALL THE WAY FROM YOUR ISLAND. GO AFT AND GIVE 'EM A HAIL
YA MEANS THEY SWUM ALL THE WAY BEHIND THIS SHIP?
AHOY! AHOY! AHOY!
HELLO, PAPPY!
YOO-HOO, PAPPY
EVER'BODY, GET INTO BOATS, WE'RE GOIN' ASHORE! WE'RE HOME!
WHAT THE HECK'S FOLLOWIN' US? DO YA SEE 'EM, OLIVE?
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING
ERF! ERF!
11-19

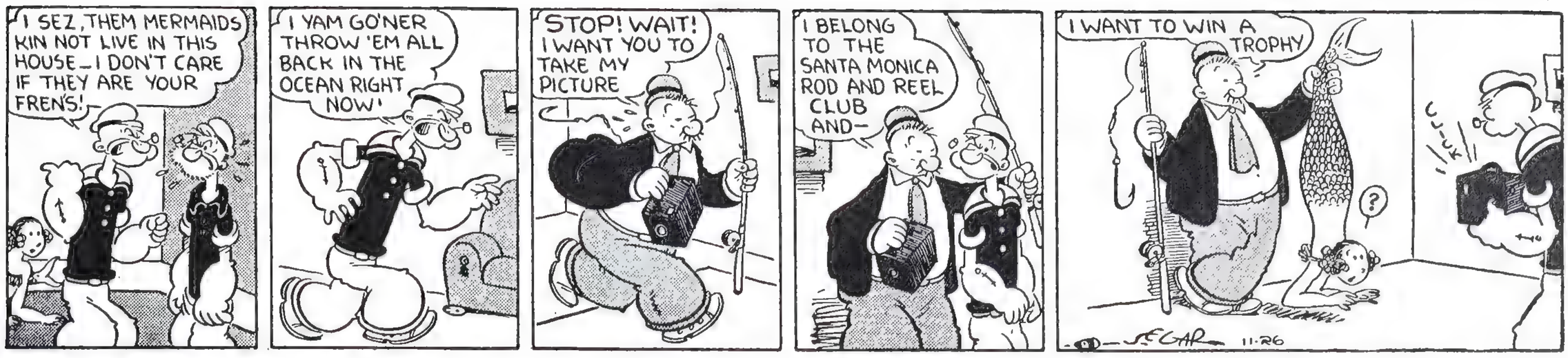

I'DA SWORE I SEEN SUMPIN' FOLLOWIN' OUR BOAT— LOOKED LIKE HOOMANS
I DON'T SEE A THING
ERF! ERF!
I SUSPOSE IT WAS JUS' 'MAGINATION— BRING THE LUGGAGE, TOAR
YOO-HOO!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, POOPDECK PAPPY?
11-20

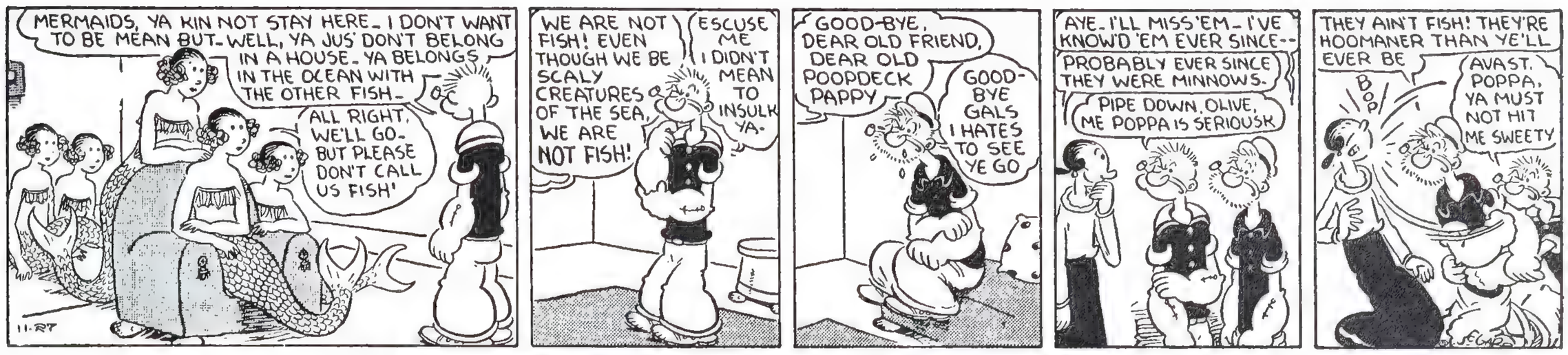

PAPPY, COME HERE. WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU
WE'LL SOON BE HOME AN' I GOT ME A POPPA— I AIN'T NO ORPHINK NO MORE
WHAT YE WANT, GALS?
AREN'T YOU EVER COMING BACK, PAPPY?
WHY DID YOU LEAVE, PAPPY?
AREN'T YOU EVER COMING BACK TO THE ISLAND?
WE'LL MISS YOU, POOPDECK PAPPY
11-21

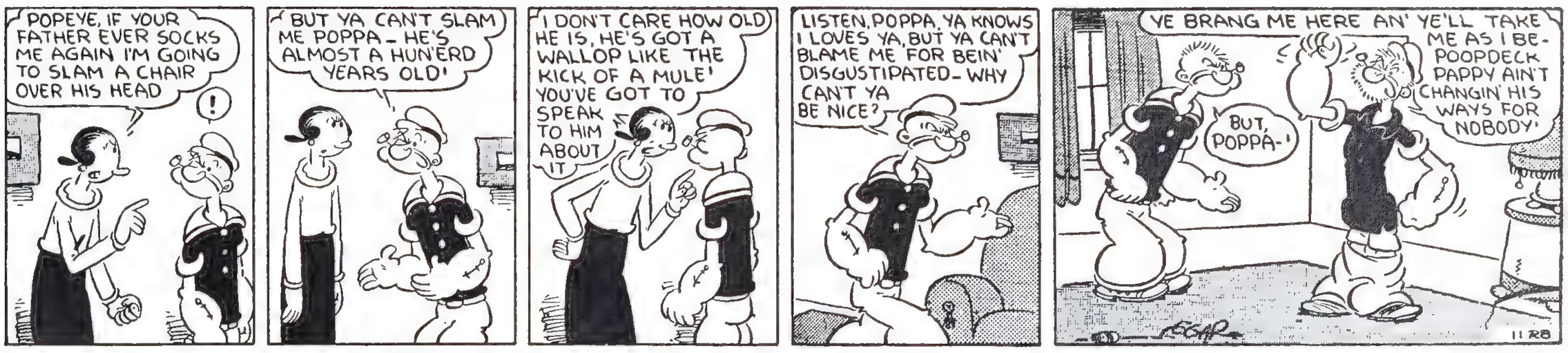

POPPA, COME ON HOME— SAY!! WHERE'D THEM MERMAIDS COME FROM?
THEY SWIMMED BEHIND YER SHIP ALL THE WAY FROM ME ISLAND— THEY'RE ME FREN'S
WELL TELL 'EM TO SWIM BACK— COME ON, POPPA, LE'S GET GOIN'
HMM— THEY MUST LIKE YA— WELL, I YAM GLAD THEY KIN NOT FOLLOW YA ON LAND
11-23


THE IDEAR, THEM BLASTED MERMAIDS FOLLOWIN' OUR SHIP ALL THE WAY FROM YOUR ISLAND
I YAM SURE GLAD THEY CAN'T FOLLOW YA ON LAND
YOU, ASSOCIATIN' WITH FISH! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED!
COME ON IN, POPPA, THIS IS YER NEW HOME
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THEY'RE AMPHIBILOUS!!
11-24


I DON'T CARE IF THEY ARE YER FREN'S— I SEZ THEM MERMAIDS AIN'T GONER STAY HERE
AN' I SEZ THEY ARE!
POOEY!
AN' BESIDES, MERMAIDS KIN NOT LIVE WITHOUT WATER
WELL, I GOT TO TAKE ME BATH AN' GET CLEANED UP
11-25



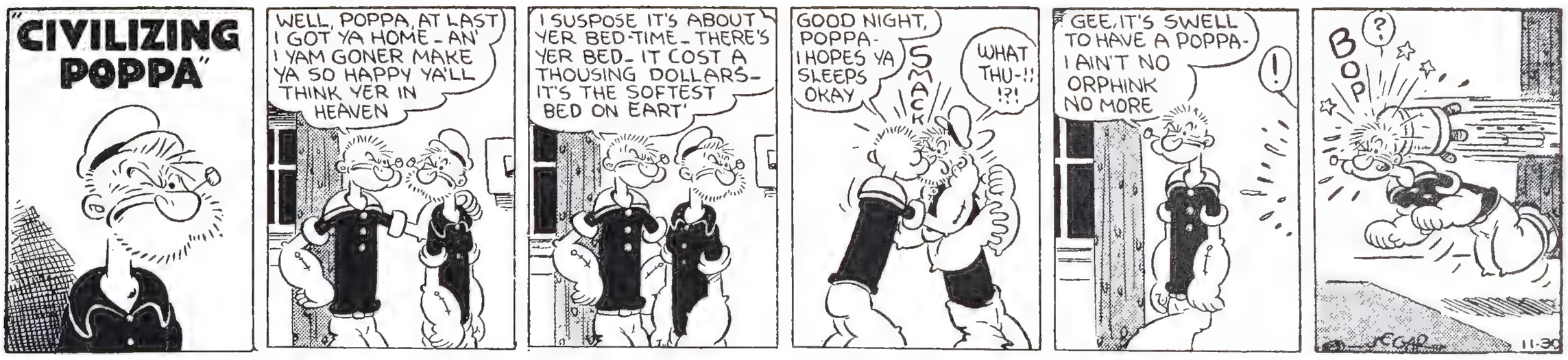


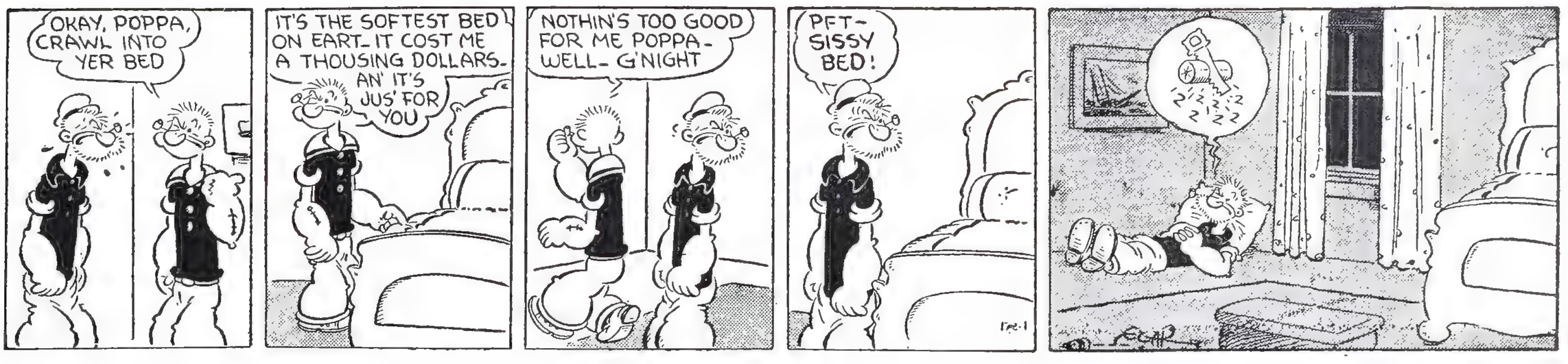




CHAPTER XIII:

CIVILIZING POPPA





GOOD MORNIN', POPPA- I HOPES YA SLEP' GOOD- BRE'KFAS' IS ALMOST READY- BETTER TAKE YER BATH

I TOOK A BATH.

OH, YA TOOK A BATH, EH?

YEAH, I TOOK A BATH-

FORTY YEARS AGO

FORTY YEARS AGO!

YEAH, FORTY YEARS AGO

I SWIMS IN THE OCEAN EVER' DAY AN' IF I AIN'T CLEAN ENOUGH FOR YE I'LL GO BACK TO ME ISLAND

NOW, POPPA, DON'T GET MAD

SLURP

POPPA, YA MUST NOT "SLUP" YER BRE'KFAS' FOOD- WHY, THA'S ARFUL

SLURP

SLURP

SLURP

YE GIVE ME HECK FOR "SLUPPIN" ME BRE'KFAS' FOOD AN' THEN YE MAKES A BIG "SLUP," YERSELF

YEAH, BUT YA'LL NOTICE THAT I SAID, "ESCUSE ME"

THAT MAKES IT OKAY THEN, HUH?

CERTINGLY!

WELL, WHY DIDN'T YE SAY SO ?!!

SLUP- ESCUSE ME -SLUP- ESCUSE ME- SLUP ESCUSE ME- SLUP ESCUSE ME!

?

I'M GLAD YOU'RE TRYING TO TEACH HIM THE WAYS OF CIVILIZED PEOPLE

OH, I'LL MAKE A GEN'LEMAN OUT OF HIM ALL RIGHT

A COURSE, IT MAY TAKE A LONG TIME

I FIGGERS THE MAIN THING FOR ME TO LEARN HIM IS GOOD GRAMMAR

SPEAKIN' THE ENGLISH LANKWITCH CORRECKLY IS HARD FOR HIM- BUT I'LL LEARN HIM - YEAH- HE HAS DIFFICULTNY TRYIN' TO PERNOUNSK WORDS WITH MORE'N THREE SYLLILABLES- I SUSPOSE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S BEEN LIVIN' LIKE A HERMICK SO LONG

I'LL BET POPEYE NEVER THOUGHT TO ASK HIS POPPA ABOUT HIS NAME

SAY, WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR DAD WHAT YOUR REAL NAME IS?

I NEVER ONC'T THOUGHT OF IT- AT LAST AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I'LL KNOW ME REAL NAME!

SORRY, SON, BUT I FORGOT YER FIRST NAME LONG AGO

WELL, WHA'S OUR FAMILY NAME?

I SEZ, WHA'S OUR FAMILY NAME ?

GEE, I DON'T KNOW. I AIN'T HEARD IT FOR SO LONG I CLEAN FORGOT

I AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' BUT POOPDECK PAPPY FOR FORTY YEARS- WHY BOTHER ABOUT SUCHA TRIFLE, ANYHOW ?

HE SEEMS TO THINK A WHOLE LOT OF ME- HE'S A PERTY SWELL SWAB, TOO, AT THAT

I AIN'T TREATED HIM VERY GOOD SINCE HE FOUND ME - I BET HE THINKS I BE A MIGHTY MEAN OL' MAN- HMM- AYE, I ALWAYS BEEN A HARD MAN

I HAD TO BE HARD TO LIVE THE LIFE I LIVED- I MUST'A LOST ALL ME FATHER INSTINK- GUESS THEY AIN'T NO SENSE IN BEIN' MEAN TO HIM- ME ONLY SON

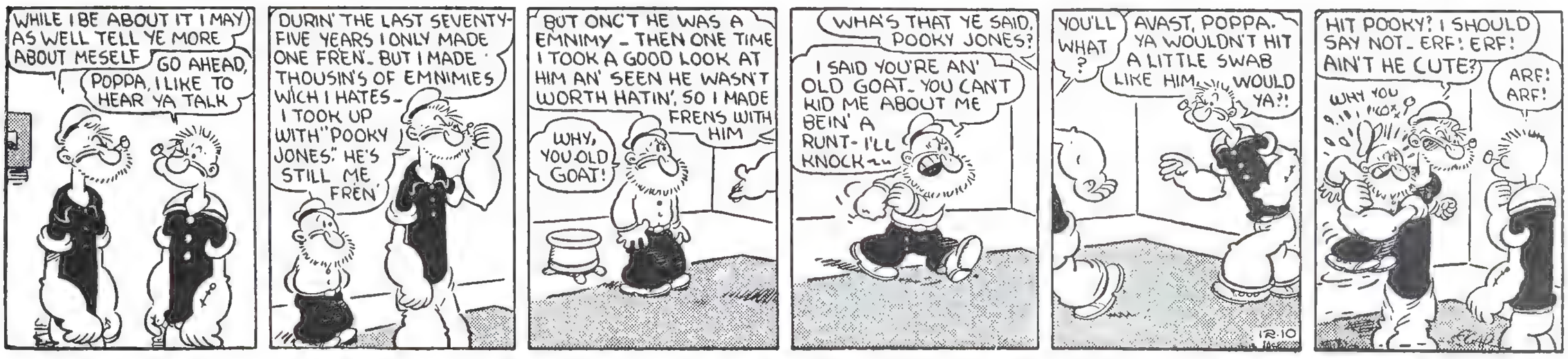
HE NEVER HAD NOBODY TO TELL HIM NOTHIN'- HAD TO MAKE HIS OWN WAY EVER SINCE HE WAS TWO YEARS OLD- —— AN' HE WAS A DARN CUTE BABY!

AHOY, SON, I WANTS TO TELL YE THAT I BE GLAD YE FOUND ME— I'LL BE A FATHER TO YE FROM NOW ON-

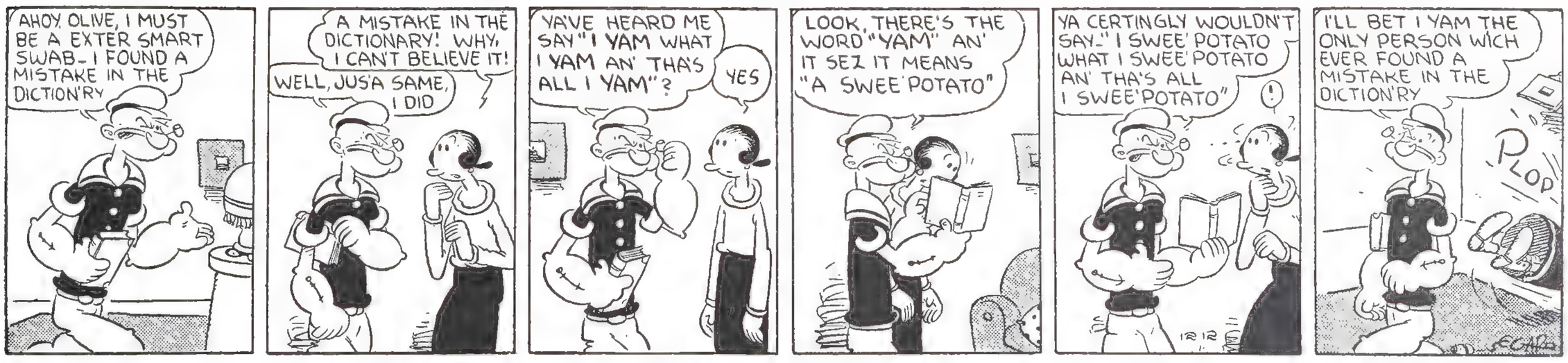
SHAKE - YEAH, POOPDECK PAPPY IS GETTIN' SOFT- I KIN NOT HOLD OUT NO LONGER- I LOVES YE, SON

MY GORSH, POPPA, REALLY ?!!







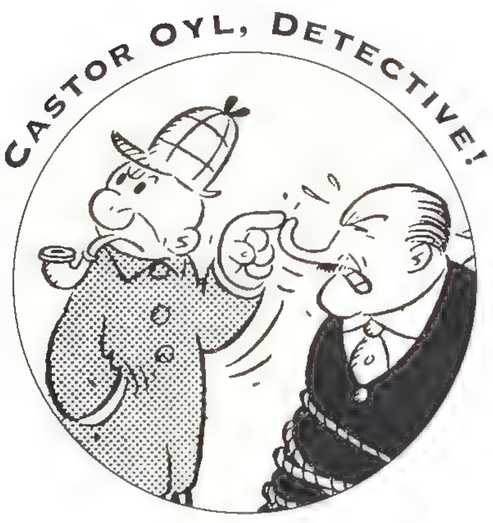


IN OUR FINAL VOLUME

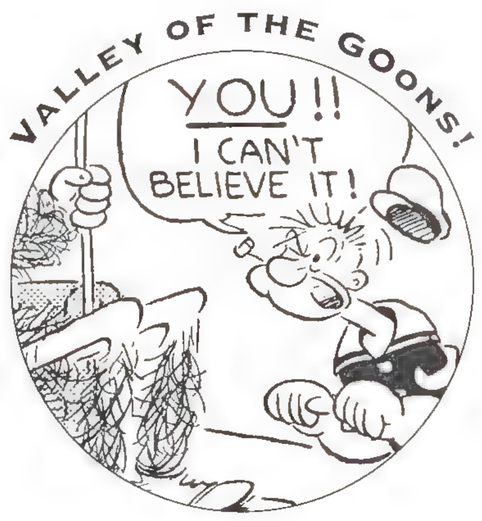
AVAILABLE FOR CHRISTMAS 2011



A shape-shifting Sea Hag stars in one of the strip's greatest... uh... *romances*?



Thimble Theatre's original hero returns, to help solve the case of "Plastic Pan"!

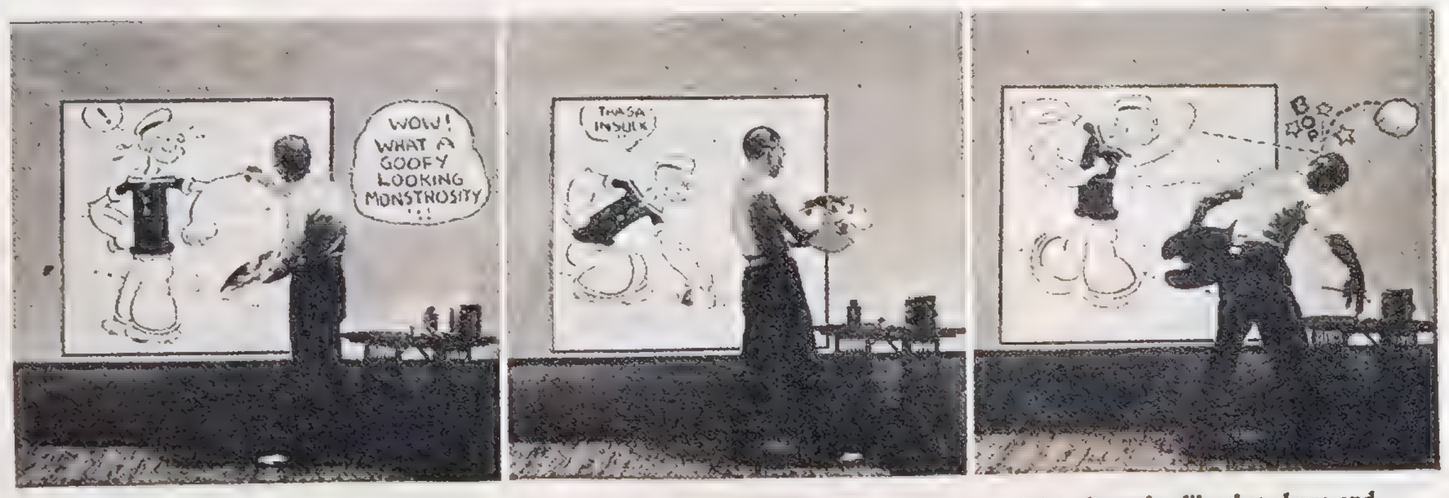


Seeking an audience with the Goons' leader on Wimpy's behalf, Popeye gets a surprise!



An epic six-month Sunday sequence featuring Sappo, Myrtle and Wotasnozzle!

PLUS MUCH MORE, including Segar's little-seen "offiskal" Popeye biography and Richard Marschall's concluding thoughts on the place of Popeye and Segar in comics (as well as fiction and popular culture) history.



Trick photography made possible the typical Popeye comic sequence shown in this photo-cartoon strip, posed by Popeye and his creator, E. C. Segar.

Ideas for strips like that above and to the right are frequently born in the home workshop where Segar gets inspiration for his comic characters.

Segar's HOBBIES PUT





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Circumstances kept Segar from a seafaring life; but he finds an outlet in Popeye's seagoing adventures.

"When ideas are slow in coming," says Popeye's creator, E. C. Segar, "I sneak out to my shop and stir up some sawdust. Hitting my thumb with a hammer nearly always results in a new thought for Popeye."

Photo shows Segar with the boat he built from his own plans in his well equipped home workshop.

by PAUL W. GARTNER

POPEYE, the Sailorman, the swaggering, two-fisted comic character who has endeared himself to millions of newspaper readers, has been deceiving his public.

For Popeye, who is known for his feats of physical strength, attributes his amazing "vitaliky" to the eating of spinach, whereas his real strength lies in another direction —in the workshop and sporting hobbies of E. C. Segar, his creator.

Many of Popeye's antics grow in a natural way, it is true, while Segar is poring over a drawing board; but an even greater percentage of his adventures owe their inspiration to the artist's outside diversions. Upland shooting, sailing, deep sea fishing and home craftsmanship—these are the hobbies that put the punch in Popeye. For while Segar's hands are busy with tools or sporting equipment his mind, freed of shop pressure, conceives many of the gags and situations which have made Popeye a national figure.

"When ideas are slow in coming and the drawing board doesn't feel comfortable," says Segar, "I sneak out to my workshop and stir up a little sawdust. Hitting my thumb with a hammer nearly always results in a new thought for Popeye. In fact, the idea of the character, Wimpy, came while I was laying the keel for a boat."

Segar's cartoonist career has always been associated with things of a mechanical or creative nature. Intensely interested in producing or reproducing pictures, he began



Punch in POPEYE Comics



Skeet shooting is one of Segar's favorite sports. Right—the shop in which many of his Popeye ideas are born.

Above—A cabinet-table built and carved by Segar.

to draw when he was ten years old. Immediately his inventive mind began to cast about for some means of making his new hobby, drawing, a more simple process. As a result, by the time he was 13 he had perfected a device which should appeal, even today, to persons of similar inclinations. Segar tells the story of one of his first ventures in home craftsmanship as follows:

"Although I had not yet thought of cartooning, I wanted to draw. To that end I built a box approximately 12 inches square. In one end I fitted a sliding lens from an old magic lantern. Inside the box was a mirror fixed to receive images coming through

Artist's Fishing and Sailing Hobbies Inspire Popeye's Comic Antics



Not to be outdone by his master, shown at left with a 525-pound sea bass, Popeye proudly displays his catch. This trick photo was made with Segar's all-purpose camera. Plans in MM, Jan., '34.

the lens and reflect them upward at a right angle. On top of the box I then fixed a sliding ground glass upon which the image could be focused. It was much like the finders on some cameras, although much larger. After I had the image of what I wanted to sketch in focus, I slipped the ground glass out and in its place put a clear glass over which was a piece of semi-transparent paper. The image showed quite clearly through the paper and I could readily make my sketch."

Another similar box with this same lens became Segar's first camera. Photography has remained a hobby with him to this day. He has built a number of special and trick cameras, photo printers and enlargers. His outstanding achievement along this line has been his all-purpose camera which requires no film, the plans and a description of which appeared in MODERN MECHANIX AND INVENTIONS, January, 1934. With this machine exposures are made onto sensi-

(Continued on page 122)

Like his famous comic character, Popeye, E. C. Segar is an ardent sailor. His seagoing jaunts provide local color for his cartoons.

Segar's Hobbies Put Punch in Popeye

(Continued from page 46)

tized paper, instead of film, and prints are made by reflection. Many of the trick photographs accompanying this article were produced with this all-purpose camera.

Like most men who build things at home, Segar is an outdoorsman. And when inspiration fails him in the shop, he goes afield, seeking new ideas. He knows the warm satisfaction of wrapping his own fishing rod, as well as the thrill of feeling it bound and quiver to the acrobatics of a finny battler. He also likes to experiment with lures. Once in quest of salt water fish he made some jigs (artificial ocean baits) out of table silverware, simply by attaching a treble hook to the business end and a short wire leader to the handle of each implement. Barracuda and mackerel struck and were taken on the knife, the spoon, and even the fork.

Uses Sports to Speed Production

The cartoonist is also an outstanding wing shot, his enthusiasm lying with the smaller upland birds, such as quail and doves. His rise as a "skeet" shooter has been almost phenomenal. Within a month after his initial attempt at the elusive clay targets he was breaking straight "25's" with regularity. "I use sports as a whip for my work," Segar explains. "I know I can't go shooting or fishing unless I turn out my quota of daily strips and Sunday pages."

Segar has always had a great love for boats and the water. This is largely the reason why his most important original characters, namely "Caster Oyl" and "Popeye," were men of the sea. "Had my boyhood dreams shaped themselves," he says, "I might have gone to sea myself. But circumstances prevented such a career, and now I simply build my own boats and send Popeye out to do the far-away adventuring for my family.

"I was about 15 when I built my first boat out of odd bits of lumber. With it I intended to cruise the Mississippi. But the launching was heart-breaking. When I first shoved off the boat capsized. I soon found, however, that I could navigate after a fashion if I placed a big boulder in the center. This served until one day I hooked a big catfish, tipped over, and lost my precious rock. I was too far from shore to tow it back by swimming, so my first boat drifted on down the Mississippi, while I swam to shore. I felt that I had lost my best friend."

Segar's "Auto Boat"

That crude boat was a far cry from the trim little "auto-boat" which Segar has just completed. And since this feather-weight, easily-portable boat is of original design, a brief description might be of interest. The "auto-boat" is 12 feet long, with a 35-inch beam and a 28-inch stern. The depth is 12 inches at the stern and beam, but slopes to 17 inches at the bow. It has 10 one-inch square spruce ribs. The floor and sides are ¼-inch spruce covered with canvas. The stern is one-inch spruce. Complete with floor boards, canvas, and paint the craft weighs exactly 57 pounds. It is distinctly a one-man boat but will readily carry two persons on quiet water. As the name indicates, the craft is made expressly for transporting on the top of an automobile.

Segar has also built numerous radios and other electrical novelties. He frequently experiments with electrical and mechanical, and with electrical and photographic combinations.

The cartoonist's home is a monument to his originality as a builder. He designed the house and did much of the interior finishing with his own hands. Some of the furniture, too, is the result of his own handiwork. The house has one outstanding feature, in particular, which should appeal to all men. While it is two stories in height, all of the usual rooms of a home, seven in number, are downstairs. The entire upstairs is mainly one large club room, approximately 45 feet by 40 feet in size. In one corner is a study where the cartoonist does most of his work. Another section has been apportioned off as a photographic and painting studio, next to which is a dark room. In the main lounging area are pool and billiard tables which not infrequently serve as work benches in an emergency!

MY GOSH!! LISTEN TO THIS! "BIG GOLD STRIKE AT SLITHER CREEK- GOLD LYING AROUND EVERYWHERE"

BLOW ME DOWN! LE'S GO! I CRAVES EXCITEMENT AN' WE KIN USE SOME GOLD!

WANT TO GO ALONG, BROTHER?

BETTER GO WITH US, CASTOR?

SURE! I'LL GO!

I'D LIKE TO GO GOLD-PICKING, MYSELF

OKAY, WIMPY, I'LL TAKE YA- IT MAY MAKE A MAN OF YA

AN' I YAM GO'NER TAKE SWEE'PEA, ME ADOPTED BABY KID, TOO- THE SUNSHINE AN' FRESH AIR WILL MAKE HIM EXTER HEAL'TY

YOU'LL NOT LEAVE THIS ROOM TILL YOU PAY YOUR ROOM RENT!

BUT, MY DEAR LADY, THE REASON I WANT TO GO GOLD-PICKING IS BECAUSE I WISH TO GATHER SOME GOLD TO PAY YOU

I'LL PICK A LOT OF GOLD AND I'LL GIVE IT ALL TO YOU- MAY I LEAVE THE ROOM?

YOU'LL NOT LEAVE THIS ROOM TILL YOU PAY YOUR RENT!!

WHA'S KEEPIN' WIMPY? WE'RE ALL SET TO START AN' HE AIN'T HERE

AW, YOU CAN'T DEPEND ON THAT SAP!

MAY I LEAVE THE ROOM, PLEASE?

NO!

I'LL ADMIT THAT I OWE YOU MONEY, BUT I WANT YOU TO PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T HOLD MY TRUNK

SO?

OH, SO YOU'VE GOT VALUABLE THINGS IN THIS TRUNK?! H-M-M-WELL, YOU MAY GO, BUT YOUR TRUNK STAYS

I'LL WAIT THREE DAYS TILL I'M SURE HE'S FAR AWAY THEN I'LL BUST IT OPEN- HE CAN'T GYP ME- I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS A LONG TIME

TO SLITHER CREEK

OLIVE OYL

SWEE PEA

BLESS MY SOUL! WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!!

NOW I'LL BUST OPEN HIS TRUNK AND SELL WHATEVER IS IN IT

PLOP

BILL

EGAR

4-14

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IT'S A GOOFY STUNT YOU'RE PULLING, MRS. SAPPO- BUT IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS

SAPPO

BY EGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

I'VE GOT IT ALL PLANNED- JOHN WILL GET A DIVORCE AFTER THE WAY I BEAT HIM UP AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT

SO NOW GET BUSY AND MAKE ME THIN

MAKE ME SO THIN HE WON'T KNOW ME! OF COURSE, I'LL BE BEAUTIFUL WHEN I'M REDUCED- AND HE'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME-

HEH! HEH!

POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB

HERE'S A LETTER FROM A MOTHER- SHE SEZ HER BOY NEARLY GOT DROWN'D ON ACCOUNT OF HE SWIMMED OUT TOO FAR- H-M-M- THA'S ARFUL

HELP! HELP!

AND HE'LL PROPOSE AND WE'LL BE MARRIED AGAIN- WON'T THAT BE ROMANTIC?!

A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR A BIT OF ROMANCE- WELL, COME ON- MY REDUCING-MACHINE IS READY

REMEMBER, I WANT TO BE REAL THIN!

OKAY- LET ME SHUT THE DOOR

YOU'LL HAVE TO STAND IT, MRS. SAPPO!

OUW

JUST TEN MORE MINUTES

OUW, LET ME OUT

OKAY

YEOW!

R-R-R

HELP

BAM

WELL- HOW DO I LOOK?

OH, MY GOSH! ER-UGH- YOU LOOK SWELL-

CONTINUED

EVERY YEAR A GOOD MANY KIDS GETS DROWN'D- AN' MOSTLY BECAUSE THEY SWIMS OUT TOO FAR- IT'S OKAY GOIN' OUT, BUT REMEMBER YA GOT TO SWIM BACK- YA KIN HAVE JUS' AS MUCH FUN NEAR SHORE — JUS' IMAGINE BEIN' IN DEEP WATER AN' OUT OF BREATH- YA STICKS YER TOE DOWN TRYIN' TO REACH BOTTOM AN' THEY AIN'T NO BOTTOM — 'SA ARFUL FEELIN' — HERS TRULIE POPEYE

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LE'S STOP HERE AN' EAT LUNCH! JUS' A FEW BITES

WE'VE ONLY ONE SANDWICH APIECE LEFT-WE'D BETTER EAT A FEW NIBBLES

TO SLITHER CREEK BIG GOLD STRIKE

I'M A GOLD-MINER FROM SLITHER CREEK! I'M LOOKING FOR FOOD AND I'M TAKING YOURS!

YER LOOKIN' FOR A SMACK IN THE MUSH- AN' THA'S WHAT YA GOT!!

LISTEN, EVER'BODY- HANG ONTO YER FOOD THEY'S A SHORTAGE AROUND HERE!

STRANGER, I'VE GOT TO HAVE FOOD-I'LL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD FOR YOUR SANDWICH

OH, MY, YES! THANK YOU TOO MUCH!

GOLD

-AND SO I TOOK THE TEN THOUSAND AND NOW I'M RICH

YA BIG SAP!! YA KIN NOT EAT GOLD!

GOLD

POPEYE, MY FRIEND, MAY I BORROW A BITE OF YOUR SANDWICH?

I SEZ YA CAN'T

GOLD

SWEE'PEA'S MILK

OLD PAL OF MINE, I'LL GIVE YOU HALF MY GOLD FOR A SMALL BITE OF YOUR SANDWICH

NO! I TOLD YA TO HANG ONTO YER FOOD

GOLD

THEN ALL OF IT FOR A MERE CRUMB OF THE CRUST

NIX

GOLD

TAKE GOOD CARE OF SWEE'PEA, WIMPY

I WILL, MISS OYL - I MOST CERTAINLY WILL

MILK

WIMPY MUST BE A PRETTY GOOD FELLOW. AFTER ALL- EVERY TIME WE MAKE CAMP HE WALKS WITH SWEE'PEA

THA'S RIGHT, HE DOES

ANYBODY WICH IS KIND TO KIDS IS OKAY- HE MUST HAVE A BIG HEART

I'LL FIND HIM AN' GIVE HIM HALF OF WHAT'S LEFT OF MY SANWICH

BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM BEGINNIN' TO LIKE OL' WIMPY

YOU'LL BE PRESIDENT SOMEDAY AH, YES! A FINE-FINE BABY!!

PAT PAT

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CRUNCH

CRUNCH

4·21

EGAR

APPO

BY EGAR

LOOKS TO ME LIKE I MADE HER TOO THIN!

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR FIGURE, MRS. SAPPO OR DID I MAKE YOU TOO THIN?

I CAN'T TELL TILL I DRESS

GOOD NIGHT! CAN YOU BEAT A DAME LIKE HER! SHE CAUSED SAPPO TO GET A DIVORCE JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ROMANCE - WANTS TO WIN HIS HEART AGAIN - WELL - I MADE HER SO SKINNY HE WON'T KNOW HER - HAW!

POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB

AHOY, PALS, AT LEAST TWEN'Y KIDS HAVE WROTE IN IDEAS SAYIN' NOT TO KILL BIRDS - THEY SEZ IF YA KILLS THE MAMA BIRD WICH HAS A NEST HER INFINK BIRDS WILL STARVE - AN' THA'S TRUE

I'M ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR - I THINK I'M VERY ATTRACTIVE

HELLO, SAPPO

WELL, PROFESSOR, I GOT A DIVORCE - I'M A FREE MAN

THERE'S SOMEONE HERE I WANT YOU TO MEET

WHERE'S MAMA?

WE'RE HUNGRY

4·21

HAW! HAW! LOOK AT THE CLOTHES POLE - OR IS IT AN EEL? WHO IS SHE? HA! HA! HA!

HAW!!

HAW!

HAW!

!

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YERS TRULIE- POPEYE

WE SHOULDN'T WALK AWAY AND LEAVE WIMPY-HE MAY GET DESERT MADNESS
TO HECK WITH HIM! HE STOLE MILK FROM SWEE'PEA
TO SLITHER CREEK - BIG GOLD STRIKE
WELL, IF HE GETS DESERT MADNESS HE'LL BE OUT OF LUCK - HE'D GO GOOFY
FOOD! FOOD! I MUST HAVE FOOD!
BUT THERE IS NO FOOD!
WHAT! NO FOOD?
YES, NO FOOD!
HEAVENS! DON'T SAY THAT!
WHAT BECAME OF THAT ROAST DUCK?
THERE IS NO MORE
I SEE IT ALL NOW! THERE'S GRAVY ON YOUR CHIN - YOU ATE THAT DUCK
AH! A RESTAURANT! SAVED!
I'LL HAVE SIX HAMBURGERS - WHAT! NO HAMBURGERS?!
I SAW YOU GO TO THE MEAT MARKET - YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME!
AND WITH MY OWN EYES I SAW YOU BUY FORTY POUNDS OF HAMBURGER - YOU HAVE IT IN YOUR ICE-BOX I'M CERTAIN
SEE HERE, MY MAN, ARE YOU TRYING TO BAMBOOZLE ME? HAVE A CARE, I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
HAH!!! SO YOU ADMIT YOU'VE GOT HAMBURGERS IN THE ICE BOX? HAH!! SO!!
AND NOW, MY GOOD FELLOW, FRY FOR ME IMMEDIATELY TWO DOZEN
TWO DOZEN FULL-SIZED HAMBURGERS
OH, HAPPY DAYS - 99 99 YES, PLEASE PICKLE AND ONION - TRA LA-LA-LA- I'LL PAY YOU TUESDAY
TRA-LA-LA-LA-LA-9
WHAT!! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY CREDIT ISN'T GOOD?
NO CREDIT
NO CREDIT
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4·28

SAPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
MAYBE YOU'LL LOSE HIM - SUPPOSE HE DOESN'T FALL FOR YOU!
REMEMBER, IT WAS YOUR IDEA - I MADE YOU THIN SO HE WOULDN'T KNOW YOU - YOU WANTED ME TO
YOU CAUSED HIM TO GET A DIVORCE SO YOU COULD HAVE THE FUN OF WINNING HIM BACK
OH, WON'T IT BE ROMANTIC WINNING HIM BACK?
AW, BULLONY
AND I WILL WIN HIM BACK TOO - HE'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH MY SLENDER ATTRACTIVE FIGURE
MRS. SAPPO - COME LOOK QUICK - SAPPO'S OUT WALKING WITH A LADY!
HEAVENS! MY JOHN WITH ANOTHER WOMAN
YEAH - I LIKE FAT WOMEN
4-28
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POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB

WE KIN NOT PRINT ALL OF THE HUNNERDS OF CARTOONS YOU KIDS SEND TO ME, BUT I GETS A BIG KICK OUTTA LOOKIN' AT 'EM

DON'T SWIM UNLESS YOU KNOW HOW

BY MARGARET STRATTON AGE "9" CONCORD DEPOT, VIRGINIA

DON'T SHOOT IT MAY BE LOADED

TOO LATE

--BANG--

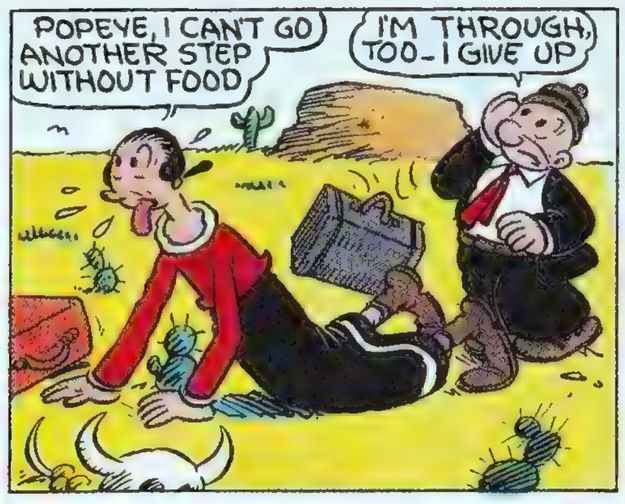
"DON'T PLAY WITH GUNS" BY BEATRICE BLINT MORRISVILLE, PA.

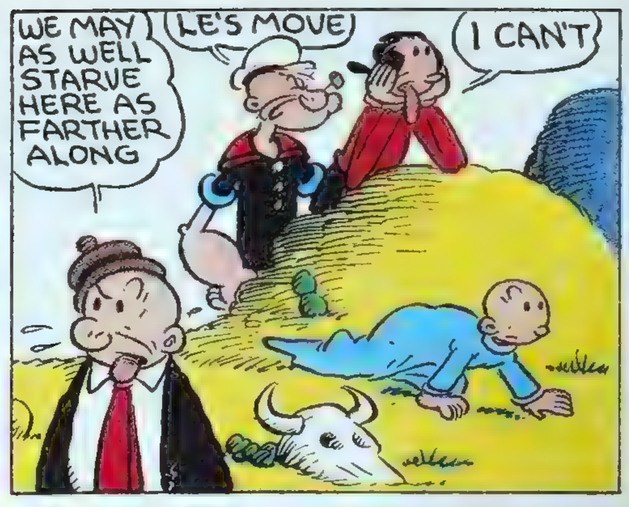
NEVER GO OUT IN WATER TOO DEEP - BY DOUGLAS KENNEDY

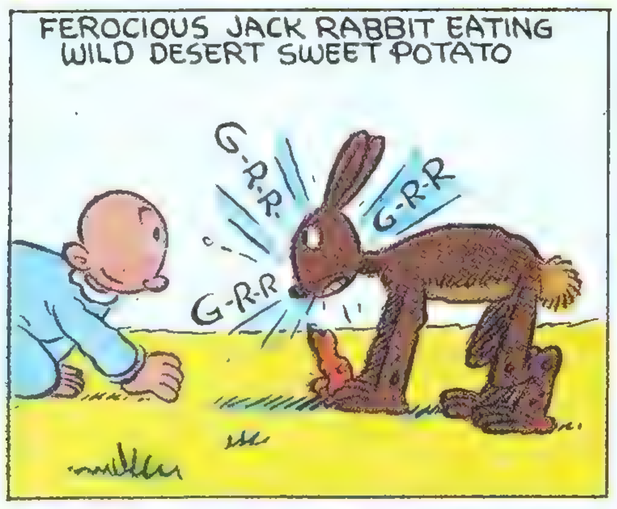
THAMESVILLE, ONT., CANADA


TO SLITHER CREEK BIG GOLD STRIKE
WE'LL PROBALLY ALL STARVE— WE AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO FOOD LEFT

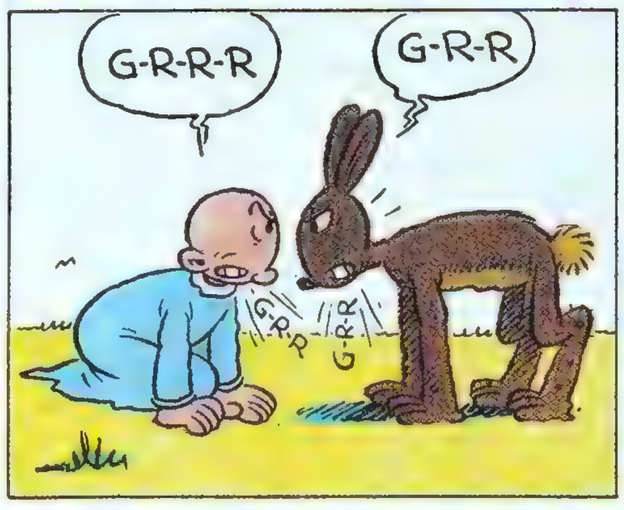

'SA GOOD THING I BRANG PLENY OF CANNED MILK AN' SPINACH FOR SWEE'PEA
I'M SO WEAK FROM HUNGER I CAN'T GO MUCH FARTHER


POPEYE, I CAN'T GO ANOTHER STEP WITHOUT FOOD
I'M THROUGH, TOO - I GIVE UP


WE MAY AS WELL STARVE HERE AS FARTHER ALONG
LE'S MOVE
I CAN'T


FEROCIOUS JACK RABBIT EATING WILD DESERT SWEET POTATO
G-R-R
G-R-R
G-R-R


WHOP
G-R-R


G-R-R-R
G-R-R
G-R-R
G-R-R

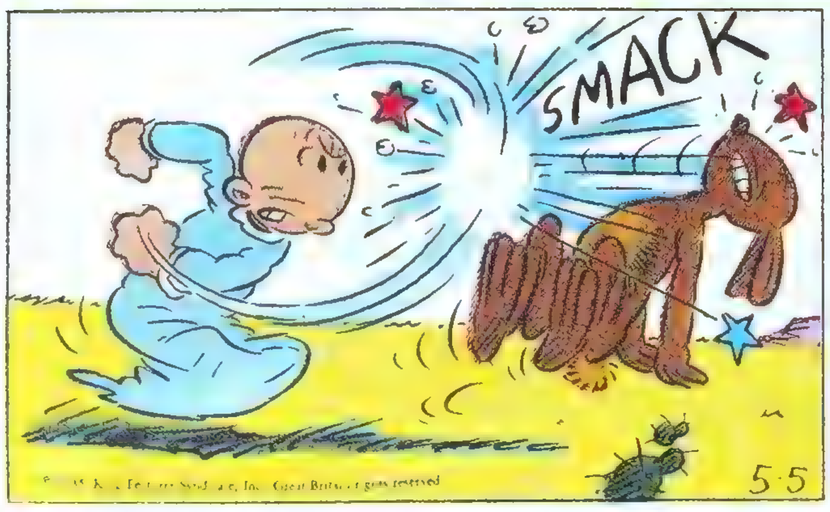

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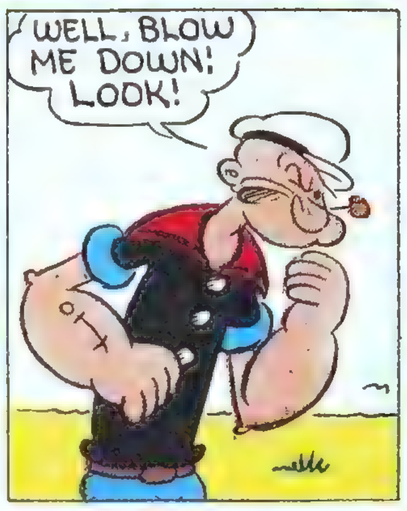

SURRUH


WHAM

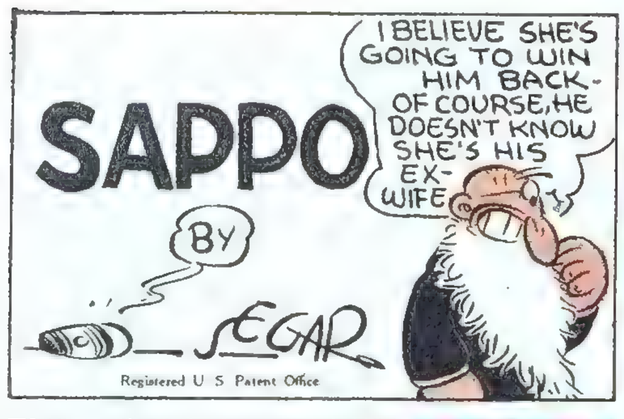



BOP


SMACK
5·5

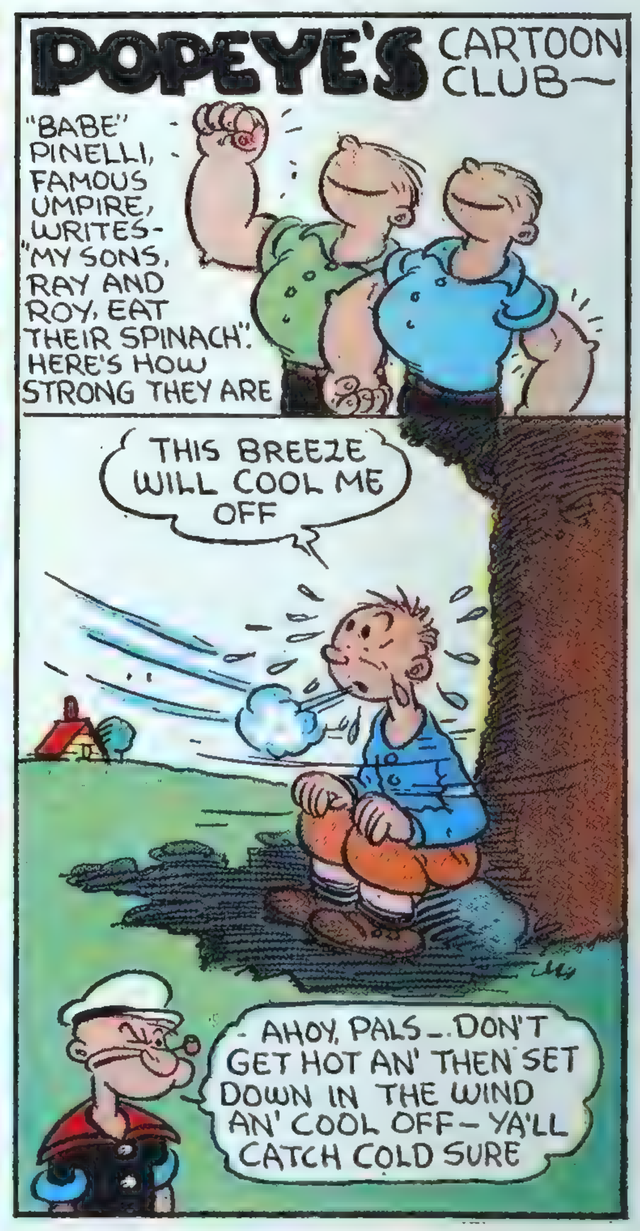

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! LOOK!

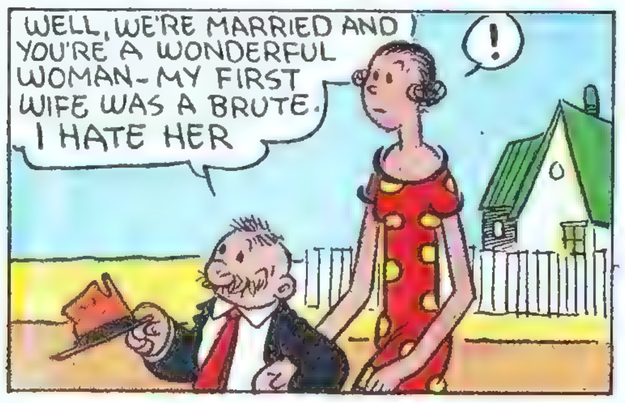

HOO-RAY! WE EAT!
SWEE'PEA, YA SAVED OUR LIVES
SKIXPZLOPX !!!
MEANING- "I EATS ME SPINACH
SEGAR

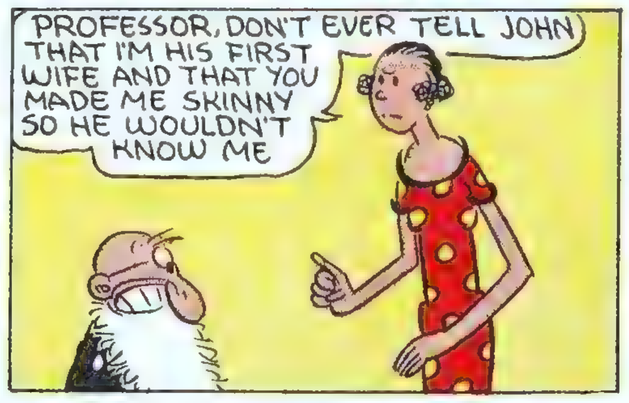

SAPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I BELIEVE SHE'S GOING TO WIN HIM BACK- OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T KNOW SHE'S HIS EX- WIFE

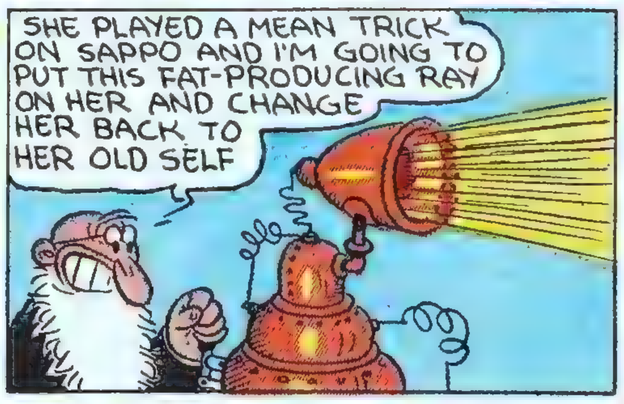

YOU'RE A DARLING, MR. SAPPO.
CALL ME JOHN, HONEY, SAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JONES- I'M ONE OF THE JONES GIRLS

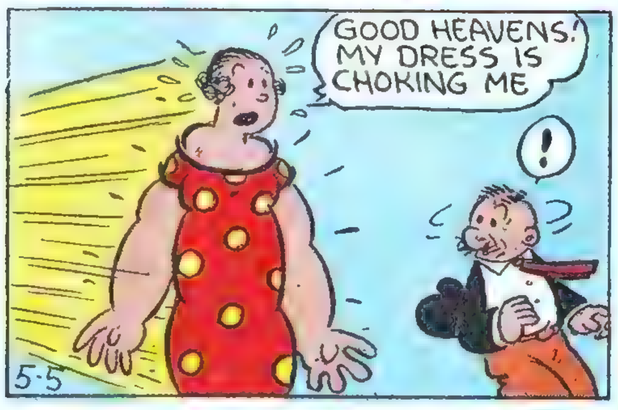

MISS JONES AND I LOVE EACH OTHER, SO WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED RIGHT NOW
HEH! HEH!

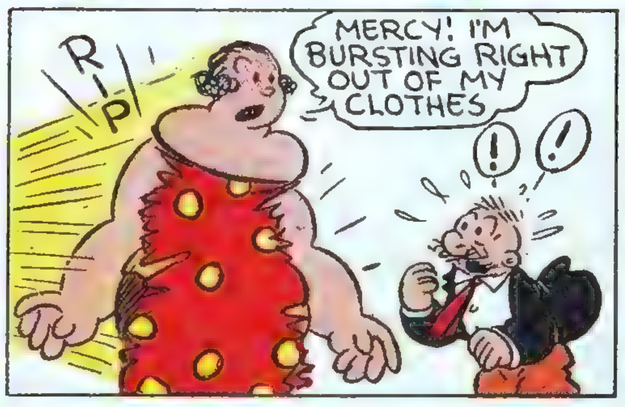

POPEYE'S CARTOON CLUB—
"BABE" PINELLI, FAMOUS UMPIRE, WRITES- "MY SONS, RAY AND ROY, EAT THEIR SPINACH". HERE'S HOW STRONG THEY ARE
THIS BREEZE WILL COOL ME OFF
AHOY, PALS—DON'T GET HOT AN' THEN SET DOWN IN THE WIND AN' COOL OFF— YA'LL CATCH COLD SURE


WELL, WE'RE MARRIED AND YOU'RE A WONDERFUL WOMAN- MY FIRST WIFE WAS A BRUTE. I HATE HER


PROFESSOR, DON'T EVER TELL JOHN THAT I'M HIS FIRST WIFE AND THAT YOU MADE ME SKINNY SO HE WOULDN'T KNOW ME


SHE PLAYED A MEAN TRICK ON SAPPO AND I'M GOING TO PUT THIS FAT-PRODUCING RAY ON HER AND CHANGE HER BACK TO HER OLD SELF


GOOD HEAVENS! MY DRESS IS CHOKING ME
5·5


R I P
MERCY! I'M BURSTING RIGHT OUT OF MY CLOTHES


HEH! HEH!
MYRTLE! MY FIRST WIFE
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I'LL BET POOR WIMPY HAS DESERT MADNESS— PROBABLY RAVING AROUND SAYING POETRY. THEY ALWAYS DO WHEN THEY GET DESERT MADNESS

OH, FLOWER OF DEATH, SO FRAIL, SO RED, GROWING FROM A THING SO DEAD— EVEN AS I— WILL BE QUITE SOON, MERELY BONES 'NEATH SUN AND MOON—

OH, LIFE— OH, DEATH— SO CLOSE AKIN, BUT DEATH CAN'T LOSE— LIFE CAN'T WIN— FOR DEATH IS SURE— BUT LIFE— AH, WELL 'TIS NOT FOR ME TO BREAK THE SPELL, THAT BINDS ALL THINGS IN A MIGHTY PLAN. THAT CAN'T BE CHANGED BY LAWS OF MAN

THAT CAN'T BE ALTERED BY HUMAN TRICKS, OR E'EN BE TILTED BY POLITICS— FATE ALONE CAN PULL THE STRINGS THAT CONTROL ALL HUMAN AND EARTHLY THINGS

IT IS JUST SO, AND SO 'TWILL BE, TILL THE VERY END OF ETERNITY— SO I CAST MY LOT ALONG WITH MY KIND AND THERE'LL BE NOBODY ABOVE TO REMIND— TO REMIND THE GATE-KEEPER AN' PASS THE TIP THAT J.W. WIMPY WAS ONLY A GYP

BUT— SHALL YOU LIVE ON? YOU— JUST A WEED!— TO SCATTER FORTH YOUR WORTHLESS SEED— WHILE I, CREATION'S THING SUPREME, PASS ON TO FURTHER NATURE'S SCHEME?

NAY! NAY! NOT SO! I'LL TURN ABOUT, I'M FATE TO-DAY, YOU LOWLY SPROUT— I'LL PULL YOU UP, YOU LITTLE CUSS— HAH! DUST TO DUST THE EACH OF US!

OH, DESERT DAISY, SO PURE, SO SWEET, YOU GREW FROM SOIL THAT ONCE WAS MEAT— AYE, MEAT OF MY CHOICE YOU CHOSE FOR FOOD, OH, WHY?— WHY HAVE I BEEN SO RUDE?

WE BOTH CRAVE BEEF, WE'RE UNLIKE THE OTHERS— WE'RE KINDRED SOULS, WE MAY BE BROTHERS— BUT I'VE KILLED YOU, MY FLOWER SO BRIGHT, PLUCKED YOU FROM YOUR HOME SO WHITE

SORROW STILLS MY DESERT MADNESS WILD EMOTIONS TURN TO SADNESS— BUT IN MY BRAIN THERE IS NO LULL, FOR I PICKED YOU FROM YOUR DESERT SKULL—

A SKULL YOUR THRONE, WHEREUPON YOU SAT— AND THE SKULL OF A COW AT THAT, AT THAT— AND THE SKULL OF A LOVELY COW AT THAT

AND THE SKULL OF A LOVELY COW AT THAT — PLOP

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5-12 SEGAR

SADDO

BY SEGAR

DON'T GET SORE AT ME, SAPPO— SHE MADE ME DO IT

SHE CAUSED YOU TO GET A DIVORCE SO THAT SHE COULD HAVE THE FUN OF WINNING YOU BACK

WOTASNOZZLE MADE HER SKINNY SO I WOULDN'T KNOW HER AND I MARRIED HER AGAIN— THEN HE MADE HER TURN BACK TO HER OLD SELF

YOU'VE GOT TO DO ME A FAVOR— GIVE HER SOMETHING THAT WILL CAUSE HER TO SHRINK TO MY SIZE

WHEN HE MAKES HER SMALL SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO BEAT ME UP— H-M-M— I'LL BE BOSS THEN

I GAVE HER SOME STUFF IN A GLASS OF WATER— SHE'LL SHRINK TO YOUR SIZE IN A MINUTE— BUT THERE'LL BE HECK TO PAY— HER DRESSMAKER IS HERE WITH A NEW GOWN

5-12

YES, MY DEAR, IT FITS YOU PERFECTLY

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OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

?

AT LAST WE'RE AT SLITHER CREEK!

SAVED!

I HATE TO THINK OF POOR OLD WIMPY BACK THERE IN THE TREACHEROUS DESERT

SALOON

HARD LICKER

HE'S LOST AND IS PROBABLY STARVING TO DEATH—MAYBE DEAD NOW

FOOD! GIVE ME FOOD! AH—BUT THERE IS NO FOOD!

I MUST KEEP GOING! I MUST!—MUST! OH. FOOOD!

FEROCIOUS DESERT BEAR ALSO LOOKING FOR FOOD

!

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!!

G-R-R-R-R-R

GULP

SWISH

SNAP GULP

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5·19

? ! ?

SEGAR

SAPPO

By—

WELL SAPPO, I CAUSED YOUR WIFE TO SHRINK TO YOUR SIZE—ARE YOU SATISFIED?

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

SEGAR

SURE, I AM—SHE WON'T BEAT ME UP ANYMORE—

JUST LOOK! POOEY! I'M ONLY A LITTLE HALF-PINT RUNT—OH, I'M SO MAD!!

SHE HAS BEAT ME UP HUNDREDS OF TIMES, BUT NOW I'M GOING IN THERE AND EVEN THINGS UP A BIT

I HATE TO HIT A WOMAN, BUT SHE'S GOT IT COMING TO HER

!

!

SOCK

5·19

SMACK

POW

BAM

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HEY, PROFESSOR, COULD YOU SHRINK HER JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE?

POPEYE, YOU AND CASTOR GO OVER TO THE RESTAURANT AND ORDER FOOD- I'LL BE OVER AFTER I WASH UP

OKAY, OLIVE

WELL CASTOR, HERE WE ARE AT SLITHER CREEK AN' WERE GONER EAT!

OH, BOY! FOOD

BRING ME A PORTER-HOUSE STEAK!

THE SAME!

MY GORSH, CASTOR, HE FAINTED - PUT SOME WATER ON HIS HEAD!

PLOP

PLOP

GOOD NIGHT! EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE FAINTED

PORTER-HOUSE STEAK! OOOH! OOOH!!! STEAK

STRANGERS- DON'T EVER MENTION STEAK AROUND HERE AGAIN- THERE'S A FOOD SHORTAGE- WE CAN'T STAND THE SHOCK OF HEARING THE MENTION OF IT

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

HANDS UP THERE! GAL, HAVE YOU GOT ANY FOOD?

HELP HELP

WHAT'S IN YOUR HAND BAG? DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS BECAUSE I'D JUST AS SOON SHOOT YOU AS NOT

LOOK OUT, POPEYE, HE'LL KILL YOU- HE'S GOT A GUN AND YOU HAVEN'T

BIG, JUICY PORTER-HOUSE STEAK

AIN'T YA GOT ABSOLUKELY NO FOOD?

YES, I CAN SELL YOU FOOD IF YOU'LL EAT WHAT WE EAT- IT'S TEN DOLLARS A PLATE

WHAT DO WE CARE ABOUT THE PRICE. WE GOT TO EAT

SURE- BRING ON THE FOOD

COMIN' RIGHT UP

5-26 SEGAR

A ROASTED GRASSHOPPER!

PLOP

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SADDO

HEY SAPPO! I'VE INVENTED A MARVELOUS LIQUID!! I WANT YOU TO STAND IN FRONT OF A MIRROR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

BY- SEGAR

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRY IT OUT ON ME — G'WAN — KEEP AWAY FROM ME!!

DON'T LET HIM EXPERIMENT ON YOU, JOHN- IT'S JUST ANOTHER OF HIS GOOFY INVENTIONS

I HAVE NAMED IT, WOTASNOZZLE'S SUPER IMAGE-SOLIDIFIER — I WON'T DO A THING TO YOU- ALL I WANT IS YOUR IMAGE

SEE- I SPRAY MY SOLIDIFIER ON YOUR IMAGE - IT WILL SOLIDIFY AND BECOME FIXED IN THE MIRROR

I'LL NOT TRY TO EXPLAIN THIS TO YOU- IT'S ALL DONE IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION AND YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND

NOW I'LL TURN ON MY "FOURTH DIMENSION IMAGE MAGNET" WHICH I ALSO INVENTED, AND PULL YOUR IMAGE OUT OF THE MIRROR

OH, FOR GOSH SAKES! WELL, I'LL BE —!!

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5-26

THAT RESTAURANT MAN SERVING US GRASSHOPPERS- WHY, THE IDEA!

LE'S GO TO ANOTHER LUNCH-ROOM AN' MAKE 'EM GIVE US SOME GOOD FOOD

LOOK! EVERYBODY IS HOPPING INSTEAD OF WALKING

BLOW ME DOWN! THIS FOOD SHORTAGE IS DARN SERIOUSK

THEIR GRASS-HOPPER DIET MAKES 'EM HOP

I READ A SCIENTIFIC ARTICLE ABOUT A TRIBE OF INDIANS WHO EAT GRASSHOPPERS- THIS TRIBE HOPS JUST LIKE THEIR FOOD

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, FOLKS?

BUT GRASSHOPPERS ARE ALL RIGHT- THEY EAT GRASS JUST LIKE COWS AND COWS ARE GOOD TO EAT

WE DON'T WANT NO BLASTED GRASS-HOPPERS

OKAY THEN- NO GRASSHOPPERS- BUT WE HAVE SOME NICE JUMPY ONES THIS MORNING ROASTED

I SEZ NO GRASS-HOPPERS

SAY, THIS IS SWELL STEW- YA SURE THEY AIN'T NO GRASSHOPPERS IN IT?

OF COURSE, THERE AIN'T! YOU DON'T THINK I'D LIE TO YOU, DO YOU?

YEAH, GOOD FOOD- YER POSITIFF THEY WASN'T NO GRASS-HOPPERS IN IT?

MY GOSH, MISTER I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU

HECK, NO! I WOULDN'T LIE TO YOU IF I THOUGHT YA WAS LYIN' I WOULDN'T PAY YA A CENT

OH, HECK, NO! I WOULDN'T LIE

COME ON, LE'S WALK BACK TO THE ROOMIN'-HOUSE

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

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ODDS

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By — SEGAR

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT THIS STUFF WHEN SPRAYED ON A MIRROR, SOLIDIFIES AND CAUSES AN IMAGE TO BECOME FIXED?

THAT'S IT- AND THEN MY IMAGE MAGNET PULLS THE IMAGE FROM THE MIRROR

I DON'T BELIEVE IT

BUT, MY DEAR SAPPO, HERE IS PROOF— BESIDE ME STANDS YOUR SOLIDIFIED IMAGE

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE AND I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU PROVE IT, I WON'T BELIEVE IT!!

THAT IMAGE IS MADE OF FOURTH DIMENSION MATERIAL- NO USE TRYING TO CONVINCE YOU— I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO EXPLAIN THE FOURTH DIMENSION TO A FATHEAD LIKE YOU

PROF. WOTASNOZZLE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

SPEAKING IN WORDS THAT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, I'VE CREATED ANOTHER SAPPO

GOOD HEAVENS!! ONE WAS ENOUGH!

6-2

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WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO WIMPY ?

HE PROBABLY STARVED TO DEATH OUT THERE IN THE DESERT

JUST AS WELL STARVE OUT THERE AS HERE IN SLITHER CREEK

WELLINGTON WIMPY STILL WANDERING ABOUT-AND HUNGRY AS USUAL-

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!

GOOD MORNING LITTLE LADY OF THE DESERT- WHAT COOKEST THOU, LITTLE MOONBEAM?

UGH

AH, LOVELY-LOOKING CONCOCTION, ISN'T IT?

UGH

SNIFF

YOUR EYES ARE LIKE TWIN STARS, RADIANT WITH ATOMIC FIRE- OH, DESERT BLOSSOM, SO ALIVE WITH BLOOM OF YOUTH

I SHALL CARRY WOOD SO THAT YOUR POT WILL NEVER CEASE TO BOIL

YOU ARE ALSO THE ACME OF FEMININITY

BLESSINGS ON THEE, DESERT MAID, E'EN THOUGH YOU ARE OF COPPER SHADE, YOUR GIRLISH LOOKS TO ME ARE GOOD SO I BRING THEE FLOWERS AN' FIREWOOD

YOU WONDERFUL INDIAN!

I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY

UGH, ALL DONE

I DON'T WANT TO SEEM CHOOSEY, BUT IF IT'S CHICKEN I'LL TAKE THE BREAST

UGH. GOOD JOB— DRESS DYE RED OKAY

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SADDO

BY SEGAR

PROF. WOTASNOZZLE, YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF JOHN'S IMAGE-POOEY-I'M SICK OF YOUR CRAZY INVENTIONS AND GOOFY STUNTS

OKAY, MRS. SAPPO, MY IMAGE ERADICATOR WILL DO THE TRICK

THIS RING IS CHARGED WITH FOURTH DIMENSION ELECTRICITY WHICH ERADICATES IMAGES

THAT IS, I MEAN SOLIDIFIED IMAGES WHICH ARE MADE OF FOURTH DIMENSION MATTER- SEE I PASS IT OVER HIS BODY AND HE DISAPPEARS

! !

THIS, MY LATEST INVENTION IS THE GREATEST OF ALL!! "TRANSPARALENE" IT WILL MAKE FLESH TRANSPARENT, BUT NOT BONE-IT WILL BE A GREAT HELP TO DOCTORS

GUESS I'LL TAKE A BATH- HAH! SWELL-THE TUB IS ALREADY FILLED

AND IT'S EASY TO MANUFACTURE— I'VE GOT ALL MY CONTAINERS FULL OF IT

I'VE EVEN GOT THE BATH-TUB FILLED

OH, ARE YOU IN THE TUB? HEH! HEH! HEH! STAND UP

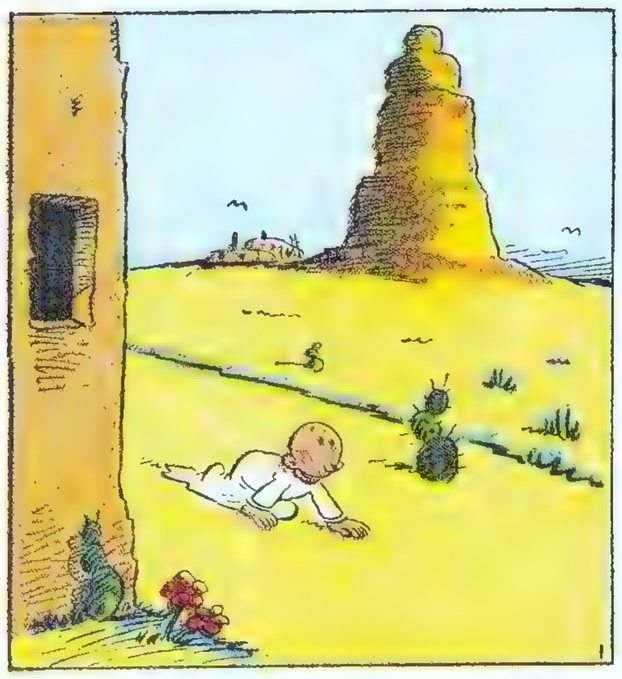
WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

6-9

YOU'RE NOT A SKELETON, SAPPO YOUR BODY IS, EXCEPT FOR THE BONES, TRANS-PARENT

! WHAT THA -!!

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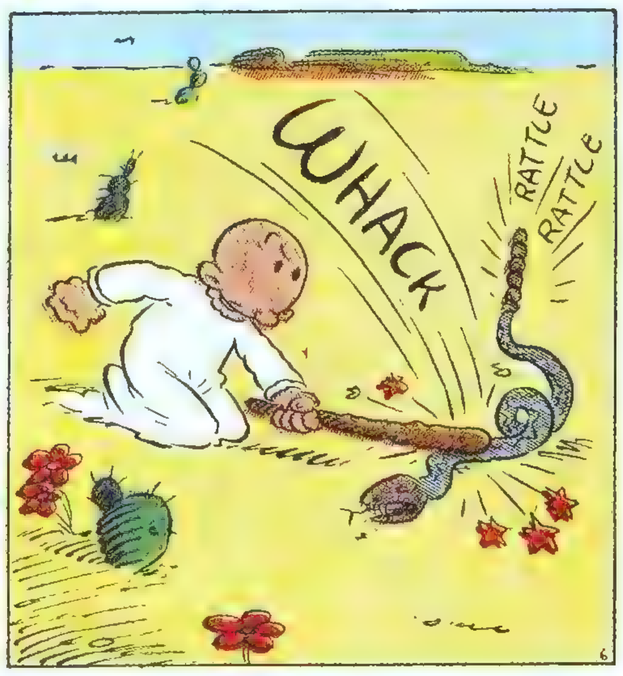






















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SET RIGHT THERE AN' WAIT FOR ME, SWEE'PEA - I YAM GOIN' INTO THE BACK ROOM AN' TALK TO THE PROSPECTORS - I GOT TO LEARN GOLD MININ'

MY GOSH! BULL HOLSTER, THE OUTLAW, IS IN TOWN! HE'S COMIN' IN HERE

THERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD ON HIM BUT I AIN'T TRYIN' FOR IT

REWARD

I'M STOPPIN' HERE FOR AWHILE

ANY OF YOU SKUNKS LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE? IF YUH ARE PULL YOUR GUNS AND LET'S GET THE KILLIN' OVER WITH - SAVVY?

I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR YOU HOMBRES, YUH GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN TO BE PEACEABLE

HELLO - WHO'S BRAT ARE YOU?

UGLY LOOKIN' LITTLE MUTT, AIN'T YUH?

!

HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!

G-R-R

YOU'RE A ONERY LITTLE CUSS - BETTER NOT "G-R-R" AT ME

!

WELL, WELL - RUBBER EARS

KITCHY KOOO-

SWISH

WELL BLOW ME DOWN!

THINK HE'LL LIVE, DOC?

HE MAY AT THAT

H-M-M- TOO MUCH SPINACH

EGAR

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6-23

SADDO

By E. C. SEGAR

HOW'RE YOU GETTING ALONG WITH YOUR CARTOONING, SAPPO?

SWELL

HEY, SAPPO, THIS IS A PRETTY GOOD COMIC HEAD YOU'VE DRAWN

DON'T BE SILLY, PROFESSOR, THAT ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE A MAN'S HEAD

SAY ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME? WELL YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT

YOU CAN'T KID ME

IT ISN'T FINISHED

I DON'T CARE WHETHER IT'S FINISHED OR NOT - YOU CAN'T MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF IT BUT A MAN'S FACE

SEZ YOU

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G-23

WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!

YOUR BRAT, SWEE'PEA HIT ME IN THE HEAD WITH A BOTTLE LAST WEEK AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FOR IT!

SPLAT

BOP

BONK

BOP

YER UP, EH?

YES, I'M UP AND NOW I'M GOING TO--

GET OUT OF HERE--

-YOU BRUTE!

HE AIN'T DOIN' SO WELL, IS HE, OLIVE?

HE REALLY ISN'T GETTING ANYWHERE

HE'S UP

YOU FOLKS CAN'T DO ME LIKE THAT--I'M GOIN' TO FINISH ALL OF YOU!!

SPINACH

SWISH

WHOP

SPINACH

PLOMP

HEY! COME TO! HEY! GET UP! YOU CAN'T DIE HERE! HEY!!

LISTEN, SWEE'PEA, DON'T NEVER HIT A MAN WITH ALL YER MIGHT ON ACCOUNT OF YA DON'T WANT TO KILL NOBODY— I GOT TO WATCH YA-

AN' DON'T TAKE SUCH BIG BITES!

UGH, WHAT A FAMILY!

TWEET TWEET

SPINACH

6-30

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EGAR

MADAM

WISH I COULD DRAW LIKE YOU, SAPPO-HAH- THE ONLY THING I CAN DRAW IS A BUTTERFLY AND THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE STUDIED THEM

LET'S SEE YOU DRAW A BUTTERFLY- I'VE JUST GOT ONE SHEET OF PAPER LEFT

OKAY

THERE— HOW'S THAT, SAPPO?

VERY, VERY GOOD, PROF

DRAW A FUNNY FACE FOR ME— I LIKE TO WATCH YOU

I HAVE NO MORE PAPER- YOU USED THE LAST SHEET

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO- I'LL MAKE A FUNNY FACE OUT OF YOUR BUTTERFLY-

DON'T BE SILLY!

I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE GOOD, BUT YOU COULDN'T DO THAT

6-30

!

BY GOLLY! HE DID IT!

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POPEYE, I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT POOR OLD WIMPY BEING LOST OUT THERE IN THE DESERT

YEAH, OLIVE — 'STOO BAD — I BET HE'S GOT DESERT MADNESS SUMPIN' ARFUL

1

I CAN'T HELP YOU OUT OF THE DESERT, BUT I CAN SPARE TWO SLICES OF PLAIN BREAD

HE'S GOOFY WITH DESERT MADNESS

FOOD! FOOD!

2

AH! A HAM SANDWICH WITHOUT THE HAM

3

'TWOULD BE WONDERFUL IF I BUT HAD A PAIR OF HOT DOGS TO TUCK BETWIXT THIS SLICE AND THAT SLICE

4

MY KINGDOM FOR JUST TWO WEENIES

5

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE!! FRANKFURTERS A PAIR!!

6

LOVELY LITTLE RASCALS, AREN'T THEY?

7

OUW! OUW! OUCH! OOOUW!!

8

I HAD NO IDEA THAT HOT DOGS WERE ENDOWED WITH SUCH EXTREME SENSITIVITY—

9

HOW CRUEL OF ME TO TRY TO EAT THEM ALIVE - HAH! I SHALL CRACK THEIR LITTLE HEADS AND THEN DEVOUR THEM WITH GUSTO

10

WHAM

11

GONE!

THEY HAVE FLITTED AWAY

12

BUT I SHALL FIND THEM!! HAH!! EVEN NOW I FEEL THEIR PROXIMITY

13

OH, SO THERE YOU ARE!

LITTLE IMP OF THE WAYSIDE

14

I'LL TEACH YOU TO OBEY ME

HOP OVER TO MY OTHER HAND

15

FINE! FINE! THAT'S A GOOD HOT DOGGY

16

7·7

GONE!! GONE!! IF I FIND IT AGAIN I'LL DEVOUR IT WITH THE RAPIDITY OF LIGHTNING !!

17

GONE!

MY GOSH! THERE'S A POOR FELLOW WITH DESERT MADNESS! I MUST HELP HIM

18

HAH!!

?

19

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MY MISTAKE, SIR— I FOUND IT

20

EGAR

SADDO

HEY, PROF, "A" STANDS FOR "ANGLER"

8-1

EGAR

Registered U S Patent Office.

SO I'LL CHANGE THE "A" INTO AN ANGLER

!

VERY GOOD

I'LL BET YOU CAN'T CHANGE A SMALL "a" INTO AN ANGLER

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE

BY GOLLY THAT IS A TOUGH ONE - H-M-M-

7·7

BUT I CAN DO IT

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WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

I WISH YOU'D TAKE SWEE'PEA TO THE MINE TO-DAY AND GIVE ME A REST- HE KEEPS ME HOPPING ALL THE TIME

HE'S A PEST- HE PUT CACTUS NEEDLES IN MY SHOES

THA'SA GOOD IDEAR-I LIKES TO HAVE HIM NEAR ME

HECK, YA AIN'T NO BOTHER AT ALL — THEY JUS' DON'T UNERSTAN' CHIL'REN

SWEE'PEA, QUIT WASTIN' YER MILK ON THAT OL' COW SKULL - NOW BE A GOOD BOY WHILE I PICKS GOLD DUST

AHOY! NO! NO!

GLOP!

NOW LOOK WHAT YA DONE! YA MADE ME HORSH RUN AWAY

WE GOT TO WALK BACK ON ACCOUNT OF WE GOT NO HORSH- HEY!! DON'T THROW ROCKS AT ME!

DYNAMITE

BOOM

AN' DON'T THROW DYMANITE AT ME NEITHER! YA LITTLE SWAB!!

DYNA

LOOK AT THE GOLD DUST I DIGGED, SWEE'PEA - WE'RE RICH!

WE'RE WEALT'Y PEOPLE NOW

7-14

KA-CHOO

WHY, POPEYE! ARE YOU MAD AT LITTLE SWEE'PEA?

I AIN'T EZACKLY MAD- I YAM JUS SORT OF PREVOKED AT 'IM

EGAR

HEY, SAPPO- YOU THINK YOU'RE SO CLEVER WITH THE ALPHABET, LET'S SEE YOU CHANGE THIS "B" INTO A MAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHAT'LL I HAVE THE MAN DOING?

HAVE HIM HOLDING A NEWSPAPER

OKAY

SWELL!

THERE'S THE SAME "B" I'LL CHANGE IT INTO ANYTHING YOU MENTION

"B" STANDS FOR BILL, MY SADDLE HORSE - SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE HIS PICTURE

THAT'LL BE EASY

7-14

!!

THEY'S ABSOLUKELY NO SENSE IN ME GOIN' OUT LOOKIN' FOR WIMPY—I'D NEVER FIND HIM

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, POPEYE—BUT HE'S STARVING—IT'S AWFUL TO BE HUNGRY

FOOD! FOOD! SEND ME FOOD!

WE'RE RUNNING SHORT OF GAS—WE'VE GOT TO DECREASE OUR WEIGHT—THROW OUT THE BOX OF FOOD IN THE REAR COCKPIT

OKAY

AN AIRPLANE, HIGH ABOVE THE DESERT CLOUDS

BOOP

IS SUCH ACCURACY NECESSARY?

HAMBURGER SANDWICHES—DUCK, TURKEY AND CHICKEN SANDWICHES—PIE, CAKE, PICKLES—THEY LIVE WELL IN HEAVEN

THANK YOU TOO MUCH

YES, INDEED, A GREAT FEAST! NOW IF I BUT HAD A CIGAR TO TOP IT OFF

A CIGAR, PLEASE

H-M-M- THIS BEATS WORKING FOR A LIVING

SEGAR

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7·21

SADDO

YOU'RE GOOD AT ALPHABETICAL TRICK DRAWING, SAPPO, BUT CAN YOU MAKE A PORTRAIT OF A MAN USING THE LETTER "C"?

I'LL ADD MORE LETTERS

LOOK—THREE "C'S"—TWO "O'S"—ONE "V"—TWO "M'S"—ONE "I"—AN "X"—AND AN "F"

AND THERE HE IS

"C" STANDS FOR "CAT," SO I'LL CHANGE IT INTO A CAT

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7·21

SWEE'PEA, YA GOT TO KEEP OUT OF ME BOX OF DYMANITE! YA WANT TO GET BLOW'D DOWN?!
MY GORSH!
DYNAMITE
POPEYE'S GOLD MINE
1
NOW BE A GOOD BOY AN' DON'T PREVOKE ME ON ACCOUNT OF I DON'T WANT TO GET DISGUSTI-PATED AT YA
2
DY
3
4
HEY! CUT THAT OUT! HEY! QUIT DOIN' THAT!
BOOM
5
THE LITTLE SWAB IS JUS' CRAZY ABOUT PLAYIN' WITH DYMANITE — I'LL SAW A HUNK OFF'N THIS OL' PICK-HANDLE AN' PAINT IT SO'S IT'LL LOOK LIKE A STICK OF HIGH EXPLOSITIVE
6
HERE, SWEE'PEA, DYMANITE
7
?
BOP
8
?
9
!
WHACK
WHAT! NO "BOOM"?
10
11
DYN
12
HEAVENS, POPEYE! DO YOU ALLOW SWEE'PEA TO PLAY WITH DYNAMITE?
13
IT AIN'T DYMANITE, OLIVE — IT'S JUS'A OL' PIECE OF PICK-HANDLE I FIXED UP TO LOOK LIKE IT
14
SEE — I'LL THROW IT AGAINST THE WALL — IT WON'T DO NOTHIN'
15
BOOM
16
BOP
7-28
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17
SWEEEE'PEA
SEGAR
18

MADAM

LOOK, PROFESSOR - "D" IS FOR "DOG"
SO I'LL USE IT IN MAKING A DOG
BRING ME A MAN WHOSE INITIAL IS "D" AND I'LL DRAW HIS PORTRAIT, USING THAT LETTER
IT CAN'T BE DONE
WOOF
MY NAME IS DONALD - I'VE MADE A SMALL "D" AND IF YOU MAKE MY LIKENESS OF IT I'LL SAY YOU'RE GOOD
YOU CAN'T DO IT, SAPPO

WAIT AND SEE
REMEMBER, I'M AN EXTRA GOOD CARTOONIST
7-28
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BY GOLLY, HE DID IT!
!

POOR WIMPY IS LOST OUT THERE IN THE DESERT AND I JUST KNOW HE'S DYING OF THIRST— YOU MUST FIND HIM AND HELP HIM!

OKAY, I'LL DO ME BEST

I HAVE SALVAGED A PAIL FROM THIS OLD WRECK

BLOW ME DOWN, THERE HE IS!!

AH, IF I BUT NOW HAD A COW I WOULD MILK HER THOROUGHLY

2

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! A STRAY COW!! BUT A POOR PROSPECT FOR MILKING PURPOSES

G-R-R-R-R-

3

AS A RULE, A COW WILL NOT GIVE DOWN HER MILK TO A STRANGER —H-M-M— LITTLE MAID OF THE MEADOWS

G-R-R

4

GIVE DOWN THY MILK, YOU LOVELY CREATURE!

5

AH, NICE LITTLE COWZY WOWZY— ISN'T IT STRANGE HOW THIRSTY ONE CAN GET FOR MILK? GOOD OLD MILK!

6

LITTLE DAISY OF THE DESERT, LITTLE PANSY OF THE PASTURE, LITTLE GRADE "A" MILK FACTORY

PAT PAT PAT

7

YOU ARE THE ACME OF BOVINITY

8

POOEY, I YAM GOIN' HOME!

LITTLE ORCHID

8-4

9

YOU'RE FINER THAN THE FINEST SILK, I THANK YOU TOO MUCH FOR YOUR MILK

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10

AND AS A REWARD FOR YOUR GENEROSITY, I HAVE BRAVED THE PRICKLES AND HAVE PLUCKED FOR YOU A MOST SUCCULENT CACTUS LEAF

11

?

HE DON'T NEED NO HELP —— I SEZ WIMPY DON'T NEED NO BLASTED HELP

EGAR

12

SAPPO

BY —

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN MAKE A PERSON'S PORTRAIT OUT OF HIS OR HER INITIAL

EASY

EGAR

THE PLUMBER IS OUT IN THE KITCHEN— BRING HIM IN AND HAVE HIM WRITE ONE OF HIS INITIALS ON MY DRAWING PAPER

THERE'S AN "E"—MY NAME IS EARL

LET ME HAVE THE CHALK

THIS IS EASY

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

OKAY?

PERFECT

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CAN YOU MAKE A FACE OUT OF THIS SMALL "E" SAPPO ?

SURE, I CAN

8-4

LOST! I KNOW NOT WHICH WAY IS NORTH, SOUTH, EAST OR WEST— I AM LOST IN THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

1

YOU FOUND WIMPY, BUT YOU DIDN'T BRING HIM BACK—YOU LEFT HIM OUT THERE LOST IN THE TERRIBLE DESERT— WHY?

BECAUSE I WAS DISGUSTIPATED WITH HIM

2

STOP BAWLIN' ME OUT! I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM! SO LAY OFF'N ME!

GO FIND HIM AGAIN

3

'IT WAS JUS' LUCK WHEN I FOUND WIMPY THE OTHER DAY— I COULDN'T DO IT AGAIN—

BUT DO YOU WANT HIM TO DIE?!

A'COURSE NOT

4

I KNOWS WHAT I YAM DOIN'

HEY! WHY ARE YOU GOING IN THAT DIRECTION? WIMPY IS SOMEWHERE OVER THIS WAY

5

I KNOWS WIMPY AN' I KNOWS JUS' EZACKLY WHAT I YAM DOIN'— I HAD TO RIDE FORTY MILES TO GET SOME HAMBURGER—

MEAT MARKET

6

BUT IT'LL DO THE TRICK

7

I SEZ, PUT ON THE SKILLET I YAM GONER BRING WIMPY OUT OF THE DESERT

?

8

AHOY, OLIVE, DID YA EVER SEE A SWELLER BUNCH OF HAMBURGER SANRICHES?

BUT WHY, POPEYE? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

9

HEAVENS! I FEEL AN URGE!

10

INSTINCT TELLS ME TO WALK IN THIS DIRECTION

11

POPEYE, YOU MUST BE GOOFY! WHY DID YOU FRY SO MANY HAMBURGERS? AND WHY DID YOU SET PLATES AND CHAIRS FOR FOUR WHEN THERE'S ONLY THREE OF US

I YAM EXPECTIN' A VISITOR

VISITOR?

12

DO YOU MEAN YOU EXPECT WIMPY TO WALK IN JUST BECAUSE WE HAVE HAMBURGERS?

I'D BET ME SHIRT ON IT

AW, YOU'RE CRAZY!

SURE

13

AH——!! GOOD EVENING, MY FRIENDS! GOOD EVENING!

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14

PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?

HAVE A HAMBURGER SANRICH, WIMPY

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! I BELIEVE I SHALL - HMM - THANK YOU TOO MUCH

ARF! ARF!

8-11

EGAR

15

TODAY

TO-DAY WE'LL WORK ON THE LETTER "F"

"F" STANDS FOR "FISHERMAN" AND ALSO FOR "FISH"

OKAY, MAKE TWO "F'S" ON MY DRAWING PAPER

I'VE MADE A LARGE "F" AND A SMALL "F": SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO

A FISHERMAN AND A FISH

GOOD JOB

"F" STANDS FOR FRANKLIN — SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE A CARICATURE OF HIM

8-11

I THINK I CAN

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CARICATURES NEVER FLATTER THE SUBJECT AND I REALLY SHOULDN'T DO THIS—

BUT HE'S A GOOD SCOUT AND I'M SURE HE WON'T MIND

WIMPY JUS' WENT PROSPECTIN' FOR GOLD— HAH! HE'S TOO LAZY TO DIG— HE AIN'T GOT ALMOST HARDLY NO AMBITION

ALL READY. HMMM— THIS WILL BE MY FIRST SWING OF THE PICK

WHAT! NO GOLD?

WHEW!

PUFF

PUFF

PUFF

THRICE HAVE I PICKED AT MOTHER EARTH, AND THRICE HAS SHE REFUSED TO REWARD ME

AW, TO HECK WITH IT!

I NEED NO GOLD— HAVE I NOT LIVED FOR MANY A YEAR WITHOUT EVEN SO MUCH AS SILVER IN MY PURSE

I'LL GO WATCH HIM— POOEY! HE'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF PICKS AN' QUIT

HE AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO STICKTOITY

AN' YA GOT TO HAVE STICKTOITY

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! MY GORSH! LOOK AT WIMPY SWINGIN' THAT PICK!! HE'S ACTIN' LIKE A AMINATED CARTOON

!

I SURE WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM—— WHY, DARN IF HE AIN'T WORKIN' HISSELF TO DEATH

SWISH

WIMPY, YA STRUCK IT! THA'S GOLD! YA STRUCK A POCKET OF GOLD!

YER RICH!

WHEW

YA DESERVES IT, TOO— YA SURE WAS DIGGIN' HARD

!

I WASN'T DIGGING— I WAS KILLING A SNAKE— THE LITTLE CUSS TRIED TO BITE ME

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SADLO

SAPPO, I'LL BET YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS THAT YOU CAN'T DRAW A LIKENESS OF ME FROM ONE OF MY INITIALS

I'LL BET YOU A HUNDRED I CAN

O. G. WOTASNOZZLE— "O. G. W." WHICH INITIAL DO YOU WANT ME TO USE?

HMM— LET'S USE MY MIDDLE INITIAL

"G" OKAY COME ON, DO YOUR STUFF

I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO WATCH YOU— HAH! I KNOW YOU CAN'T DO IT

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE HAW! HAW!

!

YOU'RE TOO DARN CLEVER! I DON'T SEE HOW YOU DO IT

US CARTOONISTS ARE SMART PEOPLE

100

8-18

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HOME... WHILE KILLING A SNAKE WITH A PICK, WIMPY DUG UP A FORTUNE IN GOLD NUGGETS—HE MAY BUY A RESTAURANT. AND HERE'S NEWS—HE MAY TAKE UNTO HIMSELF A WIFE

O, GOLD, BEFORE I BOW TO THEE. PROVE THY VALUE—BRING HAPPINESS TO ME.

GOLD

1

BLOW ME DOWN IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME! HMM— I SUSPOSE I BETTER GO SEE OLIVE OYL, ME DEAR LITTLE SWEET PATOOTSIE- I SURE LOVES THAT GAL!

2

HERE COMES POPEYE—I WONDER IF HE REALLY LOVES ME? I'LL PUT ON THIS MAN'S OUTFIT AND SEE—IF HE GETS JEALOUS AND MAD I'LL KNOW HE LOVES ME

3

AHOY, OLIVE, I COME TO VISIK YA! AIN'T YA HOME OR ARE YA OUT? I BRANG YA A FORGET-ME-DON'T

TEE! HEE! I CAME TO VISIT OLIVE ALSO

4

WHO THE ARE YOU ?

5

HAH! SO I GOT A RIVAL, EH? AN' A BLASTED SISSY SWAB AT THAT!

UGH! AH- WOPF-UMPF UGH!

6

SHUT UP! DON'T TALK BACK TO ME, YA FUNNY-LOOKIN' CAKE-EATER!!

BOP

7

QUIT CLUTCHIN' AT ME! OH, SO YA WANT TO FIGHT, DO YA? HAH! SO YA WANTS TO FIGHT?

UGH- WOMPF UMPH- ZOPF GLOP

8

IF THEY'S ANYTHING I HATES IT'S A BLASTED RIVAL BUTTIN' INTO ME PETTIN' BUSINESS

OLIVE OYL IS ME OWN SWEET-SWEET PATOOTSIE!!

SPLAT

9

WELL, I'LL BE—! HEY! YOU CAN'T STICK YER TONGUE OUT AT ME!!

GLOF

10

THA'SA INSULK!

11

PIPE DOWN! SAY- ARE YOU TRYIN' TO START A ARGYMINT WITH ME?

TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET

12

PODEY TO YOU FROM ME, YA BLASTED LUMAKICK!!

SPLAT

13

TICK TICK

I BEEN WAITIN' TWO HOURS-

8·25

14

I GUESS OLIVE OYL MUST BE OUT

15

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HE LOVES ME!

TWEET TWEET

SEGAR

16

SADDO

SAPPO, WHAT CAN YOU MAKE OUT OF THE LETTER "H" ?

A MAN READING A PAPER

I'LL BET YOU TEN YOU CAN'T

I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY

CINCH

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NEXT WEEK I'LL USE THE LETTER "I"

SEGAR 8·25

WIMPY, I WANT YA TO HOLD SWEEPEA WHILE YER REFEREEIN'- I COULDN'T GET NOBODY TO TAKE CARE OF HIM

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, POPEYE- HE WILL AMUSE ME DURING THE FIGHT

1

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- INTRODUCING "JACK, THE ZIPPER", WHO HAS NEVER BEEN KNOCKED DOWN IN ALL HIS LIFE

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLA

2

EXCEP' ONC'T

SPLAT

3

YOU BRUTE! HOW DARE YOU RUIN MY SON'S RECORD?

WHAT THE @%X= IS THIS?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN I HAVE STOPPED THE FIGHT TO ANNOUNCE— HMMM— "J. WELLINGTON WIMPY IS YOUR REFEREE

BOO BOO BOOO BOOO

BOO BOO

4

SWISH

5

CLICK

6

KEEP THAT BRAT OUT OF MY FACE!

BOP

7

YOU BIG PUNK!

8

BOP

9

WHY, YOU-!

CRASH

10

SPLAT

11

ARF! ARF!

BOP

SWISH

12

OOOF

13

9-1

14

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10- SIR—YOU'RE OUT

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15

HE EATS HIS SPINACH AN' DRINKS HIS MILK

THE WINNAH!!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

TWEET

SEGAR

16

SADDO

"I" STANDS FOR "INDIAN". CAN YOU MAKE AN INDIAN OUT OF THIS CAPITAL "8"?

SURE, I CAN

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9-1

OKAY?

OKAY!

SEGAR

I AM VERY GLAD I CAME MUSHROOM-PLUCKING, THE LITTLE RASCALS ARE QUITE NUMEROUS HEREABOUTS

1

YES, INDEED! A VERY FINE PAIL-FUL OF MUSH-ROOMS

2

? ? ? ? ?

OR COULD THEY BE TOADSTOOLS? I'LL ADMIT THAT I AM NO BOTANICAL EXPERT— HMMM I WONDER?

3

GOOD MORNING, POPEYE—I HAVE BEEN MUSHROOMING TO-DAY—I STOPPED IN TO GIVE YOU A HANDFUL—COOK THEM NOW AND ENJOY THEM

THANKS, WIMPY, I YAM JUS' CRAZY ABOUT MUSKROOMS

COOK THEM NOW, PLEASE

4

I NEVER DID GET ENOUGH MUSKROOMS TO EAT

IS THAT POSSIBLE? WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!

S'MIGHTY GOOD OF YA TO GIMME A HAN'FUL

5

HOW ARE THEY, MY FRIEND?

SWELL!

6

HMM—I SEE YOU'VE EATEN THEM-ER-BY-THE-WAY ER—

YEAH, AN' I COULD EAT EVER'ONE YA GOT IN THAT PAIL—THA'S HOW MUCH I LOVES 'EM

7

BY THE WAY, PAL OF MINE—OLD PAL OF MINE—HOW DO YOU FEEL? ER—ANY PAIN?

?

8

EXCUSE ME FOR BEING SO PERSONAL, BUT HOW IS YOUR STOMACH? ANY PAIN? DO YOU FEEL AT ALL DIZZY?

9

OUW!

I BEG PARDON?

I SEZ "OUW" POOEY! I FEELS SICKISH

10

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!

OUW! OH, MY GORSH!

11

WHAT'S THE MATTER? DO YOU FEEL ILL?

ILL, ME EYE! I YAM SICK! OUW!

12

OUW! I GOT CRAMPS!

13

THEN THEY ARE TOADSTOOLS

HEAVENS! THINK OF IT! SUPPOSE I'D EATEN THEM, MYSELF!

OUW OUW

14

WELL, GOOD DAY, MY FRIEND—I MUST GO NOW AND WATER THE DUCKS

9-8

15

ARF! ARF! THA'S THE FIRST TIME IN ALL ME LIFE I EVER PUT ANYTHING OVER ON WIMPY!

ARF! ARF!

SEGAR

16

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SUNDAYS

I'LL USE THE LETTER "J" TO-DAY

OKAY, DO YOUR STUFF

"J" STANDS FOR JANITOR

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9-8

THERE HE IS— NEXT WEEK I'LL USE THE LETTER "K"

BUT I LOVES YA, HONEY— I LOVES YA SUMPIN' ARFUL!

YES, I KNOW, BUT THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS— YOU'RE NOT BROAD-MINDED

YOU GET JEALOUS OVER EVERY LITTLE THING — YOU'RE NOT A BIT MODERN

OH, HELLO, VILMA— HELLO, BRAD— GLAD YOU DROPPED IN

HELLO, OLIVE

HOWDY, SWEET

NO, POPEYE ISN'T A BIT BROAD-MINDED— HE GETS JEALOUS SO EASY

JEALOUS! HAH! I THOUGHT THEM KIND OF BIRDS WAS EXTINCT

WHO'S EXTINK?! SAY, I'LL KNOCK THE HECK OUTTA YOU! THA'SA INSULK

AW, DON'T GET SORE— I JUST MEANT THAT THE MODERN MEN DON'T GET JEALOUS— THEY'RE BROAD-MINDED

FOR INSTANCE— YOU CAN KISS MY SWEETY— I DON'T CARE

OH, MY GORSH! I WOULDN'T DO THAT!

'LO, HANDSOME

GO ON, KISS HER— IT'S OKAY— KISS HER ALL YOU WANT TO— SURE— OKAY

OH, MY GORSH!

HAW! HAW!

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

'SFUN, AIN'T IT?

YEAH, PLEASANT

SMACK SMACK

I YAM GETTIN' TO BE BROAD-MINDED— I DON'T MIND KISSIN' HER A BIT

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

SMACK

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

QUIT KISSIN' MY SWEETY !!!

POW

WHY, YOU—

COME ON, LE'S BE WIDE-MINDED AGAIN

OH, SURE— YOU'RE BROAD-MINDED! YOU NITWIT! YOU CRAZY SAP! YOU

I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM!

STOMP STOMP

9-15

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SADLO

WELL, PROF, THE LETTER "K" IS NEXT

"K" STANDS FOR KING

OKAY— THEN I'LL MAKE A KING WITH IT

NEXT WEEK I'LL USE THE LETTER "L" IT'LL BE TOUGH— I'VE TRIED IT AND FAILED

WIMPY BOUGHT A RESTRUNT. WITH THE GOLD HE FOUND OUT IN THE DESERT— LE'S GO GET A COUPLA HAMBURGERS

OKAY, LET'S DO THAT, POPEYE

I SHOULD KNOW BETTER AS TO COME IN HERE—HAH! POOEY! ANTS IN MINE ZUPE!!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT FOR A DIME,.. BUTTERFLIES?

2

BAH! YOU SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH—HAH! I HATE YOU TOO MUCH!

THINE OWN WORDS WILT SOMEDAY TURN UPON THEE—YEA—BY THINE OWN WORDS THOU SHALT BE UNDONE, THOU LOFTY RASCAL

EGG SAMO

3

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

HAMBURGERS?

YES, HAMBURGERS

H-MM—WE HAVE VERY FINE EGG SANDWICHES

I SEZ HAMBURGERS

OUR EGGS ARE LOVELY

4

I SEZ WE WANT HAMBURGERS, YA BLASTED SWAB! AN' NO SUBSTITUKES!

OH, VERY WELL, THEN!! CURSES! CURSES! CURSES

5

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! DO YA KEEP YER HAMBURGER IN THE SAFE?

MOST OF A CERTAINTY. 'TIS THE PROPER PLACE FOR VALUABLES, ISN'T IT?

GUARD OF THE HAMBURGER

6

SOMETHING TELLS ME I AM GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH THAT CUSTOMER! HMM— A MOST PERSISTENT RASCAL

WILL YOU HAVE CATSUP ON YOUR EGG SANDWICHES, SIR?

WE WANTS HAMBURGERS, YA BLASTED LUMAKICK!!

I BEG PARDON?

I SEZ HAMBURGERS!

SAP

8

HE SHALL NOT BAMBOOZLE ME! HOLD HIM OFF, GUS, WHILE I DEVOUR THESE LUSCIOUS BITS OF GROUND BOVINITY

YES, SIR

AHOY, WIMPY! BRING 'EM HERE!!

GUARD OF THE HAMBURGER

9

STEP ASIDE! I WANTS ME HAM-BURGERS!

10

TOO LATE, SIR— I HAVE FOXED THEE. THEY ARE GONE, SIR

GET IN THERE AND FRY ME TWO SAMBURGER HANWICHES OR I'LL KNOCK YER KONK OFF

VERY WELL, SIR IF YOU JUST MUST HAVE THEM

11

OF ALL THE NERVE!

IS HE GOING TO DICTATE TO ME IN MY OWN PLACE OF BUSINESS? NO!—NO!—A THOUSAND TIMES NO!!

12

HERE ARE YOUR EGG SANDWICHES, SIR— I HOPE YOU ENJOY THEM

UGH!

LET'S EAT THEM POPEYE, I'M HUNGRY

13

I GIVES UP! I YAM FLABBERGASKET-AN' I YAM COMPLETELY DISGUSTIPATED

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14

AH, YES— SO FAR, A PERFECT DAY. NOT A SINGLE HAMBURGER HAS GOTTEN AWAY FROM ME

WIMPY! WIMPY BOY! COME HERE, I KILL YOU! OH, POOEY! POOEY! POOEY!

EGG SAMO

9-22

15

LOOK! A HAIR IN MINE ZUPE! COULD I STOOD IT!!

GOOD OLD GEEZIL, MY VERY BEST CUSTOMER— HE NEVER ASKS FOR HAMBURGERS

SEGAR

16

MADE

"L" STANDS FOR "LAWN" SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW A FELLOW PLAYING LAWN TENNIS

IT'S A TOUGH ONE BUT I'LL TRY

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9-22

I'VE FINISHED WITH "L", SO NEXT WEEK I'LL USE THE LETTER "M"

-AN I SEZ YER CRAZY— WOMEN AIN'T PECULIAR!

MY FRIEND, ALL MY LIFE I HAVE MADE A STUDY OF WOMEN AND I WISH TO INFORM YOU THAT I HAVE FOUND THEM TO BE PECULIAR

THERE IS A SOMETHING IN MINE ZUPE !!

WOMEN AIN'T NO MORE PECULIAR THAN US MALE SEX- YOU AIN'T NO MORE OF A CONNYSEWER OF WOMEN THAN I YAM!

HOW COULD I SLUP MINE ZUPE WITH A SOMETHING STRANGE IN IT? COULD I STOOD IT?

IT'S PROBABLY ONLY A FLY

BAH! IT IS NO FLIES IN MINE ZUPE!

SHUSH

2

TAKE THE MALE OF THE SPECIES AS A STANDARD AND JUDGE THE FEMALE BY THAT STANDARD AND THEY MOST CERTAINLY ARE PECULIAR

I SEZ THEY AIN'T!— WOMEN ARE SWELL THINGS

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME! I HATE YOU TOO MUCH!

I WISH I COULD OVERCOME MY JEALOUSY— WHEN I SEE POPEYE WITH ANOTHER GIRL I FEEL LIKE DOING MURDER!

I MUST USE WILL-POWER AND TRY TO GET OVER IT

4 9-29

LIZZIE, THERE'S NO PEACE IN THIS WORLD FOR A JEALOUS PERSON- I MUST BE BROADMINDED— I'LL HAVE POPEYE COME OVER AND KISS YOU—GET THE IDEA? I MUST LEARN TO TAKE IT

OKAY, OLIVE

5

I BEGS TO DIFFER WITCHA! WOMEN ARE NOT PECULIAR

POOEY! IT'S A GOOEY THING IN MINE ZUPE!

MISS OYL IS ON THE 'PHONE - SHE WANTS YOU TO COME OVER - WE'LL FINISH OUR ARGUMENT WHEN YOU RETURN

6

WONER WHAT OLIVE OYL WANTS? SHE TOLD ME TO HURRY UP TO HER HOUSE

7

KISS'ER, POPEYE GO ON, KISS HER

AWRIGHT IF YA INSISKS

?

?

8

WHEN I KISSES 'EM THEY'S KISSED PERNAMENT

SMACK

OH, MY GOSH!

9

I CAN'T TAKE IT! OH, HEAVENS!

I CAN'T TAKE IT!!

SMACK SMACK SMACK

10

!

BOP

SAY— WHAT THE @x%@ IS THIS!?

12

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL, MR. GEEZIL - THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE IN YOUR SOUP- AH, YES, A CLAM— HMM - I'LL PUT IT BACK IN THE POT

HAH!! A CLAM! HAH! GIVE BACK TO ME MY CLAM!

SORRY I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE IT - IT WAS A MISTAKE

13

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AND NOW, MY FRIEND, WE CAN CONTINUE WITH OUR ARGUMENT— I CLAIM THAT WOMEN ARE PECULIAR

14 9-29

YA DERN TOOTIN' THEY ARE!!

!

15

VERY WELL, IF YOU WISH TO TAKE THAT SIDE, THEN I'LL TAKE THE OTHER- HMM - WOMEN ARE NOT PECULIAR— I CAN ARGUE EITHER WAY

AW, GO TO HECK !!

BETTER I SHOULD DRINK WATER !!

SEGAR

16

SADLO

I'VE MADE THE LETTER "M"- WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH IT?

"M" STANDS FOR MUSTACHE - HAH! THIS WILL BE EASY

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VERY GOOD

I'LL USE "N" NEXT

SEGAR

ZUPE ME, WIMPY BOY! ZUPE ME QUICK OR I KILL YOU TO PIECES

1

OH, WHAT A HEADACHE!! WHAT A HEADACHE!! – EVEN MINE HAT ACHES!! OH, WHAT A HANGUNDER!! TOO MANY PARTIES!! BAH! WHAT A HANGUNDER!

YA MEANS "HANG OVER", MISTER GEEZIL

2

BUT I CAN STOOD IT! I AM A FULL-BLOODED GEEZIL – A FULL-BLOODED NAZILIAN!! — WIMPY BOY, NO WATER IN MINE ZUPE – I KILL YOU!

ARF! ARF!

3

WHY, THE VERY IDEA! WHY, MISTER GEEZIL!! BLESS MY SOUL, IF I WERE OF AN EXCITABLE NATURE I WOULD TAKE OFFENSE AT YOUR MOST FLAGRANT INSULT

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

4

WIMPY BOY! LOOK!! THERE IS NO SPOON ON THIS HANDLE!! COULD I EAT MINE ZUPE WITH THIS?

ARF! ARF! TURN IT AROUND, YA SWAB!

5

I SEEN SOME DUMB STUNTS IN ME LIFE, MISTER GEEZIL, BUT THAT ONE TOPS 'EM ALL

DID YOU TELLING ME? BAH! BETTER I SHOULD BE DEAD

6

SLUP SLUP SLUP SLUP SLUP

OH. MY GORSH !!!

7

SLUP SLUP

!

8

BE QUIET!! COULD I STOOD IT?!

9

SLUP SLUP SLUP SLUP

OINK OINK OINK OINK

OINK

10

POPEYE, WHY DO YOU SAY "OINK?"

SLUP

OINK OINK

11

SLUP SLUP SLUP SLUP

IT'S JUS' AS WELL YA DON'T KNOW, MISTER GEEZIL, OINK-OINK OINK

12

I'M GOING THIS WAY, TOO – I'LL WALK ALONG – HANGUNDERS LOVE COMPANY

OINK-OINK

WHY YOU KEEP SAYING "OINK?"

13

YA'LL NEVER KNOW ARF! ARF! YA'LL NEVER KNOW

OH, WELL, I DON'T CARE – TO ME IT'S A NOTHING

14

!

HAH!! I SEE IT ALL! YOU WAS CASTING SHADOWS AT MINE ZUPE EATING!!

OINK OINK OINK

SLUP SLUP

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15

BAH!! NEXT TO WIMPY I HATE YOU BEST!!

ARF ARF

SLUP SLUP

10-6

EGAR

16

MAMA

"N" STANDS FOR NEIGHBOR – AND I'M YOUR NEIGHBOR LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT

GIVE ME THE CRAYON

I'LL DO A PORTRAIT OF YOU

WHEN I FINISH I'LL TURN THE BOARD

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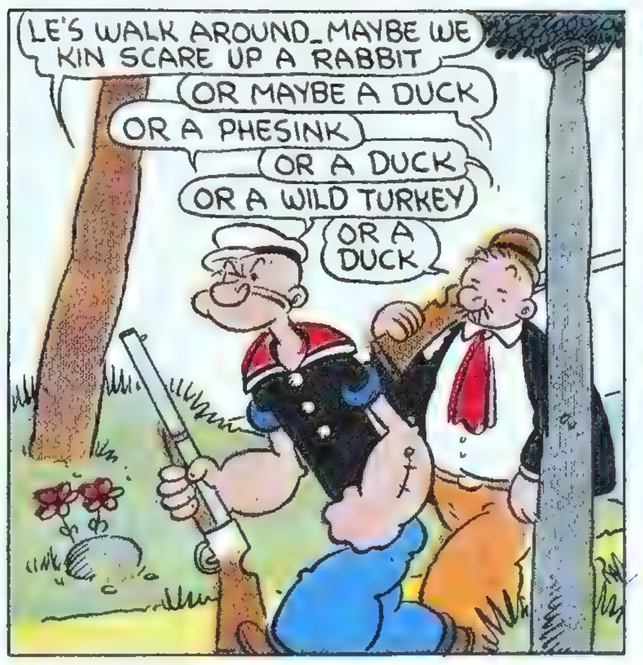
10-6

BY GOLLY! IT'S ME ALL RIGHT

EGAR



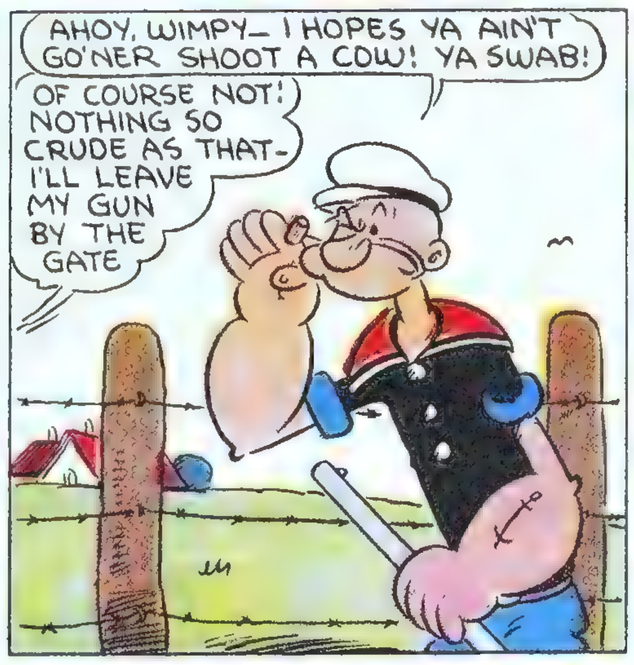


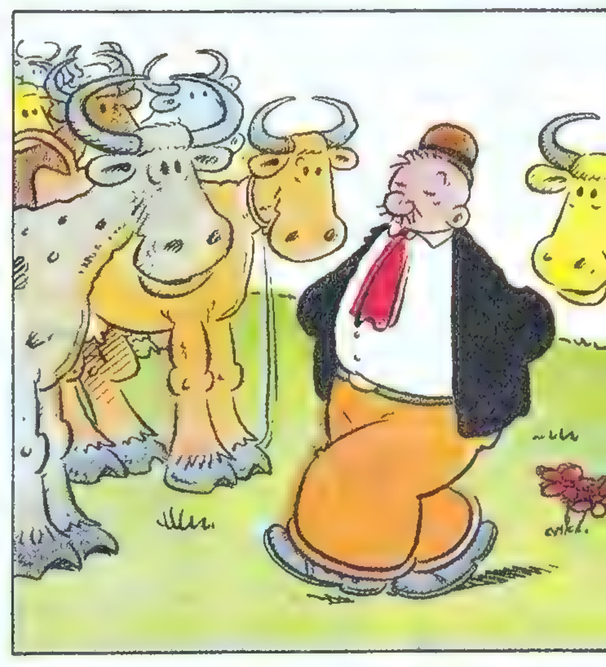


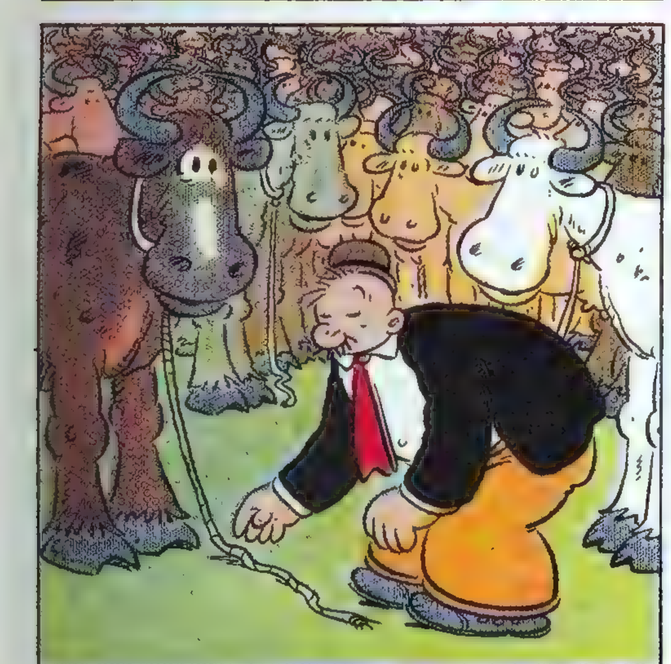














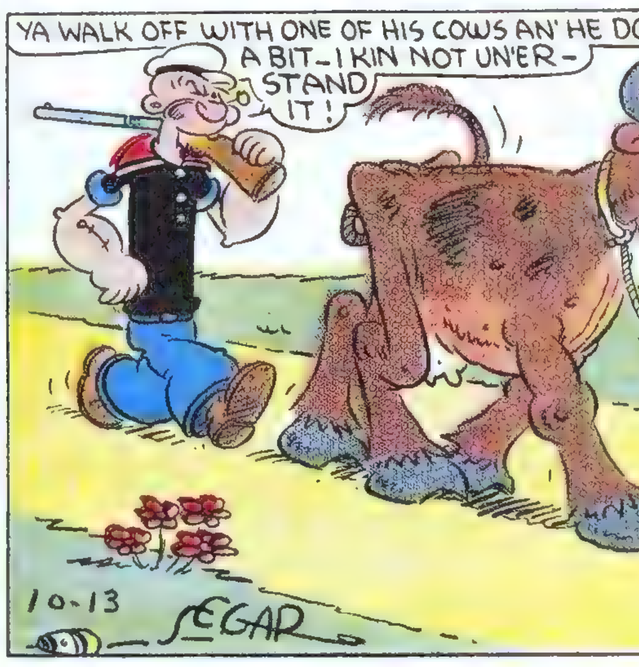




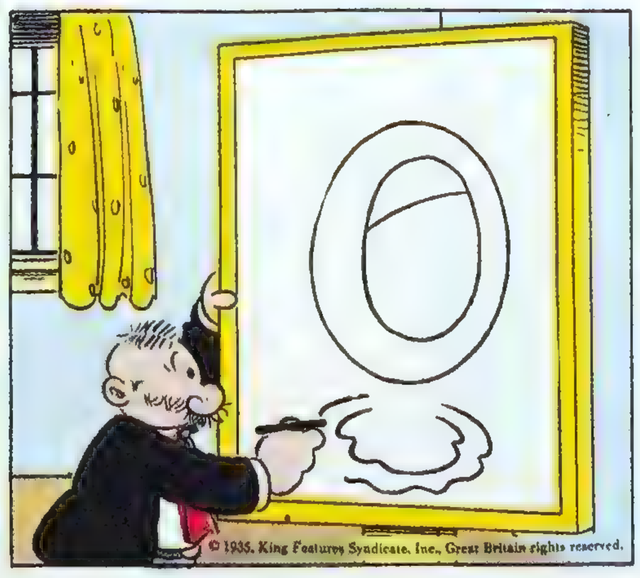




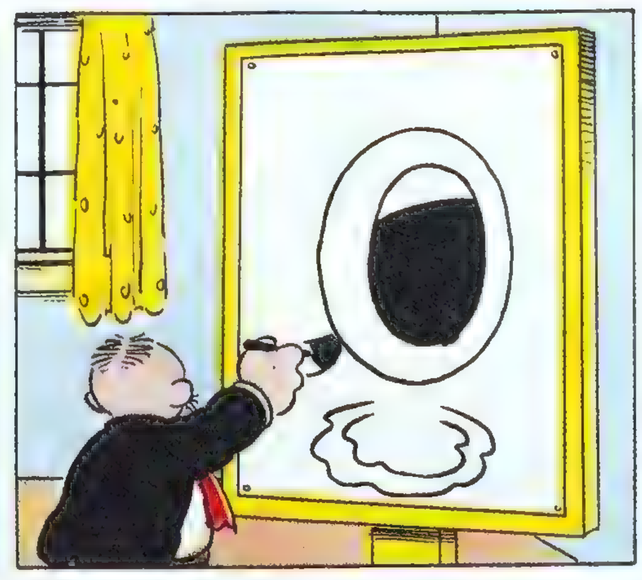
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I'M GOING TO CLOSE UP MY CAFE THIS AFTERNOON AND GO MOOSING FOR A FEW HOURS

I'LL GO WITCHA ON ACCOUNT OF I LIKES TO BE AMONG NATURE

A NICE MOOSE ON TOAST WOULD BE SOMETHING EH, POPEYE?

I DON'T THINK YA'LL FIND ANY MEESE AROUND HERE ON ACCOUNT OF THEY AIN'T ANY

DON'T TELL ME THERE AREN'T ANY- HAH!-EVEN NOW I SMELL A MOOSE

GO DO YER STUFF, I'LL WAIT HERE

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! A MOOSE STANDING IN THE DOOR OF THAT OLD COWSHED

PROBABLY WENT IN TO STEAL THE FARMER'S HAY

BAZ-ZG!

!

?

HMM-THAT'S STRANGE- I'M SURE IT WAS A MOOSE WHEN I SHOT

PLOP

WHA'D YA SHOOT AT WIMPY?

AH, POPEYE, OLD PAL OF MINE- HOLD MY GUN WHILE I TIE MY SHOE- PULL UP MY SOCK AND BLOW MY NOSE.

WHAT THE-?!

HEY! WHERE YA GOIN'? WHA'SA MATTER?

SWISH

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, SHOOTIN' MY COW? I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!

WHO, ME? HAH! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YA HAD A COW- POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

I'LL PAY FOR YER COW ON ACCOUNT OF I SUSPOSE YER A POOR MAN- BUT DON'T TRY TO BREAK ME NECK BECAUSE IT AIN'T BEIN' DONE THIS SEASON

TWEET

HEY, WIMPY, HAS POPEYE BEEN IN?

10-20

!

YES, MA'AM

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SALOO

"P" STANDS FOR "POPEYE"

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I CAN DRAW "POPEYE" BETTER THAN OLD MAN SEGAR, HIMSELF.

10-20

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

ZUPE, WIMPY BOY, BRING ME ZUPE! BETTER YOU SHOULD BE DEAD!
WHY DO I COME HERE I DON'T KNOW!
COULD I STOOD IT!
WHAT KIND OF PEA ZUPE HAVE YOU TO-DAY?
OXTAIL, SIR
WHAT! NO CLAM CHOWDER?
POOEY
OXTAIL IS THE ALL WE HAVE TO-DAY, SIR
WELL, WHAT'S STOPPING YOU- BRING ME OXTAILS ZUPE!
AH, MR. JONES, HOW WAS YOUR "T" BONE STEAK, SIR?
OH, IT WAS OKAY I GUESS FOR A DUMP LIKE THIS
THANK YOU- I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT
PLEASANT WEATHER ISN'T IT?
THAT WAS THE LAST OF MY "T" BONE STEAKS- I HOPE NOBODY ELSE ORDERS A "T" BONE
HURRY WITH MY OXTAILS ZUPE
COMING RIGHT UP, MR. GEEZIL- I'M MAKING A FRESH POT OF IT
THERE NOW- THAT'S A GOOD GIRL- TRY TO STAND IT JUST A LITTLE BIT LONGER
ALL DONE, CYNTHIA, YOU MAY RELAX NOW-
POOEY! BETTER I SHOULD DRINK WATER
I SEZ I WANTS A "T" BONE STEAK- NOT NO CHEAP ROUND STEAK!
BUT OUR ROUND STEAK IS LOVELY TO-DAY SIR
SLUP
I SEZ I WANTS A "T" BONE STEAK, YA SWAB, AN' NOTHIN' ELSE BUT!
VERY WELL, SIR
LISTEN, WIMPY- YA CAN'T FOOL ME- THA'S ROUND STEAK! TAKE IT AWAY AN' BRING ME A "T" BONE
I HATE TO TELL HIM I HAVE NO "T" BONE STEAKS HE'LL THINK THIS IS A SECOND CLASS CAFE
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! A CUTE LITTLE "T" BONE FROM A "T" BONE STEAK
THA'S BETTER
THIS IS SWELL! WIMPY CAN'T FOOL ME ON "T" BONE STEAKS
HE CAN'T FOOL ME ON ZUPE EITHER- WE'RE TOO SMART, HAH?
YA DERN TOOTIN'!

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SADLO

LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH THE LETTER "Q"
"Q" IS EASY
ANYONE CAN DO THIS ONE
NEXT WEEK I'LL USE "R"
10-27
SEGAR

MY GORSH, WIMPY, LOOK AT THIS POOR LITTLE DORG- HE'S JUS' ABOUT STARVED

1

WAIT'LL I GET S ME OL' SHOT-GUN- WE'LL TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS AN' GET HIM SUMPIN' TO EAT

2

DON'T WORRY, DORGIE, WE'LL GET YA SUMPIN' TO EAT

3

BLOW ME DOWN! THERE GOES A RABBIT!

BOOM

4

HERE YA ARE, LITTLE DORGIE- A SWELL MEAL

5

LOOK AT HIM GULPIN' IT DOWN- SEE HOW HAPPY HE IS

I FEELS GOOD ON ACCOUNT OF I DONE A GOOD DEED

GULP GULP GULP

6

WHY DON'T YA BE LIKE ME, WIMPY? YER SELFISH- THA'S THE TROUBLE- YA DON'T CARE FOR NOTHIN' ESCEPT YERSELF

GULP GULP

7

IF YA WANTS TO FEEL SWELL YA GOT TO BE KIND TO DUMB AMINALS

MY FRIEND —— ARE YOU KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS ?

8

SAY, ARE YOU IGMORANT?

YA MUS' BE KA-RAZY TO AST SUCHA QUESTION! YA DERN TOOTIN' I YAM KIND TO DUMB AMINALS! LOOK WHAT I DONE FOR THAT DORG!

9

AND LOOK WHAT YOU DID FOR THE RABBIT

10

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11

AW, @@XX38X!! YA WOULD THINK OF SUMPIN'!!

WHOP

11-3

EGAR

12

STAGE

"R" STANDS FOR "ROVER": LET'S SEE IF WE CAN DRAW HIS PICTURE

R

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R

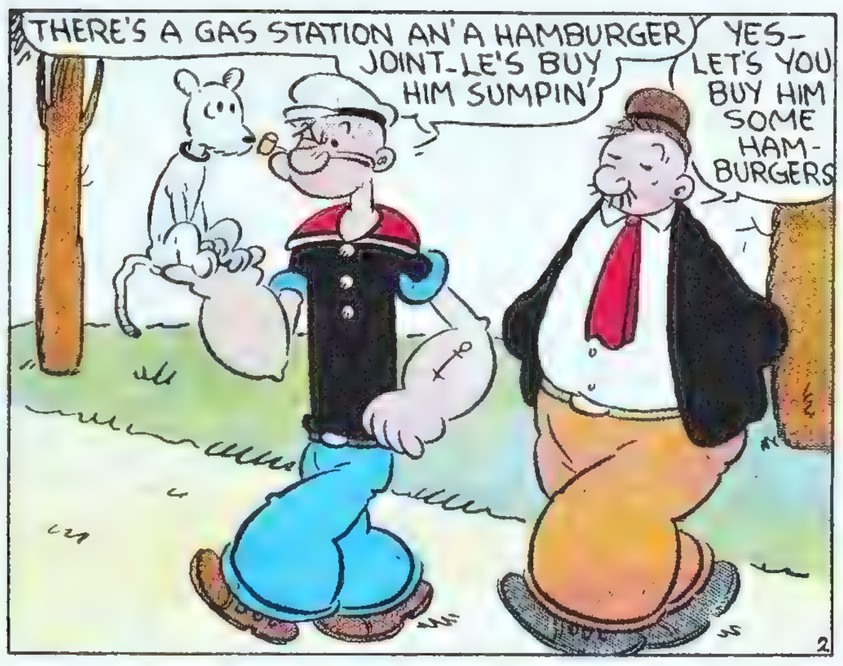
11-3

R

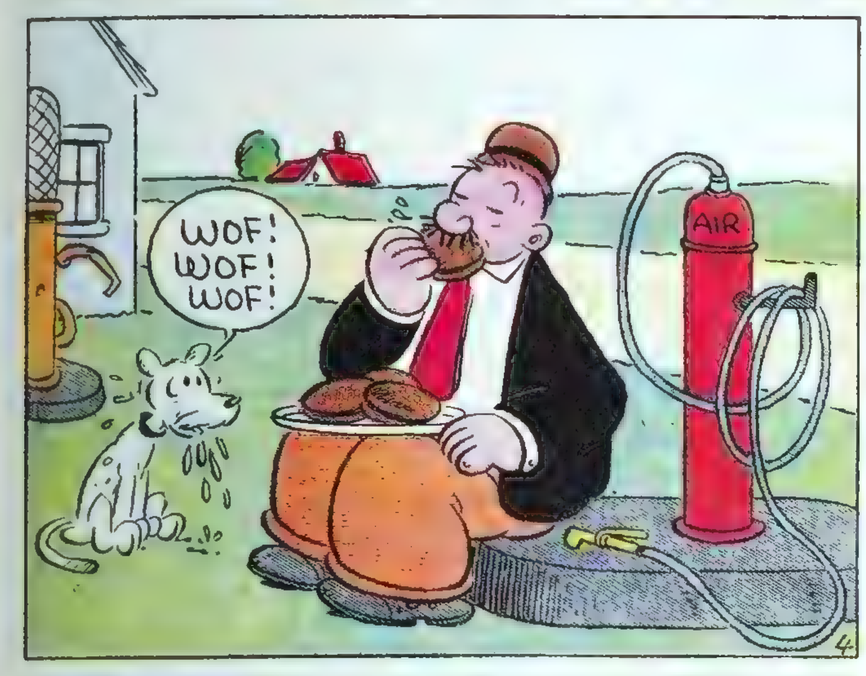
WE'LL SOON BE THROUGH THE ALPHABET

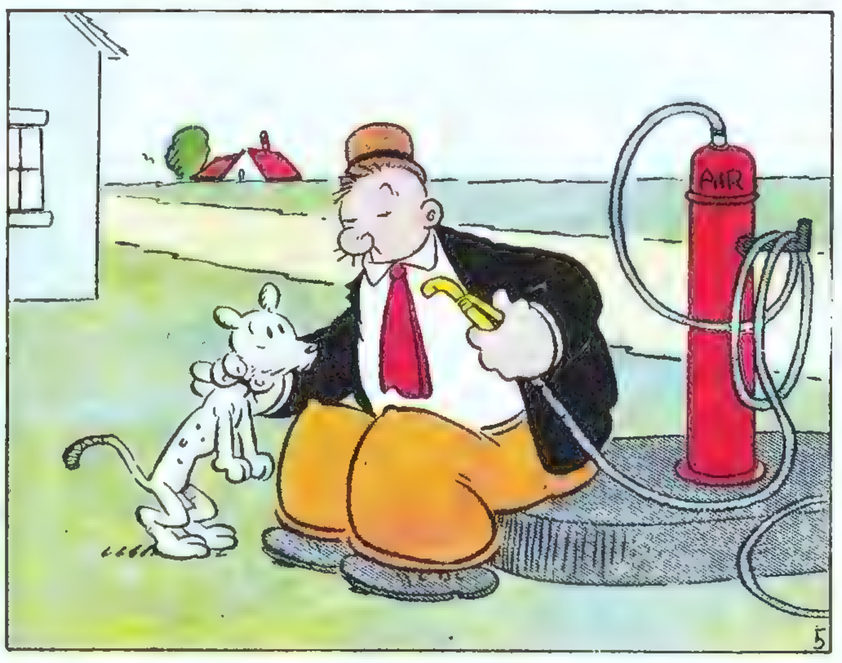
EGAR

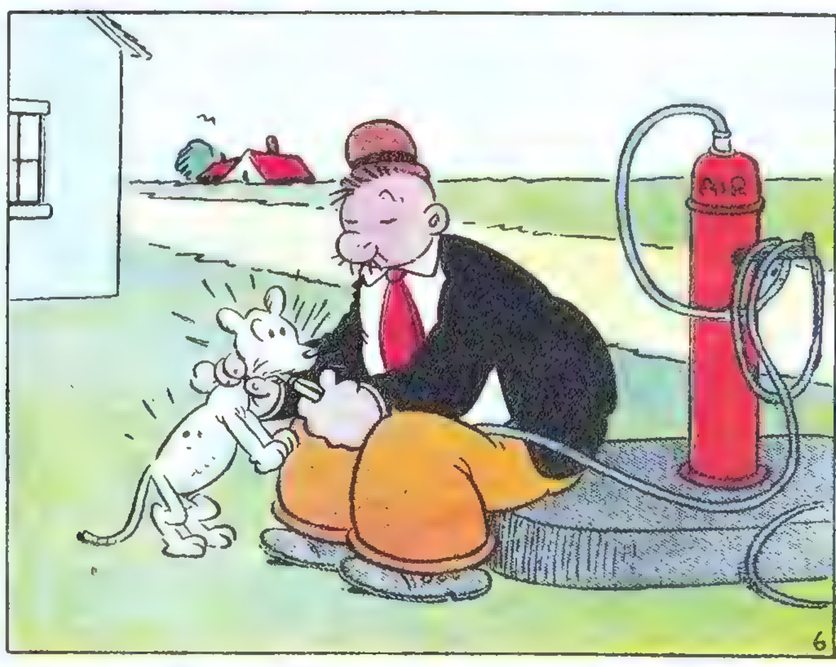

PITIFUL, ISN'T IT?
I SEZ IT IS - IT'S. THAT SAME DORG AN' HE'S HUNGRY AGAIN - LOOK - THEY AIN'T NOTHIN' IN HIS TUMMY
WOF
1

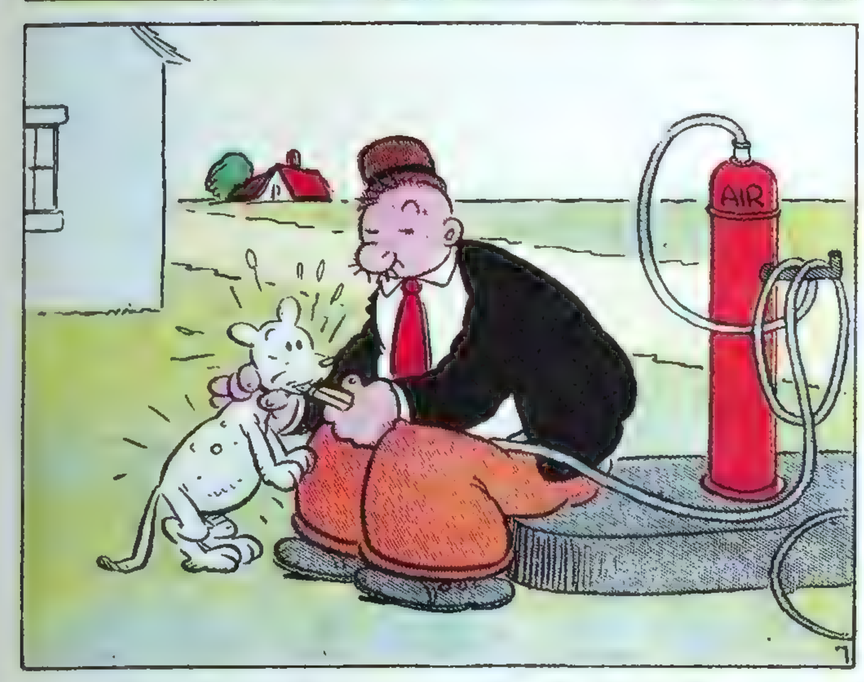

THERE'S A GAS STATION AN' A HAMBURGER JOINT - LE'S BUY HIM SUMPIN'
YES - LET'S YOU BUY HIM SOME HAM-BURGERS
2

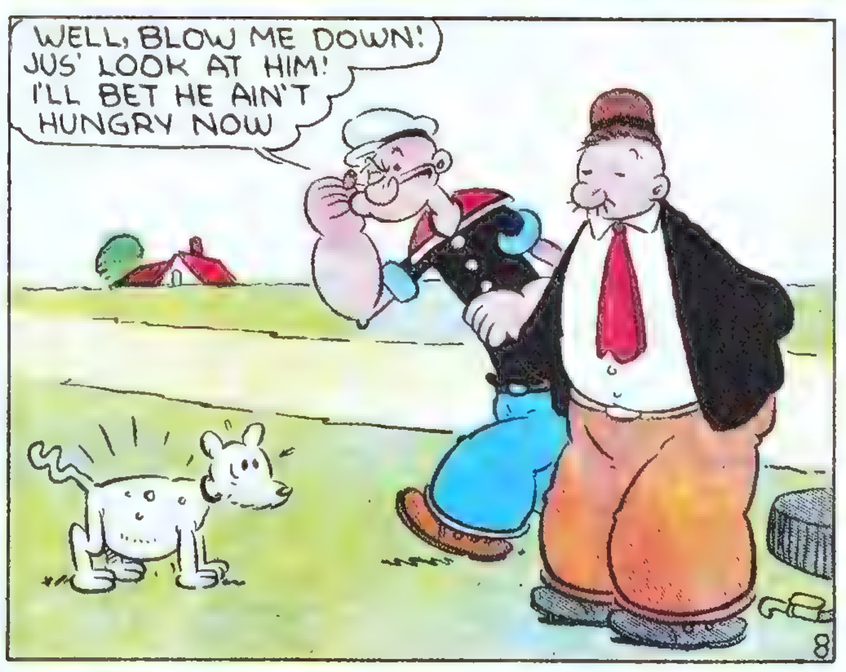

HERE, WIMPY, GIVE THESE HAMBURGERS TO THE DORG AN' FILL HIS EMPTY STOMACH - I GOT TO
CALL UP OLIVE OYL
GAS
HAMBURGERS
3


WOF! WOF! WOF!
AIR
4

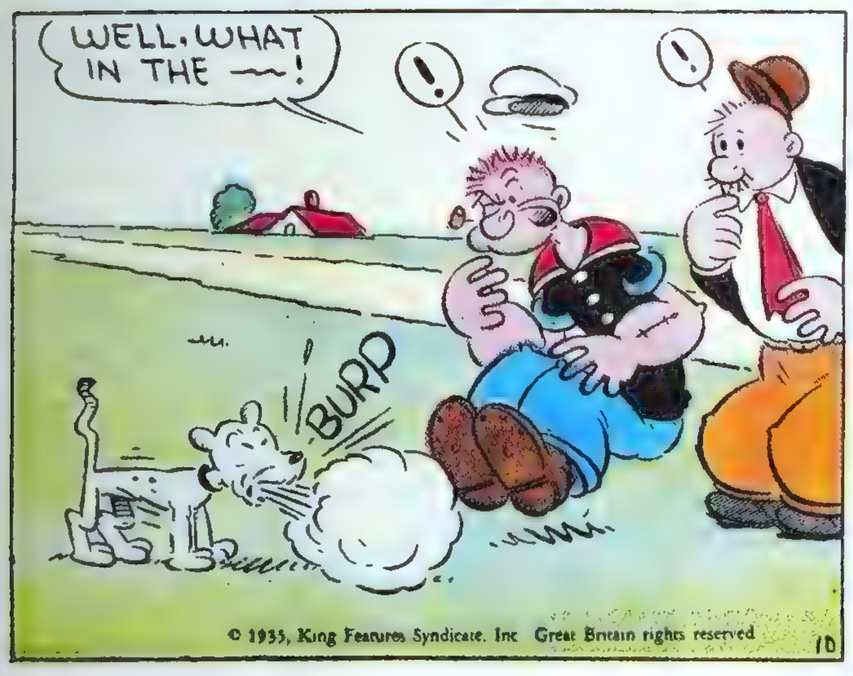

AIR
5


AIR
6

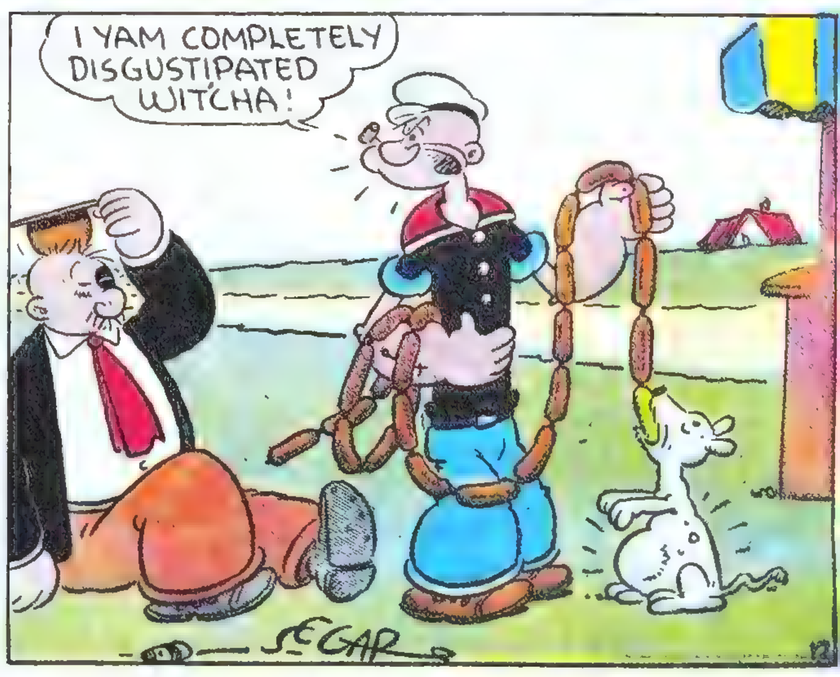

AIR
7


WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! JUS' LOOK AT HIM! I'LL BET HE AIN'T HUNGRY NOW
8


ARF! ARF! JUS' LOOK HOW FULL HIS TUMMY IS
9


WELL. WHAT IN THE —!
BURP
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10


WIMPY, I KNOWS WHAT YA DONE — LISTEN, YA SWAB, YER TEN TIMES LOWER'N SEA-LEVEL!
I BEG PARDON?
11-10
11


I YAM COMPLETELY DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA!
SEGAR
12


SADIE
"S" STANDS FOR "SAP" ALSO FOR "SCHNOZZLE"
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN DRAW A SAP -
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WITH A HUGE SCHNOZZLE
11-10
NEXT WEEK WE'LL USE THE LETTER "T"
SEGAR

BAH!
POOEY
HOW'S BIZNESS, WIMPY?
NOT SO GOOD
1

PUNK ZUPE!
BUT I DON'T CARE - I LIKE THE RESTAURANT GAME - I ENJOY BEING AMONG MY HAMBURGERS
2

COULD I STOOD IT?
SURE, IT'S A NICE BUSINESS, BUT DON'T OL' GEEZIL GET YER GOAT? HE'S ALWAYS KNOCKIN' YER SOUP
IT REALLY IS POOR SOUP
3

BETTER I SHOULD DRINK WATER
MY GORSH, YA ADMITS IT'S PUNK, YERSELF, HAH? - THA'S ARFUL! WHY DON'T YA MAKE GOOD SOUP?
HMM-
4

BETTER IT SHOULD BE UNDER BRIDGES! WHY DO I COME HERE I DON'T KNOW!
I'LL BET YOU TEN DOLLARS THAT I CAN TURN THAT BOWL OF POOR SOUP INTO A BOWL OF GOOD SOUP WITHOUT PUTTING ANYTHING INTO IT AND WITHOUT TOUCHING IT
5

BAH! IT AIN'T EVEN GOOD WATER!!
WHY, YA MUST BE KA-RAZY!! I'LL BET TEN BUCKS YOU CAN'T! PUT UP YER MONEY!
6

MOCK TURTLE ZUPE-POOEY! WHAT IT IS, IS MOCK ZUPE
WE'LL LET GEEZIL BE THE JUDGE. IF HE SEZ IT'S GOOD SOUP, YOU GET THE MONEY
NO, INDEED, OUR CITY GOVERNMENT IS NOT WHAT IT SHOULD BE
7

WE NEED A MAN FOR MAYOR WHO IS DYNAMIC - A MAN WITH PERSONALITY AND BRAINS - WE NEED A MAN LIKE -
?...
8

WE NEED A MAN LIKE GEORGE W. GEEZIL FOR OUR MAYOR! - HE HAS THOSE STERLING QUALITIES
?...?
9

HAH! AIN'T IT SO? GEORGE W. GEEZIL OUR MAYOR - AIN'T IT NICE?
WHATCHA TALKIN' ABOUT?
BY THE WAY, MISTER GEEZIL, HOW IS YOUR SOUP TODAY?
?...
10

AH, WIMPY BOY, THIS IS GOOD ZUPE!
AH, FINE! FINE!
!
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11

THANK YOU TOO MUCH
!?
SAY — !! WHAT THE @@XX !!!
11-17 SEGAR
12

MADE

"T" STANDS FOR TOUGH

SO I'LL DRAW A TOUGH GUY

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11 17

NEXT WEEK WE'LL USE THE LETTER "U". IT WILL BE EASY

SEGAR

YES, POPEYE, I AM COOKING A STEAK FOR MYSELF
SMELLS MIGHTY GOOD- SAY- COOK ONE FOR ME JUS' LIKE IT
1

STEP ALONG WITH THAT STEAK, YA SWAB, YA GOT ME APPRETITE ALL WORKED UP
COMING RIGHT IN, SIR
2

WHY DON'T YA WATCH WHAT YER DOIN', YA CLUMSY LUMAKICK!
-PLOP
3

I SEZ I YAM NOT GO'NER EAT IT AFTER IT'S BEEN ON THE FLOOR
MY FRIEND, DO YOU MEAN TO INSINUATE THAT MY FLOORS ARE DIRTY?
I DOES!
4

LISTEN, WIMPY- TAKE THAT STEAK BACK AN' BRING ME THE OTHER ONE
YES, SIR- VERY WELL, SIR
5

POOEY TO HIM FROM ME- IF HE WON'T EAT IT WHY SHOULD I EAT IT? AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY A CUSTOMER
6

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF MAKING HIM EAT THE STEAK THAT FELL ON THE FLOOR
7

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY- HMM
AH, I HAVE IT- THERE IS A WAY TO MAKE HIM ACCEPT THAT UNCLEAN BIT OF BEEF
8

I'LL DO JUST AS HE SAID AND TAKE HIM THE STEAK THAT DID NOT FALL ON THE FLOOR
9

WIMPY, ARE YA SURE THIS AIN'T THE STEAK WICH YA DROPPED-? LOOK ME IN THE EYE, YA SWAB!
I BEG PARDON?
ER- AH- PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT?
10

WIMPY, YA GOT A GUILTLY LOOK- I KNOWS DARN WELL YA WOULDN'T BRING ME THE CLEAN STEAK- IT AIN'T LIKE YA TO DO THAT
I BEG PARDON
11

HERE- YOU EAT THIS ONE- I'LL GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN AN' GET THE OTHER ONE
12

I ADMITS YER FOXIE- BUT YA AIN'T SLICK ENOUGH TO PUT NOTHIN' OVER ON ME
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY TO FOOL A SMART MAN LIKE YOU
13

POPEYE, I GIVE YOU CREDIT- YOU, SIR, ARE MUCH TOO SMART FOR ME
YA DERN TOOTIN' I YAM SMART
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WELL, I'LL BE- @@X!! SPECKS OF TOBACKY STICKIN' TO ME STEAK- WHY, THEY'S DIRT ALL OVER IT!!
11·24

OH, SURE! I YAM SO SMART I SHOULD BE A COLLICH PERFESSOR! AW, GNATS! @@XX!!
I GIVES UP!!
IT SHOULD BE GOOD CHOWDER, I KNEW THE CLAM PERSONALLY
SEGAR

SALOO

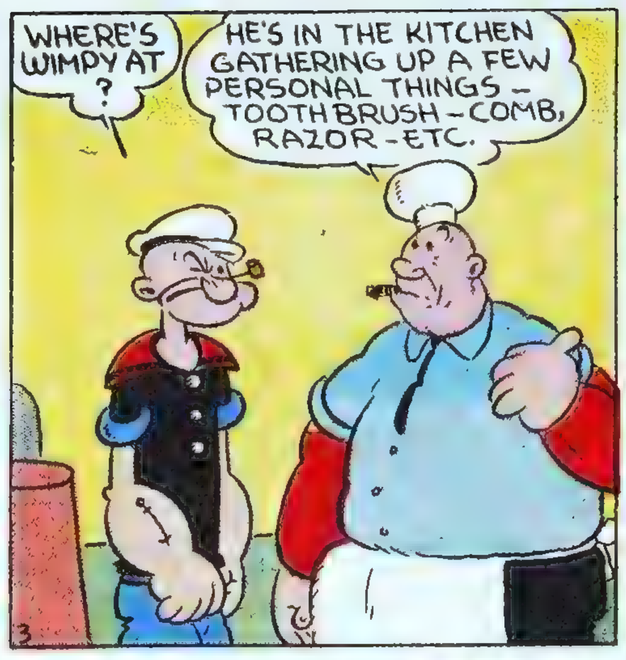
IT'S EASY TO MAKE A FACE OUT OF THE LETTER "U"
Registered U S Patent Office.

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NEXT WEEK WE'LL TRY THE LETTER "V"
11·24
SEGAR


I HEARS WIMPY LOST HIS RESTRUNT— I SUSPOSE HE ET UP ALL THE PROFIT—
I'M NOT SURPRISED— HE'S NO BUSINESS-MAN— ALL HE THINKS OF IS EATING
1


SO THE SHERIFF SOLD WIMPY OUT, EH? I KNOW'D IT WOULD HAPPEN
YES—I OWN THIS RESTAURANT NOW—
2


WHERE'S WIMPY AT ?
HE'S IN THE KITCHEN GATHERING UP A FEW PERSONAL THINGS — TOOTH BRUSH — COMB, RAZOR — ETC.
3


I'VE BEEN EXPECTING AN ATTACK OF INDIGESTION SO THAT IS WHY I WORE MY RUBBER TROUSERS— YES, IT IS UPON ME NOW
I AM QUITE BLOAT-ED
4


BLOATED, ME EYE— HE'S GOT A BIG SACK FULL OF YOUR HAMBURGERS HID IN HIS RUBBER PANTS
IF I THOUGHT HE STOLE SOME OF MY FOOD I'D MURDER HIM — LET'S FOLLOW HIM
5


I HAVE ESCAPED WITH A SACK OF HAMBURGERS— AT LEAST A HUNDRED
6


GOOD HEAVENS! OH, GOOD HEAVENS! I'M BEING PURSUED
7


I MUST DEVOUR THEM WITH RAPIDITY— HE SHALL NOT TAKE FROM ME THESE HAMBURGERS!
8


I'M SORRY HE LOST HIS RESTAURANT, BUT I PAID GOOD MONEY FOR IT AND HE CAN'T STEAL FROM ME! THERE HE IS!
I HATES DISHONEST CROOKS— I'LL BET HE COOKED A HUNDRED SANRICHES WHILE HE WAS IN THERE
9

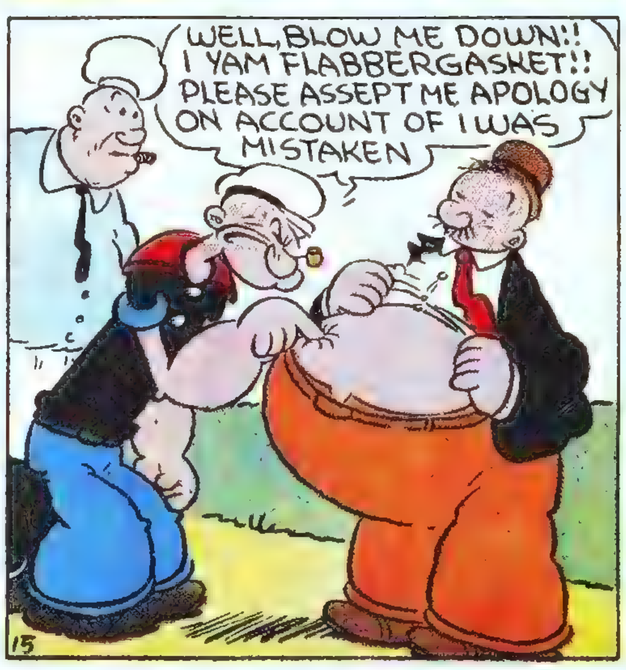

TASTY BITS
CRUNCH
AH, YES, GEMS OF BOVINITY
10


THIS IS THE LAST ONE — HMM — I NOW HAVE THAT VERY SATISFACTORY FEELING WHICH COMES WITH COMPLETE FULNESS
WHERE'D HE GO?
PROBALY HIDIN' BEHIND A TREE EATIN' THEM HAMBURGERS
11

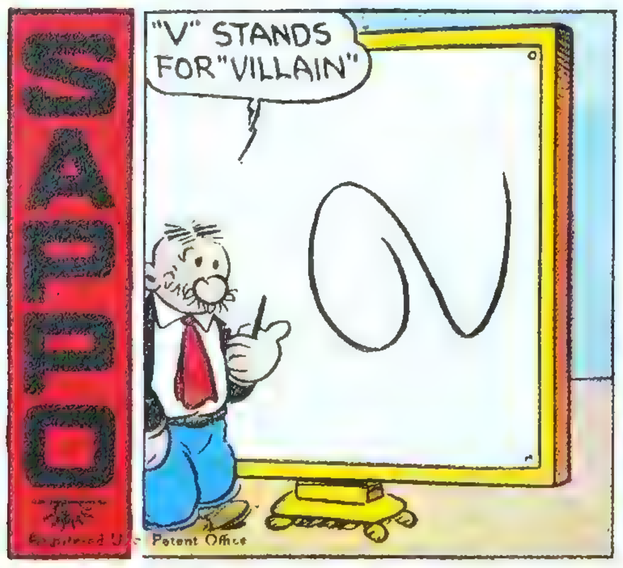

I HAVE EATEN THE ALL OF THEM — THEY CANNOT PROVE MY GUILT, SO MY CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR
12

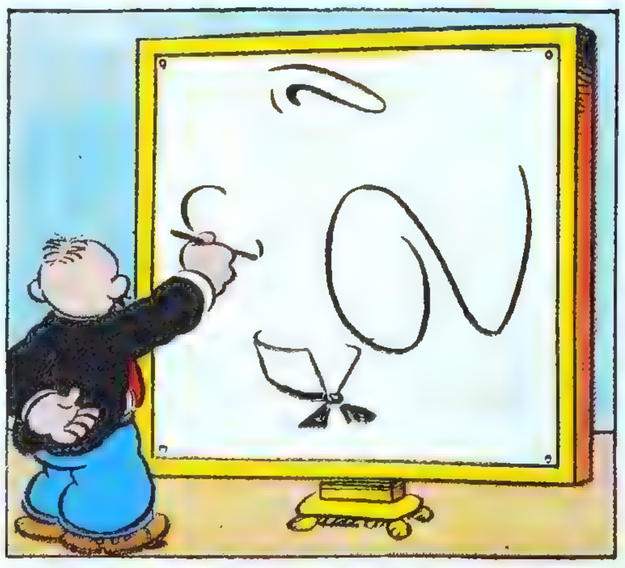

SURE, THEY'S SANRICHES UNDER HIS TROUSERS — HE'S A THIEF — WE'LL MAKE HIM GIVE 'EM BACK
13
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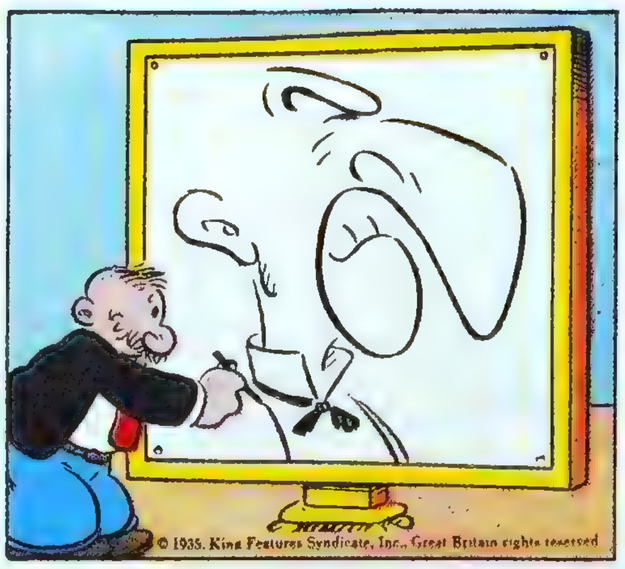

I SEZ OPEN YER SHIRT! YA HEAR ME? OPEN YER SHIRT, YA SWAB
14 — SEGAR — 12/1

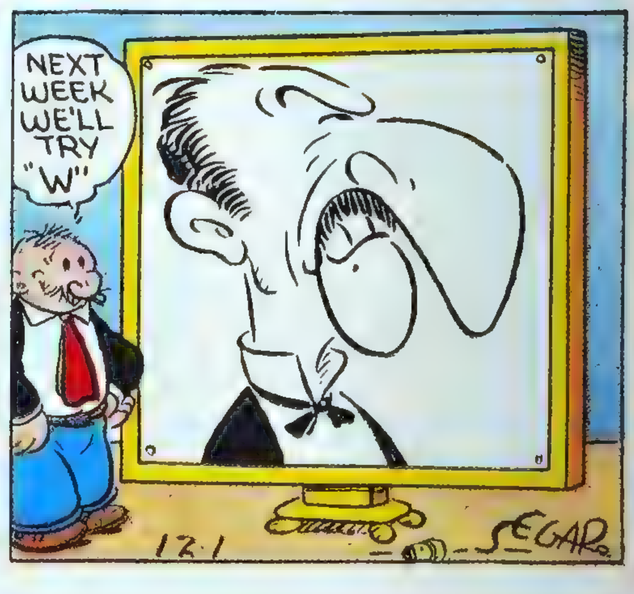

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!! I YAM FLABBERGASKET!! PLEASE ASSEPT ME APOLOGY ON ACCOUNT OF I WAS MISTAKEN
15


I YAM SORRY I CALLED YA A THIEF — COME WITH US AN' I'LL BUY YA A HAMBURGER
HMM — JUST "A" HAMBURGER?
OKAY, I'LL BUY YA TWO
AH, FINE — THREE WILL BE PLENTY THANK YOU TOO MUCH
16

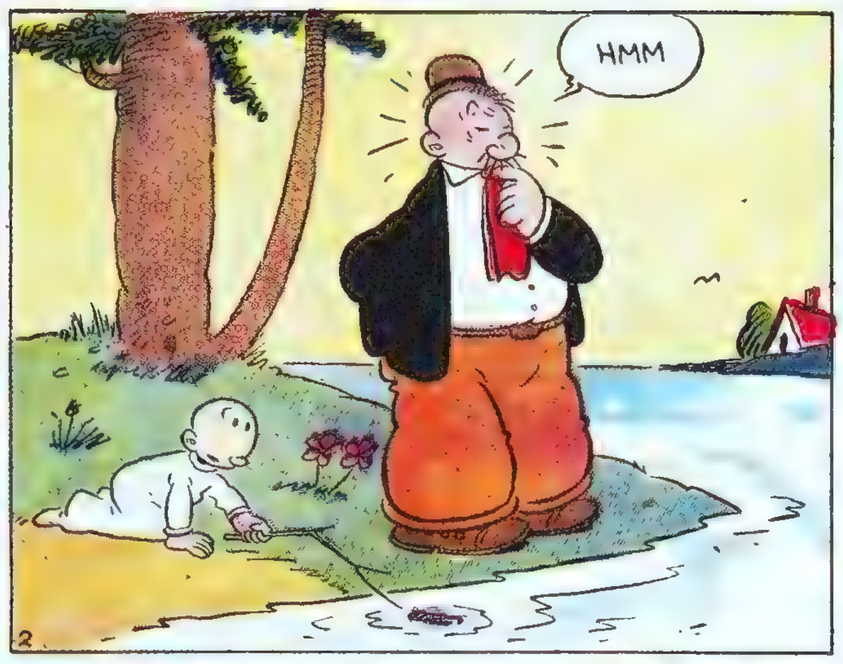

POPEYE
"V" STANDS FOR "VILLAIN"
Patent Office

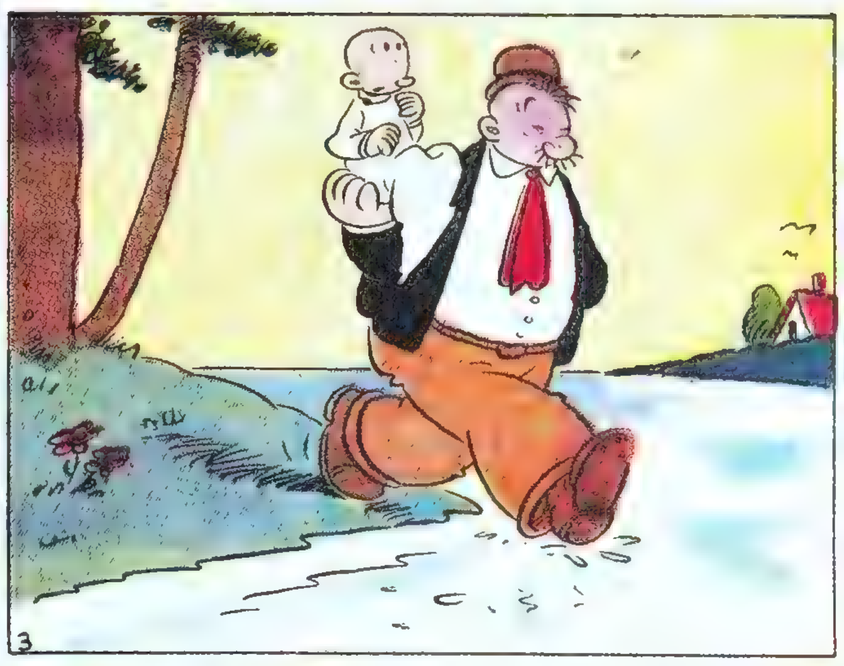


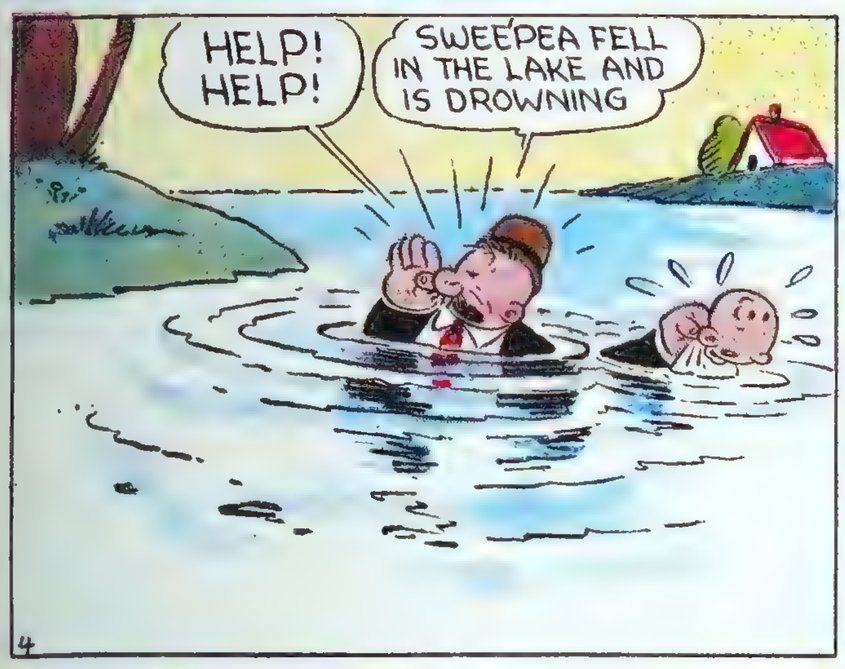

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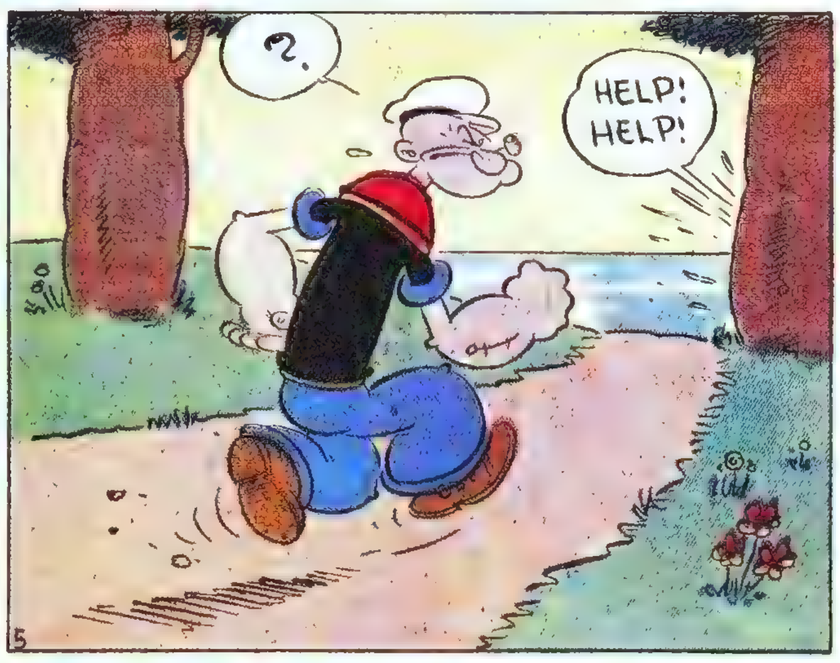

NEXT WEEK WE'LL TRY "W"
12/1
SEGAR

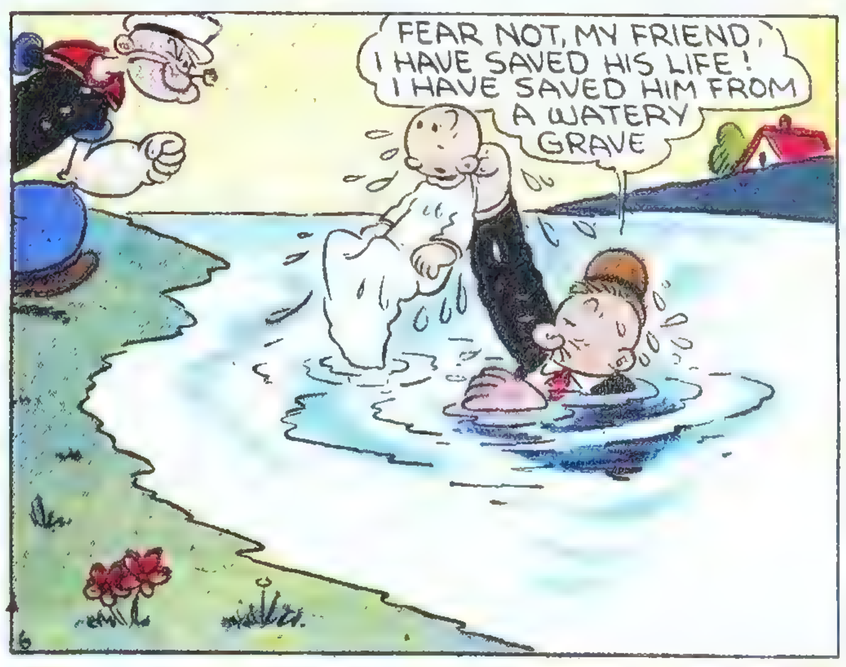


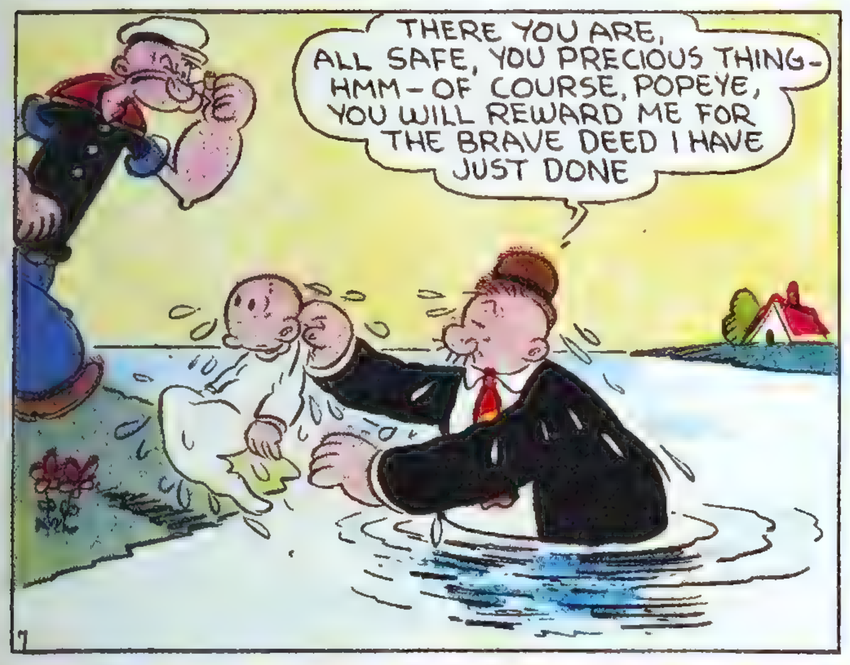


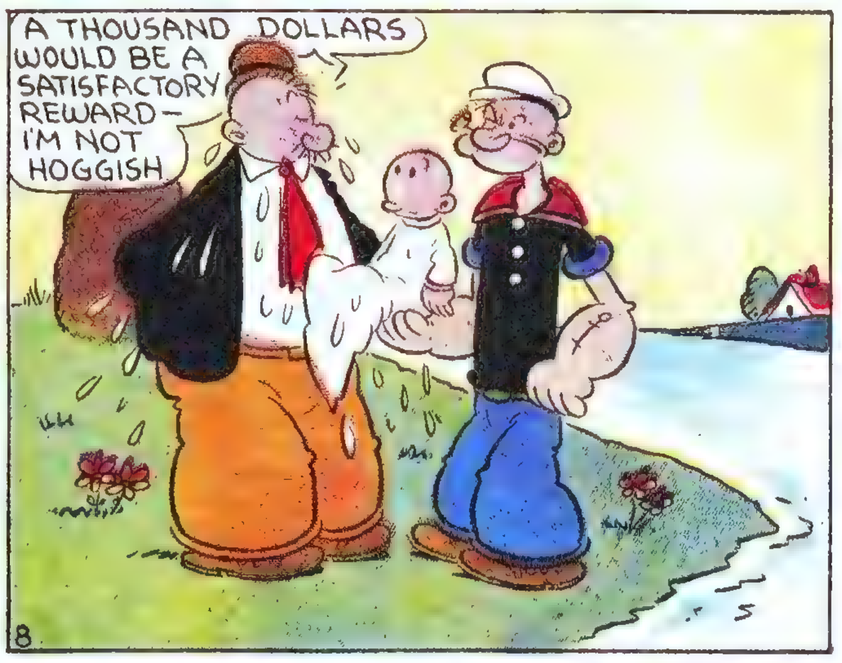


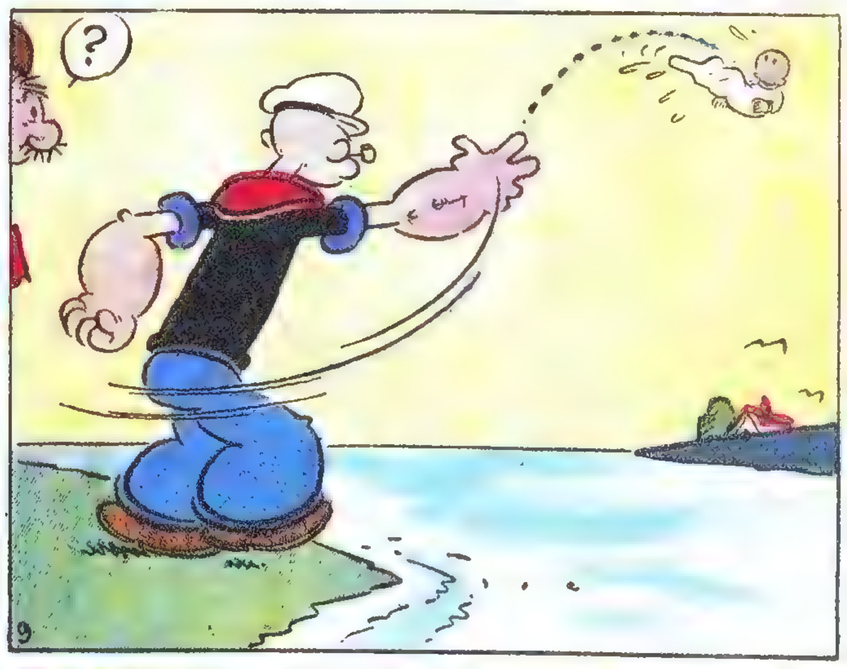












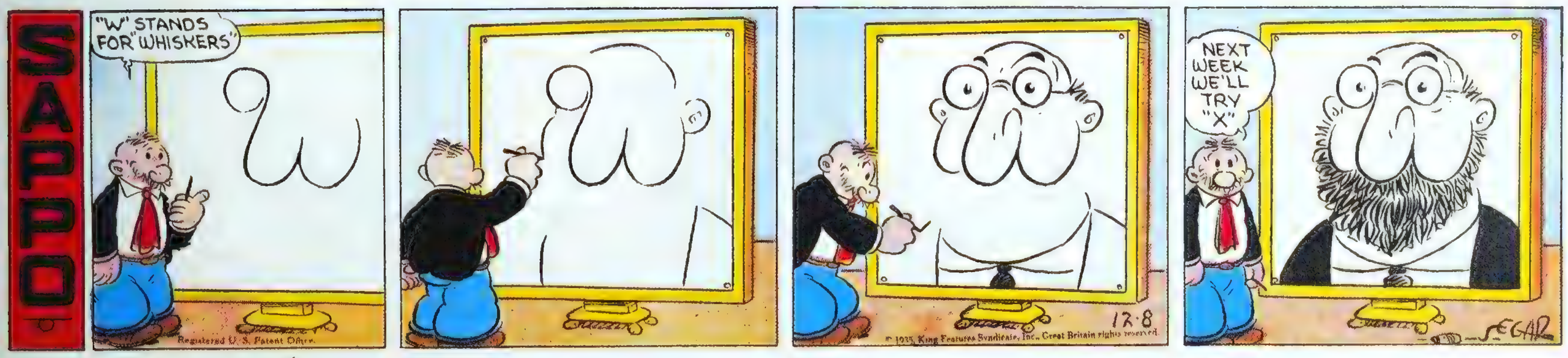




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12·8





AHOY, OLIVE, I THOUGHT YA WAS COOKIN' DINNER JUS' FOR YOU AN' ME - WHA'S WIMPY DOIN' HERE?

I DIDN'T INVITE HIM - HE JUST DROPPED IN TO SAY HELLO, HE SAID

1

TO SAY "HELLO" ME EYE! HE COME HERE THINKIN' HE'D GET AST FOR DINNER

IF I WAS CERTAIN HE KNEW I HAD DINNER READY I'D HAVE TO ASK HIM TO EAT— I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO KNOW WE DON'T WANT HIM

2

SAY, WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?!

NO! NO! SHUSH! SSSSSH-- WE MUSTN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS!

3

PST— I'VE GOT EVERYTHING READY TO SET ON THE TABLE- WILL HE NEVER GO?!

PST- LE'S WALK PAST HIM AN' GIVE HIM THE COLD SHOULDER

4

5

6

YEAH, JUS' KEEP YER BACK TO HIM WE'LL FREEZE HIM OUT

IT'S A MEAN TRICK BUT WE'VE GOT TO DO IT

I'LL HAVE TO GO NOW AND WATER THE DUCKS

7

YES, YES, I MUST BE ON MY WAY

IGNORE HIM COMPLETELY- DON'T TURN AROUND

YEAH, DON'T EVEN LOOK AT HIM OR HE MIGHT STAY-

HE'S OPENING THE DOOR- SSH-

8

SLAM

HE SLAMMED THE DOOR, I SUSPOSE HE WAS MAD

YEAH

9

ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!

HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH!

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10

COME ON- LE'S EAT!

SURE!! I'LL PUT THE FOOD ON THE TABLE!

11

12-15

SEGAR

12

MADDO

"X" ISN'T A VERY GOOD LETTER FOR MAKING A TRICK FACE - I'LL USE FOUR OF 'EM

TWO MORE LETTERS AND WE'LL BE THROUGH THE ALPHABET

12-15

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SEGAR

MEN, YOU HAVE DEVELOPED INTO PHYSICAL GIANTS UNDER MY GUIDANCE, AND I, SAMPSON SMITH, YOUR INSTRUCTOR, AM PROUD OF YOU

SAMPSON SMITH'S GYM

1

IN EACH OF US THERE IS THE STRENGTH OF FORTY-SEVEN BULLS— COULD ANYTHING BE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN WELL-FORMED MUSCLES?

2

IT HAS TAKEN US YEARS OF HARD TRAINING TO ACQUIRE OUR GREAT STRENGTH

YOUR GOAL HAS BEEN TO LIFT THE TWO-THOUSAND-POUND DUMB-BELL— AH! PETE HAS SUCCEEDED

WHEW

3

GOOD WORK, BILL, YOU'VE DONE IT— STEP UP, NEXT

4

FINE! FINE! YOU HAVE ALL LIFTED IT AND, THEREFORE, I SHALL PRESENT EACH OF YOU WITH A DIPLOMA— YOU ARE SUPER-MEN!

5

NOW I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TREMENDOUSLY SUPERIOR YOU ARE COMPARED TO THE AVERAGE MAN

I'LL CALL IN THE FIRST FELLOW WHO PASSES THE WINDOW

6

I SAY THERE, MISTER, WILL YOU DROP UP HERE A MOMENT?

SAMPSON SMITH PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR

7

HERE HE COMES

OH, POOEY TO HIM FROM ME

LOOK— A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF PHYSICAL UNFITNESS— JUST A SHRIMP

HA! HA!

HAW!

8

?

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

9

MY GOOD FELLOW, STEP OVER THERE AND BRING ME THAT RATHER LARGE DUMB-BELL

HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!

10

YA MEAN THIS THING?

PUOP

PUOP

SEGAR

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12·22

11

"Y" STANDS FOR "YEGG"

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ONE MORE LETTER AND WE'LL BE THROUGH THE ALPHABET

SEGAR

I WANTS A FISH ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM GONER COOK ME OWN DINNER

OKAY, POPEYE

CHIZ

FEESH

HEM

EKS

1

NO, I AIN'T INVITIN' YA UP FOR A FISH DINNER, YA SWAB- I HATES MOOCHERS!

I BEG PARDON

2

I GUESS THAT'LL HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE — I INSULKED HIM WITH ALL ME MIGHT— I GETS DISGUSTIPATED WITH MEN WICH IS TOO LAZY TO WORK FOR THEIR EATS

3

HEY, POPEYE! HEY, LISTEN!

I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING!

WHAT THE HECK DO YOU WANT?

4

WILL YOU LEND ME THE PRICE OF A HAMBURGER?

OLD PAL OF MINE!

NO! POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

5

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! I SEE YOU ARE EATING-

YEAH, AN' I YAM EATIN' ALONE, TOO!

STRANGE, ISN'T IT? I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT FOOD

6

I HATE TO DO IT, BUT-WELL- I HAVEN'T EATEN IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS-HMM- 'TWILL BE UNCOMFORTABLE GOING ABOUT WITH BUT ONE SHOE

7

YOU DON'T MIND IF I USE A BIT OF YOUR SALT, DO YOU?

?

8

AND, OF COURSE, YOU DON'T MIND IF I TAKE A BIT OF THIS TASTY FISH JUICE WHICH OOZED FROM YOUR LOVELY COD FISH

BLOW ME DOWN! YA AIN'T GO'NER EAT YER SHOE, ARE YA?

WHY NOT? 'TWAS MADE FROM THE HIDE OF A COW

9

AVAST, YA LUMAKICK! DON'T YA KNOW YA KIN NOT EAT A SHOE!

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU RE RIGHT- I CAN'T MAKE A DENT IN IT!

10

MY FRIEND, I HAVE SHOWN YOU HOW RAVENOUSLY HUNGRY I AM- AND NOW- HMM— COULD YOU LET ME HAVE A DIME FOR HAMBURGER PURPOSES?

NO! I'M THROUGH BUYIN' YA HAMBURG-ERS

11

OH! JUST LOOK!! COD FISH SPOTS ON MY SHOE! AND I HAVE BUT ONE PAIR

YOU KIN HAVE 'EM CLEANED

NO, I CAN'T

12

WHY, SURE, YA KIN HAVE IT CLEANED

OH, NO, SIR, I CAN'T

YA KIN HAVE IT CLEANED FOR A DIME

13

BUT, MY VERY DEAR OLD PAL, I HAVE NO DIME

OH, WELL, I SUSPOSE I KIN LET YA HAVE A DIME TO GET YER SHOE CLEANED

14

KITTY KITTY KITTY KITTY KITTY

SNIFF

12-29

15

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D

SEGAR

16

WELL, HERE'S THE LETTER "Z" WE'LL BE THROUGH THE ALPHABET TODAY

"Z" STANDS FOR "ZANY"-

AND A "ZANY" IS A CLOWN

12-29

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AND THAT'S THAT

SEGAR

AH, GOOD EVENING, POPEYE. GOOD EVENING— I DROPPED IN TO SEE IF YOU MIGHT INVITE ME TO STAY FOR DINNER

SORRY, WIMPY, I ONLY GOT ENOUGH FOOD FOR MESELF - YER OUTTA LUCK

I SEE YOU HAVE A FISH THERE, MY FRIEND

YEAH, THE SANTA MONICA ROD AN' REEL CLUB SENT IT TO ME — SORRY THEY AIN'T ENOUGH FOR THE TWO OF US

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! 'TIS A COD FISH!

YA KNOW, WIMPY, THEM ROD AN' REELERS ARE SWELL GUYS — BIG-HEARTED! WHY, THEM BOYS IS SALTS OF THE EART'

H-M-M

POPEYE, DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING?

WHATCHA MEAN, NOTICE ANYTHING?

SNIFF SNIFF

WIMPY, WHAT THE HECK ARE YA SNIFFIN' ABOUT?

HMM-DON'T YOU GET IT?

GET WHAT?

F.O.

SNIFF SNIFF

WHA'S F.O. ?

"FISH ODOR"

YEAH, BUT IT'S JUS' THE NACHERAL SMELL WICH FISH HAS

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT!

SNIFF SNIFF

MY GORSH! YA DON'T MEAN TO INCINERAKE THAT THEM ROD AN' REELERS SENT ME A UNGOOD FISH?

OH, DOOEY TO IT FROM ME!

SNIFF SNIFF

DON'T YOU GET IT?

SMELLS OKAY TO ME

SNIFF

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T NOTICE ANYTHING ?

OF COURSE, I'M NOT SAYING THEY KNEW IT WAS UNFRESH WHEN THEY GAVE IT TO YOU - THEY'RE NICE FELLOWS, BUT—

SNIFF

I KIN NOT SEE NOTHIN' WRONG WITH IT

BETTER LET ME TAKE IT OFF SOMEWHERE AND BURY IT

BLOW ME DOWN! I KIN NOT EAT IT AFTER WHAT YA SAID ABOUT IT I YAM GO'NER EAT ME DINNER IN A RESTRUNT

SIAM

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1-5

EGAR

SADLO

WE'LL TRY A TRICK STUNT USING FIGURES

1 2 5
4 6
1 9 7 83

Registered U. S. Patent Office

1-5

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1
POPEYE, MY CLUB IS GIVING A CONTEST DANCE AT MY HOUSE TONIGHT— CAN YOU COME?
ABSOLUKELY

2
BETTER GO TO BED, GRANDMA, OUR PARTY WILL START SOON
I'D SORT OF ENJOY STAYING UP TO SEE THE FUN

3
OLIVE OYL, YA OUGHTER BE ASHAMED OF YERSELF, TELLIN' YER POOR OL' GRA'MA TO GO TO BED- YA'LL BE OLD YERSELF SOMEDAY
AW- POOEY TO YOU FROM ME

4
I SEZ GET UP AN' DRESS- THEY'S BIG DOIN'S TONIGHT- COME ON B'FORE I YANKS YA OUT
!

5
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - THIS FIVE-POUND BOX OF CANDY WILL BE THE PRIZE FOR THE MOST GRACEFUL LADY DANCER - THE JUDGES ARE DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS AND I ASSURE YOU THEIR DECISION WILL BE HONEST
OKAY- DO YOUR DANCES

6
A' COURSE, YA AIN'T TOO OLD- NOW LISTEN, HONEY, YOU AN' ME IS GO'NER DANCE

7
WHOOPEE!
!
CLOMP
CLOMP

8
STEP ASIDE, YA SWAB, AN' LET SOMEBODY DANCE WICH KIN DANCE
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
BOP

9
WHEE !!
CLOMP
CLOMP

10
TIME'S UP FOLKS - THE JUDGES WILL NOW GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND DECIDE WHO WAS THE MOST GRACEFUL LADY DANCER

11
I'D SAY JENNY DOODLEWOCKLE
I THINK SALLY SMITH SHOULD WIN IT
HOW ABOUT MYRTLE SNIPE?
FANNY JONES WAS SWELL
NELLY BROWN WAS GOOD TOO

12
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- THE WINNER OF THE—

13
FIVE POUND BOX OF CANDY WAS—

14
GRANDMA
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

15
I HOPE I WON THIS FAIRLY- YOU DIDN'T INFLUENCE THE JUDGES, DID YOU?
WHY, GRA'MA, HOW YOU TALKS!
SEGAR
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1-12

OTTO
T-A-X
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I'LL DRAW A PORTRAIT OF A MAN—
ALONG ABOUT INCOME TAX TIME
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1-12

YER THE NEW OWNER OF THIS RESTRUNT, EH? THINK YA KIN MAKE IT PAY?

THE LAST OWNER GOT MOOCHED OUT OF HIS PROFIT- BUT I'LL MAKE IT PAY- I CAN READ HUMANS- THE CUSTOMERS CAN'T GYP ME

TAKE THAT FELLOW COMING IN- ONE LOOK TELLS ME HE'S A CROOK-

BY GOLLY, YER RIGHT! I KNOWS HIM AN' HE IS A CROOK

BUT HE WON'T GET FAR WITH ME

NO USE SITTING DOWN, I WON'T SERVE YOU! BEAT IT!

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME! GNATS TO YOU, SIR

TAKE THE AIR!

HE SURE KIN READ PEOPLE

HOW ABOUT THIS FELLOW COMIN' IN NOW?

HMM- SORT OF AN UNUSUAL TYPE- HE COULD EITHER BE HONEST OR CROOKED

BUT I'LL KNOW SHORTLY

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, MISTER?

NOT A THING, SIR- I JUST WANT TO SIT HERE AND LOOK OVER THE STOCK QUOTATIONS

OH, GOOD HEAVENS!

CONSOLIDATED BRASS MINES IS DOWN "FIVE" POINTS! I'VE LOST A HUNDRED THOUSAND!

PLOP

GOOD NIGHT HE LOST A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! MY GOSH! THE POOR MAN FAINTED!

THERE NOW- YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT- HOW DO YOU FEEL?

QUICK! GIVE ME THE PAPER, I MUST SEE HOW MY OTHER STOCK STANDS

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! "AMERICAN MUSHROOMS" UP TEN POINTS- I'VE MADE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

YES, MY GOOD MAN- I THINK I SHALL HAVE A COUPLE OF HAMBURGERS- DO THEM NICELY

YESSIR- COMING RIGHT UP, SIR

I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A CHECK FOR THESE HAMBURGERS I CAME OFF WITHOUT MY WALLET- JONES IS MY NAME- I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS

THAT'LL BE PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, MISTER JONES

I'LL MAKE IT OUT FOR A DOLLAR- YOU MAY KEEP THE CHANGE-

OH, NO, SIR- I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT

YOU ONLY OWE ME TWENTY CENTS- HERE'S EIGHTY CENTS CHANGE

I SELDOM BOTHER WITH CHANGE- BUT VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST

I'M GLAD YOUR STOCK IS UP TEN POINTS, MR. JONES

THAT'S AN' EASY WAY OF MAKING MONEY, AIN'T IT?

I SEZ IT IS!!

ARF ARF ARF

BUT I HAVEN'T DONE SO BADLY, MYSELF- BECAUSE, LIKE I WAS TELLING YOU- "IN ALL MY LIFE I'VE NEVER BEEN GYPED

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?

THA'S WHAT YOU THINK

1-19

SEGAR

SADLO

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY TOOK A "PLOP"

Registered U. S. Patent Office

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CHANGE-

THE FEET INTO—

1-19

FACES

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GEE - THAT'S TOUGH
TOOTHACHE, EH, MISTER DOOZLE? TOO BAD
YES - TERRIBLE! I CAN'T EAT
OUW
LET'S DO HIM A FAVOR AND PULL IT

BY ALL MEANS - TAKE HIM INTO THE BACK ROOM AND EXTRACT IT - I SHALL STAY HERE AND SEE THAT HIS FOOD DOESN'T GO TO WASTE
ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN PULL IT?
I CAN FIX AUTOMOBILES, I CERTAINLY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PULL A TOOTH - BRING A PAIR OF PLIERS, JOE
2

OUW! OOH!
HOLD HIM DOWN, BOYS, DON'T LET HIM SLIP
3

AW, SHUT UP, YOU SISSY!
HELP
OUW
4

THE BOYS ARE IN THE BACK ROOM PULLING MISTER DOOZLE'S TOOTH - HE HAS A FRIGHTFUL TOOTHACHE
MY GORSH! WITHOUT NO AMESTHETIC! OR NOTHIN'!! WHY, THA'S CRUEL
OUW
OUCH
OUW
5

AVAST, YA SWABS! LAY OFF'N THAT POOR GUY
AW, GWAN, WE'RE DOIN' HIM A FAVOR
OUW
6

THA'S NO WAY TO PULL A TOOTH! THA'S CRUEL!! GIMME THEM PLIERS
7

BOP
YOU BRUTE!
WHAT THU- !!!
8

9

THA'S NO WAY TO PULL A TOOTH! THA'S CRUEL!! GIMME THEM PLIERS
10

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11

AN' THE BEAUTIOUS THING ABOUT IT WAS - HE DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT - THA'S WHAT I CALLS A GOOD, CLEAN, HOOMANE JOB
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! - SAY, POPEYE - YOU SHOULDA BEEN A DENTIST!
1-26 SEGAR
12

TODAY

LET'S SEE - WHAT SORT OF A TRICK PICTURE CAN I DO TODAY? AH! I KNOW -
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I'LL CHANGE A DUCK INTO A DUCK-HUNTER
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1-26
THAT'S THAT
SEGAR

IT REALLY IS REMARKABLE THE AMOUNT OF DETERMINATION POSSESSED BY SOME OF THE LOWER ANIMALS

WHATCHA DOIN' OUT SO LATE WIMPY? I WAS JUS' GOIN' TO BED

1

POPEYE, HAVE YOU A RECEIPT FOR REMOVING DOGS FROM TROUSERS? THIS WHELP IS DETERMINED TO HAVE THE SEAT OF MY TROUSERS

R-R-R-R G-R-R-

ARF! ARF!

2

AND I AM EQUALLY DETERMINED THAT HE SHALL NOT HAVE THE SEAT OR EVEN A PORTION THEREOF

G-R-R

SAY- HOW'D ALL THIS HAPPEN ?

3

WELL, SIR, I AM MAKING A STUDY OF OUR LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS— HMM-

HMM-

SO-

G-R-R-R

4

SO ABOUT TWELVE O'CLOCK I WENT OVER TO MR. JONES' CHICKEN-HOUSE— YOU KNOW JONES- HE'S ONE OF THE JONES BOYS

-AND-AND THIS LITTLE BRUTE ATTACKED ME

G-R-R

5

I SEE— YA JUS' WENT INTO OL' MAN JONES' CHICKEN-HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT TO STUDY THE CHICKENS

YES, INDEED- TO STUDY OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

6

LISTEN, WIMPY— JUS' IN CASE YA DIDN'T KNOW IT, LEMME TELL YA THIS- "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY"

WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT !!

G-R-R-R

7

MY FRIEND, ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I'D STEAL CHICKENS ?

I AIN'T INSINERATIN' NOTHIN'- I YAM SAYIN' YER A BLASTED THIEF!

G-R-R-R

8

I WANT YOU TO KNOW, SIR, THAT I AM NO CHICKEN-THIEF! YOU WRONG ME

SEZ YOU- POOEY! I YAM SURE YA STOLE A CHICKEN FROM OL' MAN JONES

G-R-R

9

I DID NOT!

I'D SWEAR ON A STACK OF BIBLES THAT I DID NOT STEAL ANY CHICKENS!

GRR

10

BIBLES IS ME FAVORITE LITRYCHURE AN' I GOT A BIG STACK OF 'EM

I'LL SOON SEE IF YOU'RE LYIN'

11

I DON'T TRUSK YA, WIMPY

12

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I DID NOT STEAL A CHICKEN

!

13

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! HE REALLY WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH

I SUSPOSE I OUGHTER APOLERGIZE AT HIM

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14

ESCUSE ME, WIMPY, FOR DOUBTIN' YA- I BELIEVES NOW THAT YA DIDN'T STEAL NO CHICKEN

2-2

15

YOU RASCAL! I THOUGHT I'D KILLED YOU!

QUACK QUACK QUACK

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK—

SEGAR

16

SADDO

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE THIS FACE DISAPPEAR WITHOUT ERASING IT

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2-2

SEGAR

OL' WIMPY'S IN A HECK OF A FIX— HE SNUCK INTO JONES' CHICKEN HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT AN' ONE OF JONES' DORGS GRABBED AHOLD OF HIS PANTS AN' WON'T LET GO

SOME DOGS ARE LIKE THAT- THEY KNOW CROOKS

I HAVE TRIED DOZENS OF TIMES TO REMOVE THE SEAT OF MY PANTS FROM THE TEETH OF THIS WHELP- I HAVE USE CAJOLERY- I HAVE WHEEDLED BUT TO NO AVAIL

G-R-R

I SHALL GO HOME NOW, REMOVE MY TROUSERS AND ROUGH-HOUSE HIM INTO SUBMISSION

2

AM I TO GO THROUGH LIFE WITH THIS CUR DANGLING FROM THE SEAT OF MY PANTALOONS? NO! I SAY NO!!

3

I SHALL WHAM YOU UPON THE FLOOR OF MY MODEST APARTMENT!

WHAM

4

WHAT SHALL I DO? I JUST CAN'T REMOVE THAT DOG FROM MY TROUSERS! BUT HE MUST BE REMOVED!

GRR

DEEP THOUGHT

5

AH, I HAVE IT!!

HELLO, DRY CLEANERS— I WISH TO HAVE MY TROUSERS THOROUGHLY CLEANED

6

?

CLEANER

I WANT THEM CLEANED THOROUGHLY- AND HURRY BACK

7

-BONG -BONG -BONG -BONG

8

-BONG- -BONG- BONG -BONG- BONG

9

-BONG-BONG BONG-BONG BONG-BONG

10

KNOCK KNOCK

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11

THERE WAS ONE SPOT WE COULDN'T GET OFF THE DOG

! !

3-9

SEGAR

12

POPEYE

A HAT

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LET'S SEE IF WE CAN—

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CHANGE IT INTO SOMETHING ELSE

2-9

SEGAR

A'COURSE, IT SERVES WIMPY RIGHT FOR GOIN' INTO JONES' CHICKEN-HOUSE, BUT I FEELS SORRY FOR HIM ON ACCOUNT OF HE KIN NOT GET THAT DORG OFF'N THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS

1

I SEE YA AIN'T GOT RID OF THE DORG YET

NO, POPEYE, HE IS A MOST PERSISTENT LITTLE SCALAWAG

G-R-R-

2

I HAD TO DO ME DAILY GOOD DEED SO I BRANG YA A NEW PAIR OF PANTS - LET HIM HAVE YER OLD ONES

OH! THANK YOU TOO MUCH

3

YOUR KINDNESS IS ONLY EXCEEDED BY YOUR BEAUTY AND CHARM

AFTER THIS KEEP OUT OF HEN-HOUSES

GRR!!

4

SHAKE, MY FRIEND - I'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR KINDNESS — AH! WE HAVE OUT-SMARTED THE LITTLE PEST

!

5

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME

6

AGAIN I THANK YOU - ER - UM - WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!

G-R-R

7

THA'S ALL RIGHT, OL' MAN - I ALWAYS DOES A GOOD DEED EVER' DAY, ANY-HOW

8

WILL YOU PLEASE LET GO OF MY HAND? ARE WE GOING TO STAND HERE ALL DAY LIKE A COUPLE OF IDIOTS?

!

9

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! HE'S ON AGAIN! I DON'T BLAME YA FOR GETTIN' DISGUSTIPATED

G-R-R

10

WHEN I SETS OUT TO DO SUMPIN' I HATES TO FAIL - I GOT TO THINK UP SOME WAY OF GETTIN' THAT DORG OFF'N YER PANTS - HMMM-M-M-

11

I GOT IT! — HE'S JONES' DORG AN' JONES HAS A WHOLE BACKYARD FULL OF DORGS — I'LL BET THIS POOCH IS GETTIN MIGHTY LONESOME FOR THE REST OF THE GANG

SO JUS' WALK INTO THE YARD AN' WHEN HE SEES HIS PALS HE'LL LET GO AN' JOIN'EM

SOUNDS QUITE REASON-ABLE - I'LL TRY IT

13

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14

Cor!!
X!!
XX!
!X

! ?

2-16

15

X!
X
G-R-R
PLOP

SEGAR

16

MARGO

I'M GOING TO DRAW MY CAP AND SEE IF I CAN DO A TRICK PICTURE WITH IT

Registered U. S. Patent Office

2-16

SEGAR

I WISHT I HAD A GOOD, RELIABLE WOMAN TO TAKE CARE OF SWEE'PEA

Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z

1

I SUSPOSE IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT TO LEAVE HIM ALONE WHILE I GOES AN' GETS ME A TIN OF TOBACCY

2

AH, ALICE, HE IS LEAVING THE KID ALONE- NOW'S MY CHANCE-

3

OH, HOW I HATE POPEYE, THE ONE-EYED RAT! HAH! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! ALICE, BRING SWEE'PEA TO ME

4

Z-Z-Z Z-Z-

5

GOOD OLD ALICE, THE GOON, MY TRUSTWORTHY SLAVE

POWERFUL AND OBEDIENT

6

PAT PAT PAT PAT

7

WELL! WHERE IS THE BRAT? WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING SWEE'PEA?

8

9

BOP

10

!

11

THE "BLACK BARNACLE" DROPPED ANCHOR IN PORT TO-DAY- THE SEA HAG'S IN TOWN

MY GORSH! AN' SWEE'PEA'S ALONE! I GOT TO GET HOME! SHE'D DO ANY-THING TO HURT ME

12

13

14

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

ALICE, THE GOON!

2·23

SEGAR

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15

ADOLPH

AN EMPTY BOTTLE

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AND THE FELLOW-

WHO-

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EMPTIED IT

SEGAR

2·23

ALICE, THE GOON!! WHAT'RE YA DOIN' HERE?

G'WAN BEAT IT! YA AIN'T WELCOME! G'WAN, SHOVE OFF!

1

HERE I STEPS OUT FOR A MINUTE AN' WHEN I GETS BACK, HERE YOU ARE WITH SWEE'PEA! I ADMITS I NEEDS A WOMAN TO HELP ME TAKE CARE OF HIM, BUT I DON'T WANT NO BLASTED GOON

SCRAM!

2

SWEE'PEA! LAY OFF! WHATCHA GIVIN' ME NASTY LOOKS FOR?

G-R-R

3

G'WAN-YA AIN'T WANTED HERE! YER JUS' A OL' GOON! GET OUT!

4

I-G-G-U-M-P-F-F-SKOOCH

GLOP

ZUMPH

WOW

WOF

GLOP

AW- PIPE DOWN! WHA'S EATIN' YA?!

5

HERE'S YER HAT

mfmm fmmfm

6

IF YA WON'T GO THEN I'LL YANK YA RIGHT OUT OF ME HOUSE!

7

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! I KIN NOT MOVE HER!

8

WHA'S WRONG WITH ME? I WON'ER IF I YAM GETTIN' WEAK?

9

COME ON- YER GOIN' OUT!! WELL, I'LL BE—!

10

MY GORSH! I KIN NOT UNERSTAN' IT!

BUT DON'T THINK I CAN'T YANK YA OUT!!

11

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@!!X@ XX!! @@@!

12 3-1

EGAR

SADDO

MR. JONES WENT OUT ONE RAINY DAY WITHOUT HIS UMBRELLA AND—

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GOT ALL WET—

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AND CAUGHT A—

BAD COLD

EGAR 3-1

I SEZ THE GOON'S GOT TO GO! QUIT SNARLIN' AT ME, SWEEPEA! WHY YA LIKES ALICE, THE GOON IS MORE'N I KIN SEE
G-R-R
CON-TIN-UED-FROM LAST WEEK
1
AN' WHAT I SEZ GOES! I YAM NOT GO'NER SPOIL YA BY GIVIN' YA YER OWN WAY ALLA TIME - OUT SHE GOES
G-R-R
2
AN' STAY AWAY, YA BLASTED OL' MONSTROSIKY! DON'T NEVER RETURN
3
AW, PIPE DOWN, HONEY!
BAW!
4
G-R-R
5
Z-Z-Z-
6
7
8
9
10
11
SPINK
12
13
14
15
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-
16
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-
17
18
19
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-
20
SMACK
21
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22
23
3·8
24
TO BE CONTINUED—
SEGAR
25

OTTO
HERE IS A PICTURE OF A PLANT WHICH FARMER BROWN RAISED
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AND HERE—
3·8
IS A PICTURE
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OF FARMER BROWN

WHY, POPEYE, WHAT'S WRONG?
SWEE'PEA RUN'D AWAY- HE PACKED HIS TOY SUITCASE WITH INFINK UN'ERWEAR AN' CRAWLED AWAY IN THE NIGHT-
I YAM MISERYABLE
1

I'LL TELL YA ALL ABOUT IT, OLIVE- I COME HOME ONE EVENIN' AN' FOUND THE GOON TAKIN' CARE OF SWEE'PEA- SHE WAS ROCKIN' HIM TO SLEEP JUS' LIKE AS IF SHE LOVED HIM
REALLY !!
2

AN' THE HECK OF IT WAS, SWEE'PEA SEEMED TO LOVE THE BLASTED OL' GOON- AN' WHEN I MADE HER LEAVE SWEE'PEA GOT MAD AT ME AND RUN'D AWAY
3

AN' NOW I AIN'T GOT NO LITTLE SWEE'PEA
SWEE'PEA LIKED ALICE, THE GOON BECAUSE— WELL, IT'S JUST NATURAL FOR HIM TO WANT A MOTHER
4

DON'T YA DARE INCINERAKE I AIN'T BEEN A GOOD MOTHER TO SWEE'PEA! I BEEN MORE'N A MOTHER TO HIM! I YAMA PERFECK MALE SEX MOTHER, THA'S WHAT! I BEEN A FATHER TO HIM, TOO- I BEEN EVEN A AUNT, AN'A UNCLE AN'A COUSING, TOO
5

I GOT THE ABILIKY TO ACK LIKE BOTH MOTHER AN' FATHER TO A INFINK- THA'S WHY I YAM SUCHA GOOD PARENTS- I YAM AMPHIBIOUS
6

BUT NOW- NOW I AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO SWEE'PEA- HE'S AWAY OFF SOMEWHERE WITH NOBODY TO TAKE CARE OF HIM
7

8

- NO ONE TO LOOK AFTER HIM
9

10

?
11

!
12

! !
13

14

15

G-R-R R-R-R
PUFF PUFF
16

SPINACH
17

18

19

20

GLOP
3·15
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21

SWEE'PEA! OH, SWEE PEA! YOOOOO HOOOOO
TO BE CONTINUED—
SEGAR 22

SADDO
A TREE
I'LL CHANGE IT INTO—
Registered U. S. Patent Office
1936, King Feature- Syndicate Inc. Great Britain rights reserved
A PICTURE OF A—
LUMBER-JACK
3·15





































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ALICE, I TOLD YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM HERE! NOW GET OUT!

BEAT IT! YA WAS THE SEA HAG'S SLAVE AN' I DON'T TRUSK YA!! WHY YA LIKES SWEE'PEA I DON'T KNOW- YA BLASTED GOON!

SAY- DID YA KNOW SWEE'PEA RUN'D AWAY AN' IS NOW LOST? WE KIN NOT FIND HIM

WHAT THE HECK IS SHE SNIFFIN' AROUND FOR?

SNIFF SNIFF

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! SHE'S A REG'LAR BLEED-HOUN'

SNIFF SNIFF

I'LL BET SHE'S ON SWEE'PEA'S TRAIL! LOOK AT HER GO!

I KIN NOT KEEP UP WITH HER

SNIFF SNIFF

AH, SO THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE BRAT! HAH! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE, AFTER ALL

I SWORE TO MAKE POPEYE, MY WORST ENEMY, SUFFER— STAND READY TO SHOVE OFF, MR. SKAG, WHEN I GRAB THE KID- WE'LL BOARD MY SHIP AND SAIL AWAY

OH, MY GORSH! THERE'S SWEE'PEA! AN' THE SEA HAG'S GO'NER GRAB HIM- AN' I CAN'T GET THERE TO SAVE HIM— NOW I KNOW WHY THE GOON'S BEEN HANGING AROUND, SHE WANTED TO STEAL SWEE'PEA FOR THE SEA HAG

QUICK! SHOVE OFF! I'VE GOT THE BRAT!

SMACK

ESCUSE ME, ALICE FOR TREATIN' YA SO MEAN— AS A REWARD FOR SAVIN' SWEE'PEA I'LL LET YA STAY HERE AN' TAKE CARE OF HIM

SMACK

AN' DON'T COME IN TILL YA LEARNS HOW TO ACK, YA BLASTED MONSTROSIKY!

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SADDO

IF YOUR INITIALS ARE "E.S."

AND YOU'RE A MAN-

HERE'S YOUR PICTURE

AW, DON'T GET SORE- IT'S JUST A GAG

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KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

OKAY- COME ON IN

-ETC- AND POSITIVELY THE GREATEST BOOK EVER PRINTED- ONLY FIVE BUCKS- I'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER NOW-

I DON'T WANT TO BUY NO BOOK

BLA BLA- BLA

YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO PASS UP THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFE-TIME!

I SEZ I DON'T WANT TO BUY NO BOOK

I SEZ I DON'T WANT TO BUY NO BOOK!

WELL, THEN, WOULD YOUR SISTER WANT TO BUY A BOOK?

!

SPLAT

THA'S A INSULK, YA BLASTED SWAB!!

SMACK

YA KNOW WHAT HE DONE? HE REFERRED TO YOU AS BEIN' ME SISTER! I SMACKED HIM FOR IT!

YEAH, THE BIG SAP CALLED YA ME SISTER

!

WHATCHA STARIN' AT ME FOR? LAY OFF! I YAM PREVOKED ENOUGH ALREADY

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

BOP

? !

4-5

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SEGAR

ODDS

I KNOW A GUY WHOSE INITIALS ARE C.E.H.

AND HE LOOKS-

C E H

JUST LIKE-

4-5

THIS- ARF! ARF!

SEGAR

YOO-HOO - OLIVE - I BRANG YA A BO-KET OF POSIES

"FORGET ME DON'TS"

1

WHA'SA BIG IDEA?! WHY YA GIVIN' ME THE COLD SOLJER?

2

BECAUSE I'M SICK OF BEING A SWEETY TO A ROUGH NECK

3

HARRY HOTCASH INVITED ME TO GO TO THE OPERA TO NIGHT AND I'M GOING NOW'S MY CHANCE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION

4

MY GORSH, OLIVE, YA MAKES ME FEEL ARFUL! JUS' LIKE SUMPIN' THE CAT DRUGGED IN

I CAN'T HELP IT- PEOPLE WILL NOTICE ME WHEN THEY SEE ME WITH HARRY HOTCASH

5

I SUSPOSE I AIN'T GOT MUCH TO OFFER YA - BUT, ANYWAYS, I YAMA HONEST MAN

WHY DOES YA WANT PEOPLE TO NOTICE YA?

6

EVERY GIRL LIKES TO BE NOTICED AND I'M NO EXCEPTION

7

GOING PLACES WITH THAT BOY CERTAINLY WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION - HE'S GOT BOX SEATS TOO

SO YER ONE OF THEM FRICKLE DAMES, EH?

8

THROWIN' ME DOWN FOR A SWAB LIKE HIM - MY GORSH, I SURE FEELS MORTNIFIED-

I YAM EMBARRISK

9

I YAM POSITIFFLY DISGUSTIPATED - SHE AIN'T DOIN' ME RIGHT

10

I SUSPOSE SHE DON'T LIKE ME ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM WHAT I YAM - HMM - AN' HERE IT IS SPRING

11

BLOW ME DOWN! AM I GO'NER LET HER DO ME LIKE THAT AN' GET AWAY WITH IT?!

12

I YAM NOT!

4-12

13

I WANTS TO BUY THE BIGGEST BLASTED EVENIN' DRESS YA GOT

POOEY TO YOU FROM ME! ARF! ARF! LE'S SEE YA ATTRACK ATTENTION

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SAPO

ACCORDING TO THE STARS A MAN WHOSE INITIALS ARE "J.E.M."—

SHOULD LOOK

LIKE

4-12

THIS

HEH! HEH!

EGAR

SEEN YER OL' FREN', WIMPY, LATELY, ROUGH-HOUSE?

I AIN'T SEEN HIM AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM — HE HASN'T BEEN AROUND TODAY

YEAH, I KNOWS HE'S ARFUL, BUT SOMETIMES I FEELS SORRY FOR HIM

WELL, I DON'T! WHY, SAY— THAT FELLOW WOULD COMMIT A CRIME FOR A HAMBURG-ER

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AH, GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN, PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING?

4.19 SEGAR

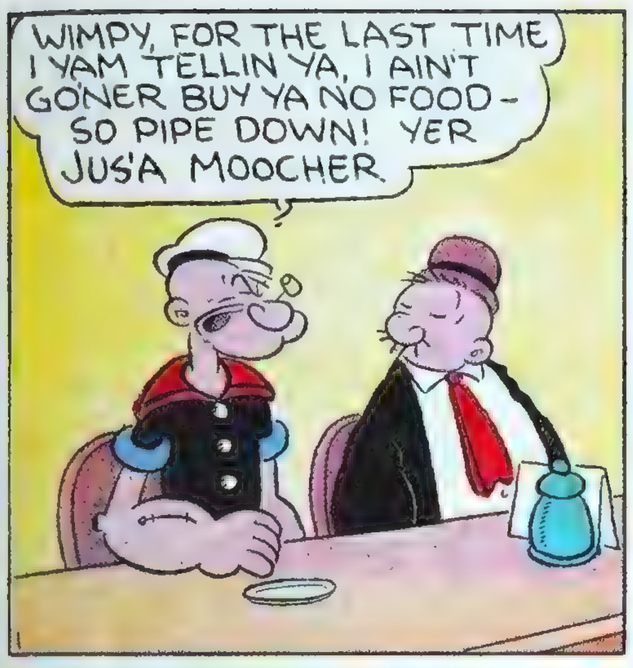
IS THERE A MAN PRESENT WHOSE INITIALS ARE "M.H.C."?

IF SO- HERE IS—

AN INITIAL PICTURE-

OF HIM

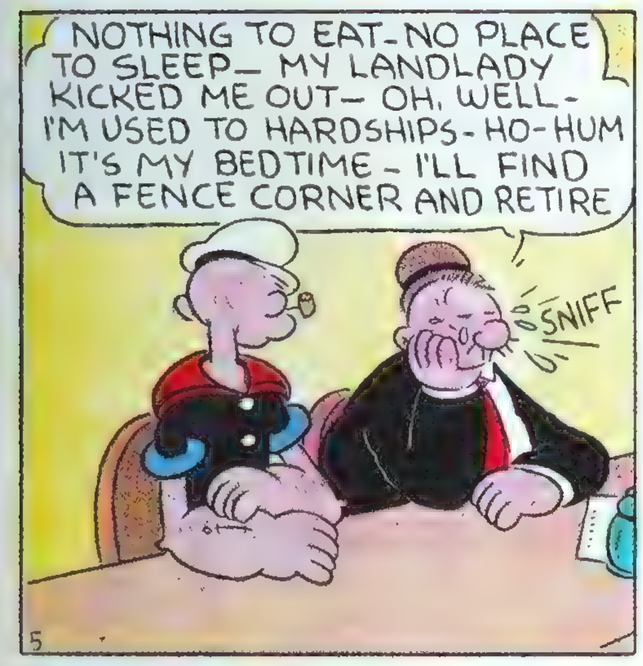
4-19


WIMPY, FOR THE LAST TIME I YAM TELLIN YA, I AIN'T GO'NER BUY YA NO FOOD - SO PIPE DOWN! YER JUS'A MOOCHER.


SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF


WHA'SA MATTER?
YOU HURT MY FEELINGS
WELL, YA ARE A MOOCHER, AIN'T YA?
I YAM WHAT I YAM


MY FRIEND, WILL YOU BUY FOR ME A MEAL? OLD PAL OF MINE
I SEZ NO!
OLD PAL OF MINE
OLD PAL OF MINE
OLD PAL
OLD PAL OF MINE

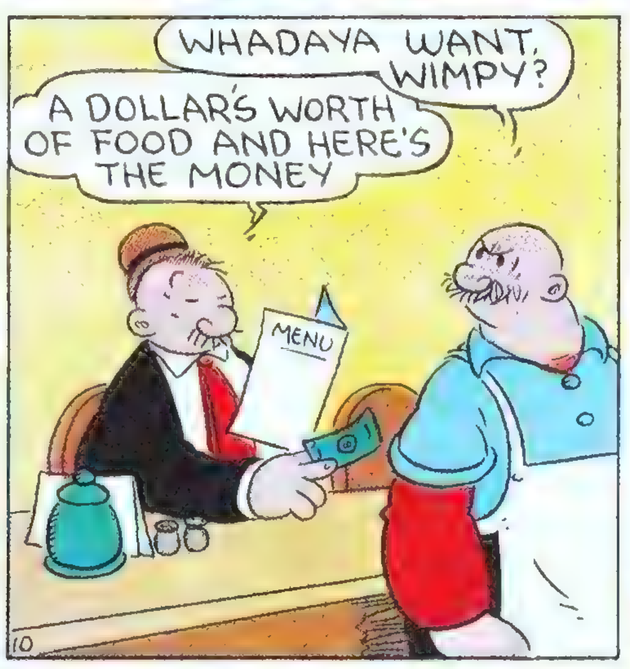

NOTHING TO EAT - NO PLACE TO SLEEP— MY LANDLADY KICKED ME OUT— OH, WELL - I'M USED TO HARDSHIPS - HO-HUM IT'S MY BEDTIME - I'LL FIND A FENCE CORNER AND RETIRE
SNIFF


I SAID I WOULDN'T BUY YA FOOD AN' I WON'T - BUT I'LL GET YA A ROOM IN A HOTEL - I DON'T WANT YA TO SLEEP OUT AN' CATCH PUMOANY
THANK YOU TOO MUCH


MY PAL - YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN
HERE'S A BUCK - I WANTS A ROOM FOR TONIGHT FOR ME FREN'
YESSIR


G'NIGHT, WIMPY. I HOPE YA SLEEPS OKAY
GOOD NIGHT, PAL - SOME DAY I SHALL DO YOU GOOD


SEE HERE, MY MAN, I DON'T LIKE THAT ROOM AND I WON'T SLEEP IN IT! I WANT THE MONEY BACK
VERY WELL, DON'T GET EXCITED - YOU CAN HAVE IT


WHADAYA WANT, WIMPY?
A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF FOOD AND HERE'S THE MONEY
MENU


OH, GOOD HEAVENS !!
HERE COMES POPEYE!








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JONES IS MY NAME - I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS
WELL, WHAT OF IT?
MENU
SEGAR 4.26


SADLO
HEY, MISTER - ARE YOUR INITIALS "G.N. ?
THIS ONE IS A CINCH
WHOSE INITIALS WILL BE NEXT ?
SEGAR 4.26

YES, MY GOOD MAN- JONES IS MY NAME- I'M ONE OF THE JONES BOYS

?

SEE THAT FELLOW, POPEYE? SAYS HIS NAME IS JONES, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S WIMPY

YA GIVED HIM FOOD, EH?

2

I HAD TO GIVE HIM FOOD BECAUSE HE MIGHT NOT BE WIMPY, AFTER ALL — HE EATS A BIG MEAL, THEN HE SLEEPS - THEN HE WAKES UP AND EATS ANOTHER MEAL

3

HE'S BEEN DOING THAT ALL DAY!! POPEYE, I'M TELLING YOU, IF I WAS CERTAIN HE'S WIMPY I'D DO MURDER!

4

SEE- HE'S SLEEPING AGAIN- HMM — HE COULD HAVE GOT RID OF HIS MUSTACHE EASY ENOUGH

SURE, HE COULD'A

Z-Z-Z-Z

5

?

ESCUSE ME, MISTER HORSH, ON ACCOUNT OF I WANTS TO BORRY A HAIR

6

YEAH, JUS' CLIP OFF LITTLE PIECES OF HAIR AN' PUT GLUE ON ONE END - I'LL STICK 'EM ON

HERE'S ONE ALL FIXED

Z-Z-Z-Z

7

THEY'RE STICKIN' GOOD - GIMME ANOTHER ONE

!

Z-Z-Z-Z

8

HO-HUM - WELL-WELL- I DO BELIEVE IT'S TIME TO EAT AGAIN - COME, MY GOOD MAN- SERVE ME

IT'S HIM

SURE, IT IS

9

HOW DO YOU DO, MISTER WIMPY?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, THE NAME IS JONES - I AM ONE OF THE JONES BOYS - YOU MUST MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE

SEE HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW, ARE YOU TRYING TO RIB ME ?

I SAY YOU'RE WIMPY!

JONES IS MY NAME - I AM THE SEVENTH SON OF MISTER JAMES J. JONES-

YOU'RE WIMPY

12

YOU'RE J. WELLINGTON WIMPY

I BEG TO DIFFER

SURE, HE IS! -HERE'S A MIRROR

WELL- BLESS- -MY- SOUL!!

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GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT - WELL- GOOD DAY, MY FRIENDS- I MUST GO HOME NOW AND WATER THE DUCKS

OH, YEAH ?

15

EGAR

YA AIN'T REALLY GO'NER MURDER HIM, ARE YA?

NOT TILL HE GETS THEM DISHES DONE

I BEG PARDON ?

16

5-3

POPEYE

THE LETTERS H-F-G-C-T-R MAKE A PRETTY GOOD FACE AS THEY ARE

H F G R C T

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H F G R

H F G R

5-3

WASHIN' DISHES TO PAY FOR A MEAL, EH, WIMPY?
AH, YES, BUT TO ME IT IS A MERE NOTHING
1
YA MEANS TO SAY YA DON'T MIND DOIN' 'EM?
I LOVE MY WORK, SIR- THEY ARE WASHED AND SOON I SHALL HAVE THE ALL OF THEM DRIED
2
!
3
YOU'LL PARDON ME IF I BOAST A BIT— BUT, YOU SEE, I TAKE MY DISH-WIPING SERIOUSLY- I HAVE A WAY WITH DISHES, A TOUCH ALL MY OWN-
4
POOEY! IF THEY'S ANYTHING I HATES IT'S CONCEIT!! LOOK AT THE SWAB- HE SURE THINKS HE'S GOOD
HE OUGHTER GET TOOKEN DOWN A PEG
5
I, SIR, AM THE FASTEST DISH-WIPER IN THESE UNITED STATES
THA'SA LIE!
I BEG PARDON
6
I DONE DISHES ABOARD SHIPS! I YAM THE FASTEST DISH-WIPER WICH EVER SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS!
SEE HERE, MY GOOD MAN- YOU CANNOT STRIP ME OF MY LAURELS BY WORD OF MOUTH!
7
I DEMAND PROOF, SIR! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A RACE!
GIMME A TOWEL! I'LL RACE YA- I'LL MAKE YA LOOK SILLY!
8
YOU PUT THE DISHES WHICH YOU DRY ON THIS TABLE AND I'LL PUT MINE ON THAT ONE- THEN WE'LL COUNT
LE'S GO!
9
10
11
12
THERE, BY GOLLY- ALL FINISHED- GWAN- COUNT YER LITTLE DAB- I WIPED FOUR HUN'ERD-
MY FRIEND- YOU ARE THE ACME OF RAPIDITY- I WIPED ONLY TWELVE- YOU WIN
13
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-AN' I WIPED FOUR HUN'ERD TO HIS TWELVE- ARF! ARF! WASN'T THAT A GOOD JOKE ON WIMPY, AFTER HIM BRAGGIN ?!
IT SURE WAS A GOOD JOKE! HA! HA! HA! HA!
14
? ! ?
- BUT— NOT ON WIMPY
5-10
SEGAR
15

SADDO

HELLO, TOM
TOM
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HELLO, TOM
5-10

1
I FEEL LIKE A BIT OF FISH THIS MORNING—I THINK I SHALL TEST MY CREDIT—ALTHOUGH I'M QUITE SURE IT HASN'T IMPROVED OVERNIGHT

2
SEE HERE, MY GOOD MAN, I FEEL LIKE A BIT OF FISH THIS MORNING
I DON'T GIVE A ⊂⊃XX! WHAT YOU FEEL LIKE—YOU'RE A HUNK OF CHEESE TO ME

3
WELL, THAT'S THAT— I REALLY BELIEVE MY CREDIT IS GETTING WORSE—HOWEVER, I SHALL GO CATCH MYSELF A FISH
GOIN' FISHIN', EH?

4
LISTEN, WIMPY, I'LL GO WITH YA—I LIKES TO FISH
VERY WELL, POPEYE, I'LL GO GET MY TACKLE—MEET ME OUT IN FRONT

5
A BLANKET AN' A NURSIN'-BOTTLE—SAY—I THOUGHT WE WAS GOIN' FISHIN'!!
THIS IS MY FISHING EQUIPMENT

6
YOU MAY SCOFF IF YOU LIKE, BUT I HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL WITH THIS RIG

7
SAY! WHAT THE ⊂⊃X!!— THIS IS THE AQUARIUM!
AQUARIUM
CERTAINLY IT IS, AND IT'S JUST CHOCK-FULL OF FISH

8
HEY! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE WITH A FISHING OUTFIT—WELL, FOR—WELL I'LL BE —— SAY WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? WELL, FOR~~!!
BEAT IT!

9
I NEVER WAS SO EMBARRISK IN ALL ME LIFE—JUS' WAIT TILL WIMPY COMES OUT

10

11

12

13
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14
MUST GO HOME NOW— DADDY BRING BACK SOMEOTHER TIME TO SEE NICE FISHES

15
WELL, I'LL BE ——! AHOY, WIMPY, IS THAT A BABY YER CARRYIN'?
IT CERTAINLY IS
5-17

16
FAT LITTLE RASCAL, ISN'T HE?
SEGAR

17
AHOY, ART
5-17
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NEXT WEEK WE'LL TRY "JACK"
SEGAR

I'LL HAVE A HAMBURGER SANDWICH WITH LETTUCE AND TOMATO ON IT- H-M-M- AND I THINK I SHALL ALSO HAVE A LETTUCE AND TOMATO SANDWICH WITH A HAMBURGER ON IT

AW, GNATS!

WHAT?! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY CREDIT IS NOT GOOD HERE?

WIMPY, YOU ARE TEN TIMES LOWER THAN SEA LEVEL - YOU'RE A SNAKE - YOU NEVER DID ANYTHING WORTH-WHILE IN YOUR LIFE

2

SIR, YOU TALK AS THOUGH I AM BUT A WORM IN THE APPLE OF LIFE

YOU HAVE HURT MY FEELINGS

WHO CARES?

3

AH, GOOD MORNING, MISS OYL - MAY I WALK DOWN THE STREET WITH YOU? - I AM VERY LONELY

I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN WITH A LOAFER LIKE YOU

4

GOOD MORNING, MR. JONES, LET US CHAT A BIT WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR BUS

KEEP AWAY FROM ME - I'M A RESPECT-ABLE CITIZEN

5

GOOD MORNING, MISTER GEEZIL

SHUT UP - GO 'WAY! YOU SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH - YOU ARE FLIES ON MY NOSE TO ME - A SOMETHING GOOEY IN MY ZUPE — I HATE YOU TO PIECES

6

ALONE - ALONE IN AN UNFRIENDLY WORLD - NOBODY CARES -

I AM BUT A CREATURE OF LIFE'S OTHER SIDE

7

I AM THROUGH WITH HUMANS - I SHALL CULTIVATE THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE LOWER ANIMALS - THEY, AT LEAST, WILL NOT FEEL ABOVE ME

8

AH, A LITTLE PIG BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE — I WILL SHOWER MY AFFECTIONS UPON HIM - HE SHALL BE MY COMPANION FOR THE DAY

OINK

9

LITTLE PIGGY WIGGY - AT LAST I'VE FOUND A PAL!

10

!

11

-AND THE PIG GOT UP AND SLOWLY WALKED AWAY - MY SPIRIT IS BROKEN — OH, POPEYE - WILL YOU PLEASE BE MY FRIEND?

CERTINGLY I WILL, WIMPY - I YAM SYMPTHANETIC

12

THANK HEAVEN I'VE FOUND A FRIEND

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK

13

POOR OL' WIMPY - I SORT OF FEELS SORRY FOR HIM — ANYWAYS, I MADE HIM HAPPY WHEN I TOLD HIM I WAS HIS FREN'

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14

YOU, MY PAL, ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO CARES - AND SO I'VE COME TO LIVE WITH YOU

!

5-24

15

THA'S THE TROUBLE WITH YA, WIMPY — GIVE YA A INCH AN' YA TAKES THE WHOLE BLASTED YARDSTICK!

16 SEGAR

SADDO

JACK

J A C K

QUITE A PIPE, YOU SMOKE, JACK

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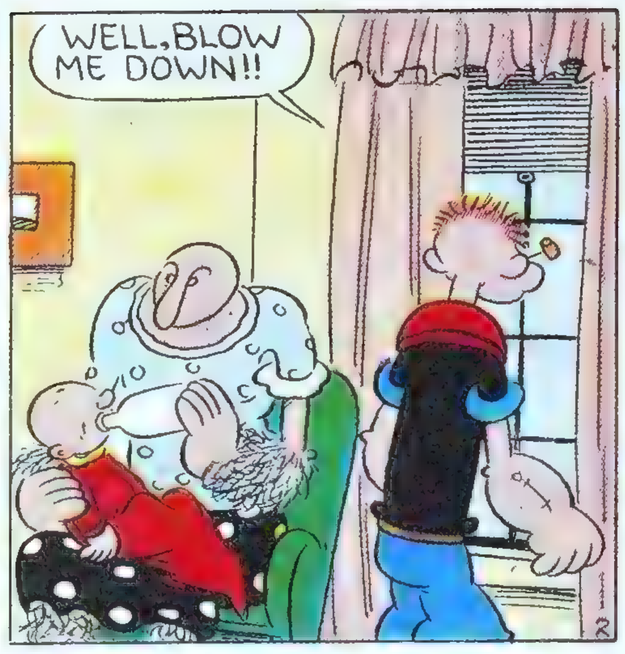
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5-24

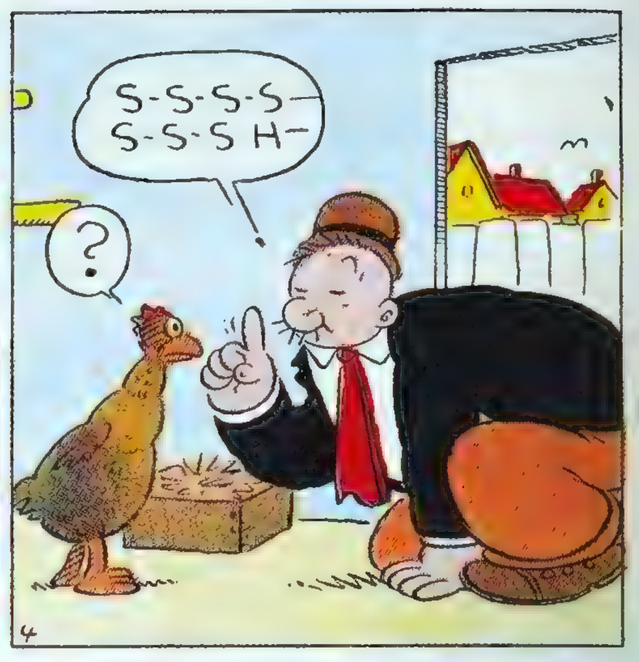
NEXT WEEK WE'LL TRY "BEN"

SEGAR

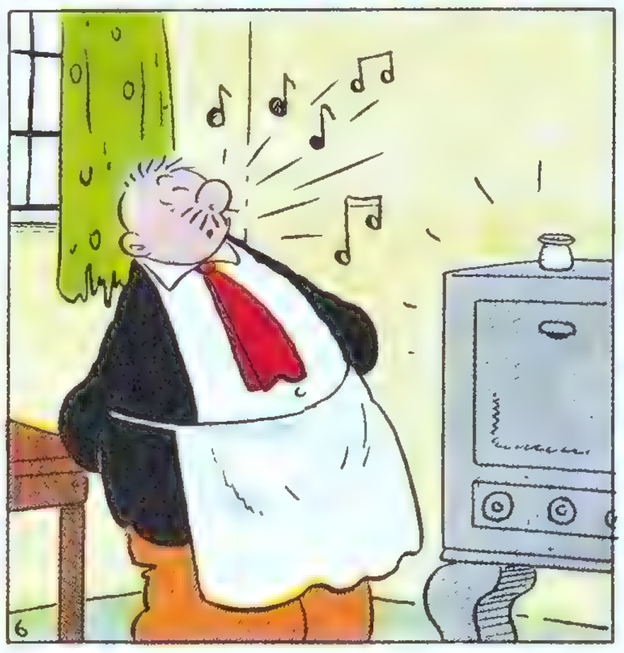






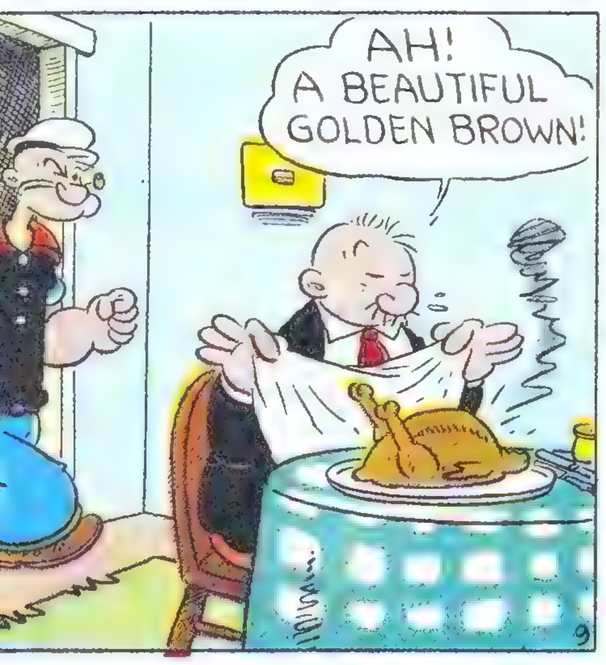


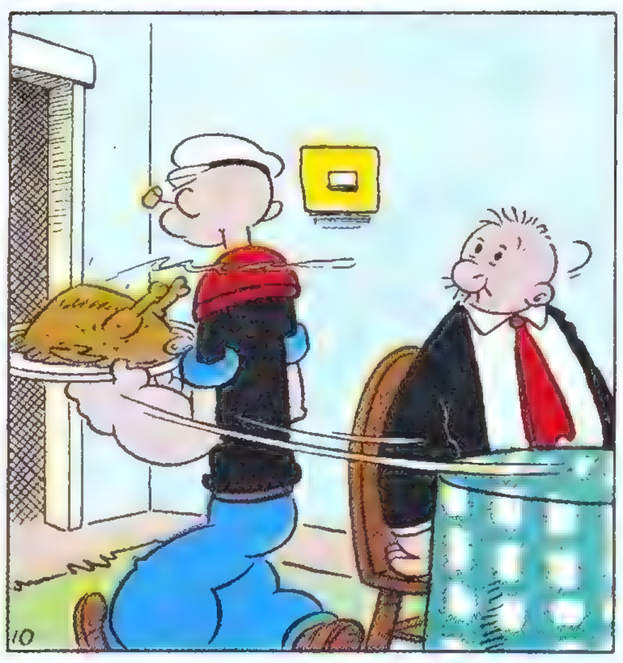


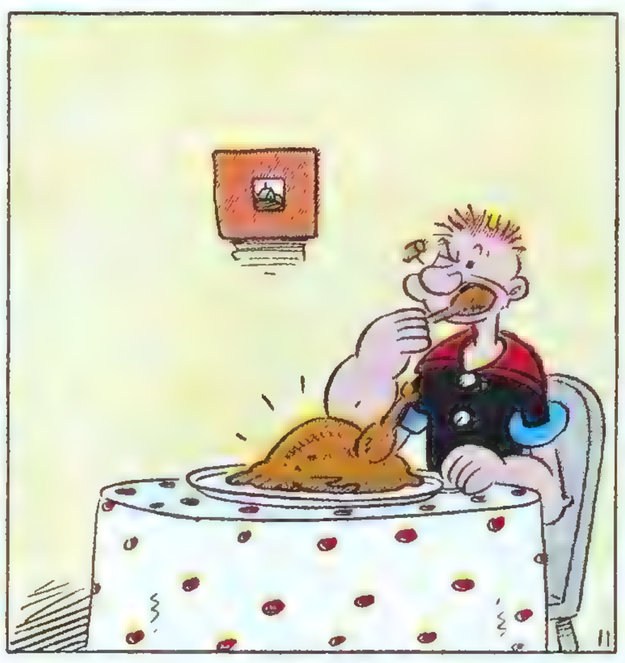


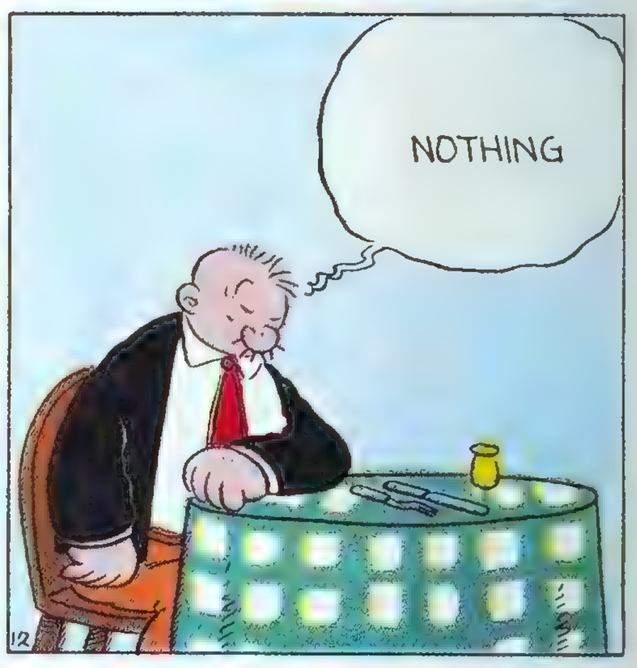


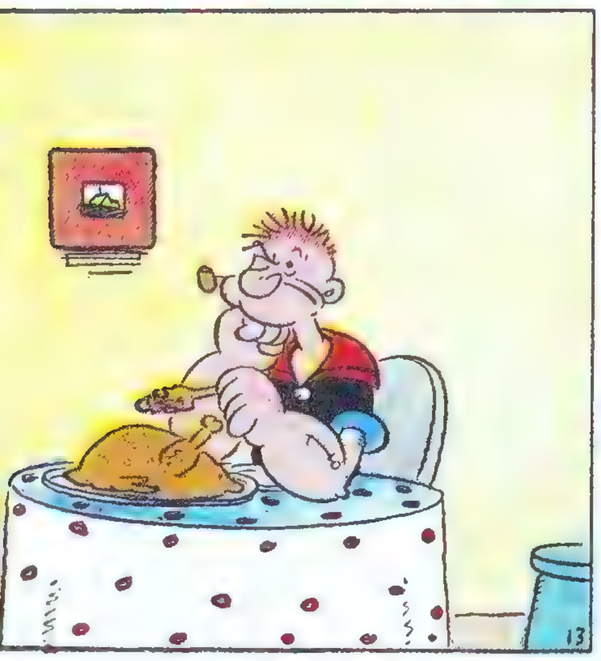


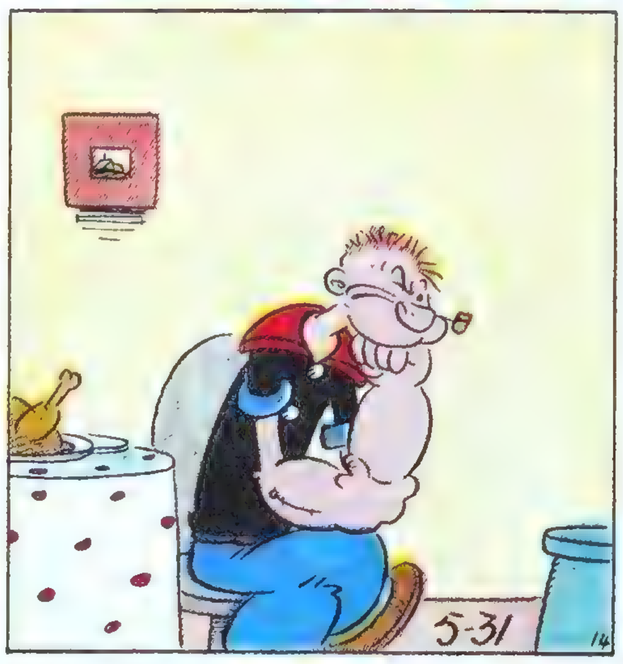








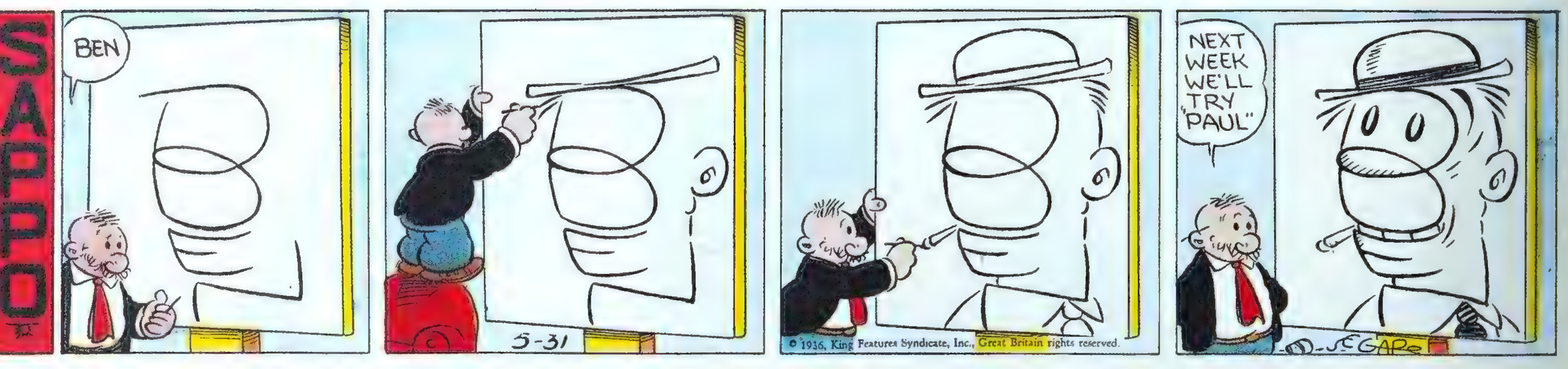






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HOT DORG !!

AH, A FISH!

HAH! HE CAUGHT A BASS AND THE SEASON ISN'T OPEN IN THIS LAKE— IT'LL COST HIM TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

MY FRIEND, YOU ARE A PISCATORIAL SUCCESS

YA DERN TOOTIN' I YAM! WHA'S THAT WORD MEAN?

PISCATORIAL MEANS PERTAINING TO FISHING

THA'S WHAT I THOUGHT IT MEANT— HMM— YA DING DONG RIGHT I YAMA GOOD PISCATOONIST

CUTE LITTLE RASCAL, ISN'T HE? A BASS, I'LL WAGER

!

I'M THE FISH WARDEN— THIS LAKE ISN'T OPEN TO BASS-FISHING YET— I'M TAKING YOU TO TOWN!

SAY— DON'T ARGUE WITH ME! I SAW YOU CATCH THAT BASS AND IT'S GOING TO COST YOU A $25— FINE!

AW, BE A SPORT AN' LEMME OFF— SAY, LISTEN, I BELONGS TO THE SANTA MONICA ROD AN' REEL CLUB— WE'RE SWELL FELLOWS

AND I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOOD TO YOUR MOTHER— POOEY!!

GNATS TO YOU, SIR

YOU MAY AS WELL SHUT UP— THERE AIN'T NO WAY FOR YOU TO GET OUT OF PAYING A FINE

I COULDN'T ARREST YOU WITHOUT EVIDENCE SO GIVE ME THAT FISH!

!

!

!

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WHAT FISH?

AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE, BRING ME SPECIAL PAL SOME MORE HAMBURGERS

MY FRIEND, YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN— ~ WUMPH-UMF WUFH ~

6-7

SEGAR

SADLO

AHOY, PAUL!

6-7

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SEGAR

HMM- SO I GOT A RIVAL!

AW, DON'T BE MAD, POPEYE, GIVE ME A KISS

LIPS THA'S TOUCHED HIS'N WILL NEVER TOUCH MINE

POOEY

2

EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, BOYS. I'VE GOT TO GO TELEPHONE

G-R-R-R-

GR-R?

YES, G-R-R!

3

YA BIG SO AN' SO! YA HUNK OF BULONY! POOEY TO YOU FROM ME!

4

LEMME TELL YOU SOMETHING- THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS—

OH, IS ZASO? IS ZASO?!

YEAH, THAT'S SO!

6

B OOP

8

OOHAAA

SOCK CRASH

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!

YA BIG SWAB! YA KIN NOT TALK LIKE THAT TO ME

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE ?!

CRASH

11

HE INSULKED ME

INSULTED YOU?

PAUL INSULTED YOU?

YEAH, INSULKED ME - THE BIG SO AN' SO!

OH, MY GOSH!

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FOR GOODNESS SAKE! WHAT DID HE SAY?!!

14

HE SAID I DIDN'T HAVE NO SELF-CONTROL!

6-14

SEGAR

15

GUY

GUY

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NEXT WEEK WE'LL TRY "MAX"

6-14

SEGAR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING "CURLEY GAZOOK," THE STATE CHAMP! A GREAT FIGHTER!

1

AND OVER THERE IS THAT FUNNY-LOOKIN' ONE-EYED RAT KNOWN AS POPEYE, THE SAILOR

HE LIKES YOU

2

BONG

G-R-R

G-R-R

3

4

WIOP

5

SPLAT

6

7

EIGHT-NINE-TEN- YOU'RE OUT!

TWEET

TWEET

8

Z-Z-Z- Z- Z-Z Z-Z-Z- Z-Z-Z

9

WELL, I'LL BE ~~~~-!

10

11

12

?

13

YA BIG PALOOKA!

BOP

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? ? ! ?

6-21

SADDO

MAX

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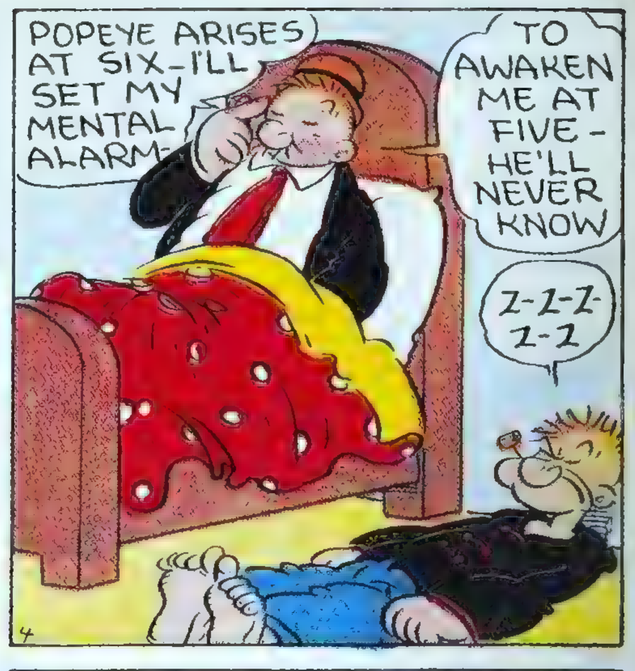
NEXT WEEK WE'LL USE "AL"

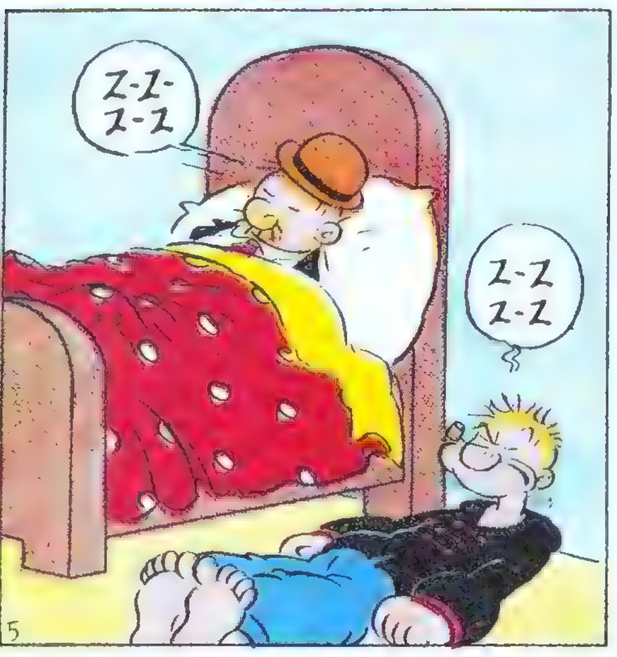
SEGAR 6-21


POPEYE, OLD PAL OF MINE, MY LANDLADY PUT ME OUT- MAY I SLEEP HERE TO-NIGHT ?
YA KIN NOT SLEEP WITH ME ON ACCOUNT OF THIS IS A ONE- MAN BED- PILE DOWN ON THE FLOOR IF YA WANT TO-


SLEEP ON THE FLOOR! POOEY! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT A GUEST?- I'M AS GOOD AS HE IS- WHY SHOULDN'T I HAVE THE BED?
Z-Z- Z-Z- Z


HE IS A HARDY SON OF THE SEA AND A SOUND SLEEPER- HE CAN STAND THE FLOOR BETTER THAN I
Z-Z- Z-Z-


POPEYE ARISES AT SIX- I'LL SET MY MENTAL ALARM-
TO AWAKEN ME AT FIVE- HE'LL NEVER KNOW
Z-Z-Z- Z-Z
4


Z-Z- Z-Z
Z-Z Z-Z
5


Z-Z Z-Z- Z-
Z-Z- Z-Z Z-Z
6

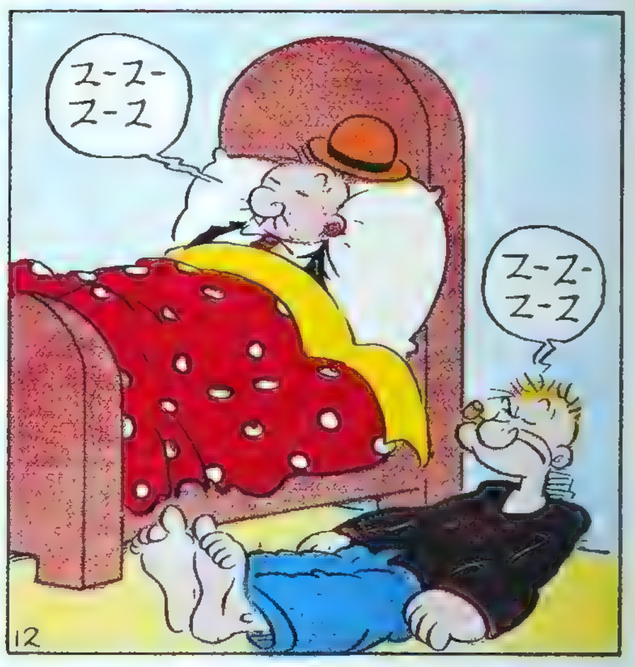

FIVE O'CLOCK)
I'LL PUT HIM BACK INTO HIS BED- HE MUST NOT KNOW OF MY TRICKERY
Z-Z- Z-Z-
7


I SHALL FINISH MY SLEEP ON THE FLOOR- AN HOUR DOWN THERE WON'T BE SO BAD
Z-Z Z-Z
8


Z-Z- Z-Z
Z-Z Z-Z
9

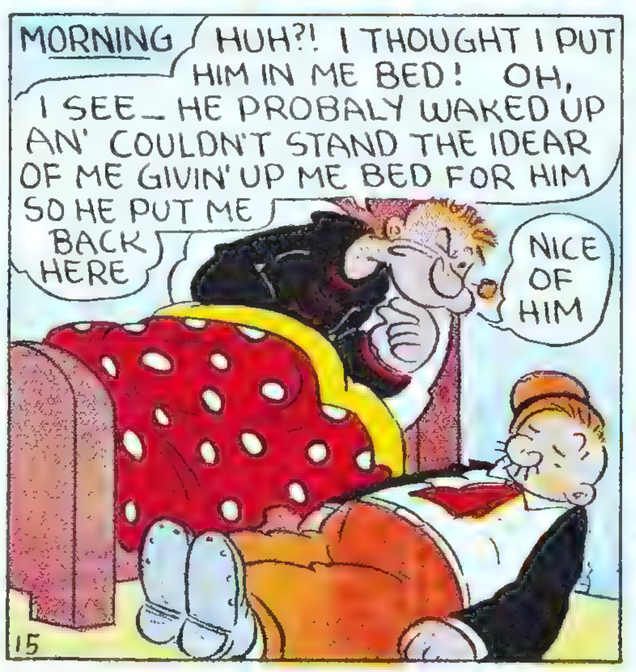

HO-HUM- I WAKED UP A LITTLE TOO SOON. I BETTER GO BACK TO SLEEP
Z-Z- Z-Z- Z-Z
10


MY GORSH! POOR OL' WIMPY SLEEPIN' ON THE HARD, COLD FLOOR! I'LL FINISH ME SLEEP DOWN THERE AN' PUT HIM IN ME BED
Z-Z- Z-Z- Z-Z
11

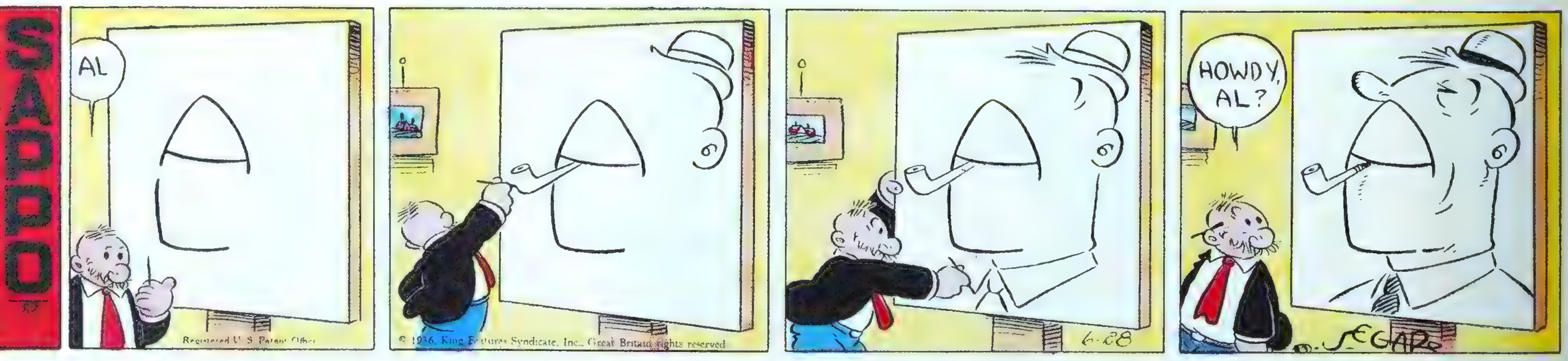

Z-Z- Z-Z
Z-Z- Z-Z
12


WELL, FOR-!! I THOUGHT I PUT HIM BACK IN HIS BED-!! I MUST HAVE JUST DREAMED THAT I DID-
I MUST GET HIM IN HERE QUICK
13


Z-Z- Z-Z
Z-Z- Z-Z
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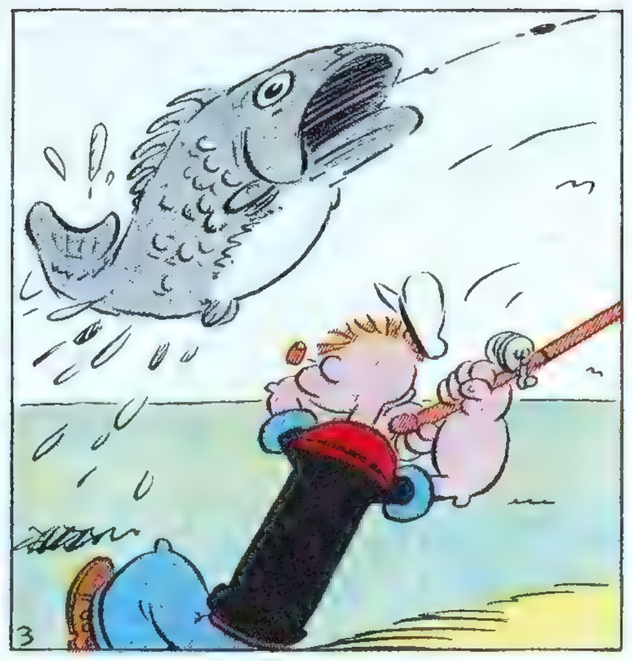

MORNING
HUH?! I THOUGHT I PUT HIM IN ME BED! OH, I SEE- HE PROBALY WAKED UP AN' COULDN'T STAND THE IDEAR OF ME GIVIN' UP ME BED FOR HIM SO HE PUT ME BACK HERE
NICE OF HIM
15


THANKS FOR HAVING ME TO BREAKFAST WITH YOU, POPEYE
SURE- OKAY, WIMPY- YA AIN'T SUCHA BAD SWAB- YA GOT SOME GOOD QUALIKIES
POOEY!
16 ©- SEGAR 6-28


AL
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6-28
HOWDY, AL?
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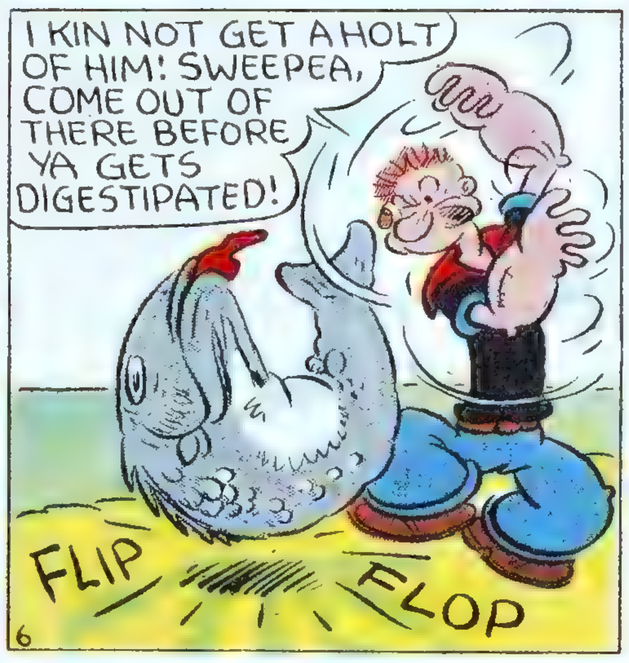










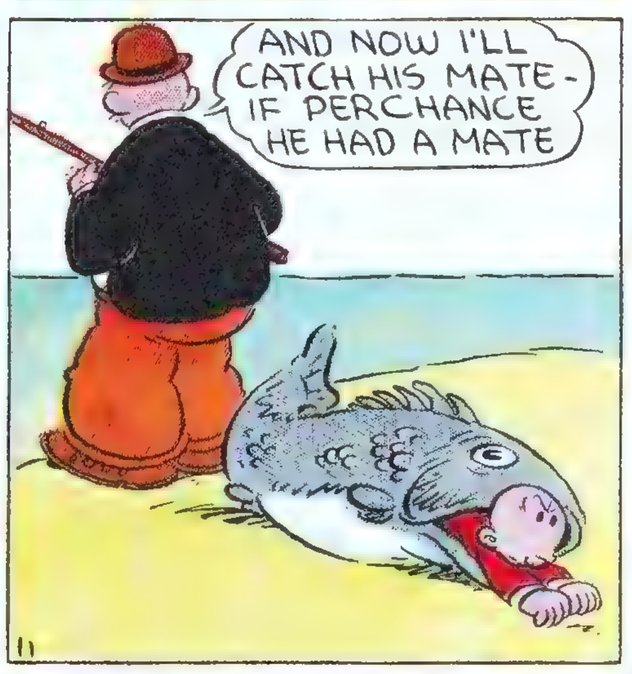


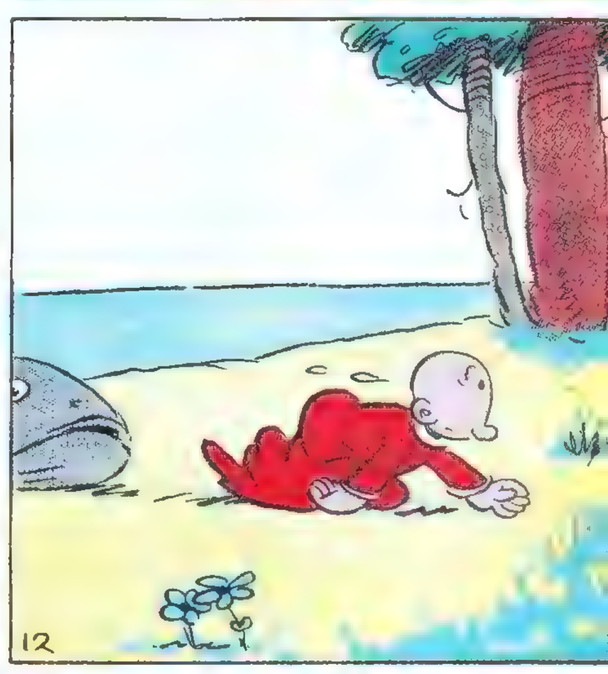












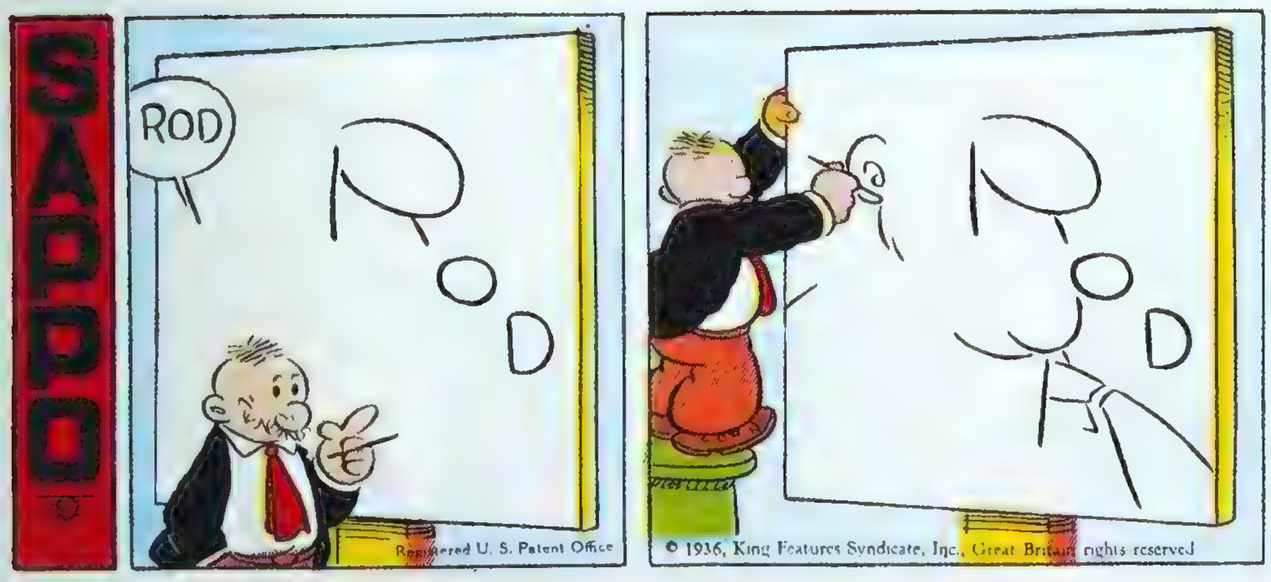




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WELL, WELL, AS I LIVE! A HOT ONE!

AND 'TIS A SNIPE OF QUALITY, TOO— IT HAS THE AROMA OF A "KAROONA KAROONA"

1

I MUST MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE SEES ME COMMIT THIS DEED— I'D HATE FOR ANYONE TO KNOW THAT I— J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, AM A SHOOTER OF SNIPES

AH, THE COAST IS CLEAR

2

!

!

AHOY, WIMPY! WHATCHA DOIN'?

3

I WAS BRUSHING THE DUST FROM MY TROUSERS

4

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR EYES, POPEYE? CAN YOU SEE THE AEROPLANE UP THERE?

?

5

I KIN-NOT SEE NO BLASTED AIRYPLANE

!

6

RIGHT UP THERE- CAN'T YOU SEE IT?

HMM

7

YA MEAN THAT BIRD UP THERE? THAT AIN'T NO AIRYPLANE, THA'SA BUZZARD!

!

!

8

THERE - RIGHT TO THE LEFT OF THAT CLOUD- SEE -

9

I KIN-NOT SEE NOTHIN'

10

ISN'T THAT OLIVE OYL COMING DOWN THE STREET?

11

I DON'T SEE HER

KEEP LOOKING

!

12

ISN'T THAT HER? OR IS IT?

13

!

!

14

7-12

?

I HATE YOU!! WHY DO YOU HANG AROUND ME?!!

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AFTER THIS KEEP AWAY FROM ME!!

G-R-R

SEGAR

11

SADDO

"PHIL"

PHIL

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PHIL

NEXT WEEK WE'LL USE "VAN"

7-12

BONK

SWEE'PEA. HOW MANY TIMES DO I GOT TO TELL YA TO QUIT CLIMBIN' UP ON THINGS? YA'LL BREAK YER NECK

IF YA WASN'T SUCHA TOUGH LITTLE RASCAL YA PROBALY WOULD BE KILL'T BY NOW

B O O ?

GOOD NIGHT! THERE YA GOES AGAIN!

NOW LISTEN, SWEE'PEA, I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPANKIN' MUCH. BUT IF YA CLIMBS UP ON SUMPIN' AGAIN YER GO'NER GET IT!

THA'S THE LIMIK! NOW I YAM GO'NER SPANK YA

THIS'LL HURT ME MORE'N IT WILL YOU

I'LL GO EASY ON HIM

!

PAT = PAT

WHA'SA MATTER? I DIDN'T SPANK YA HARD— I JUS' PATTED YA A LITTLE

WAW! BOOO

BAW!

BAW

AW, CUT IT OUT! - DO YA WANT THE NEIGHBORS TO THINK I HURT YA? PIPE DOWN! HERE - PLAY WITH YER WAGON!

BAW

BAW

BOO

BAW BOOOOOO

BAW

THE BEAST!

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DON'T CRY, DEAR

BAW!

BLOW ME DOWN! I NEVER WAS SO EMBARRISK IN ALL ME LIFE

7-19

EGAR

SADDO

"VAN"

LOOKS AS THOUGH—

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"VAN WILL TURN OUT TO BE—

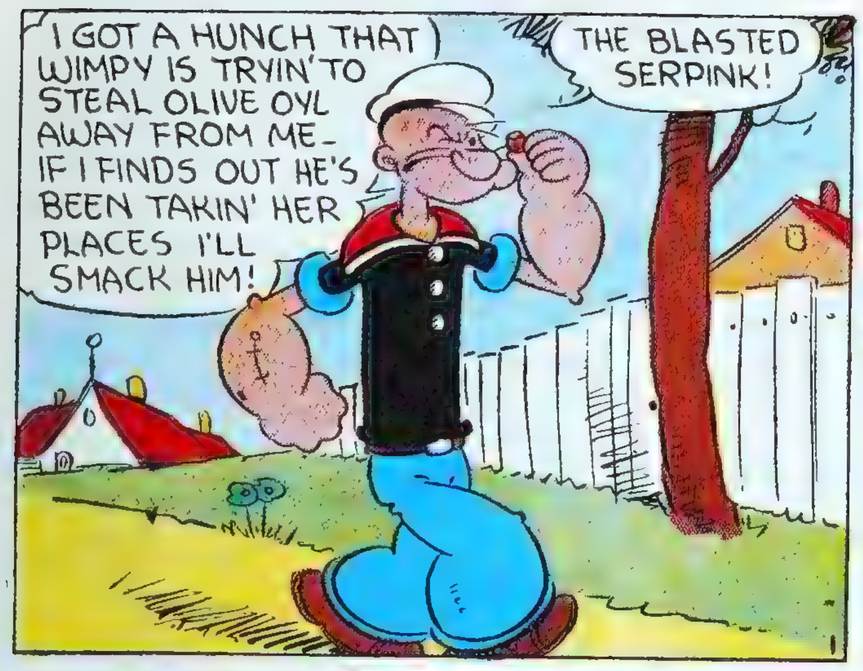
A TOUGH GUY

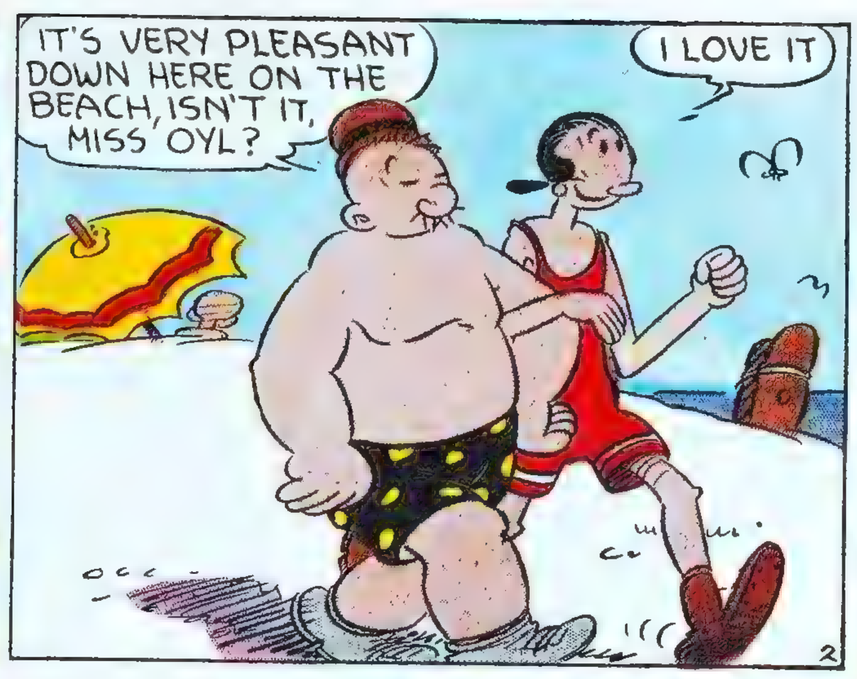
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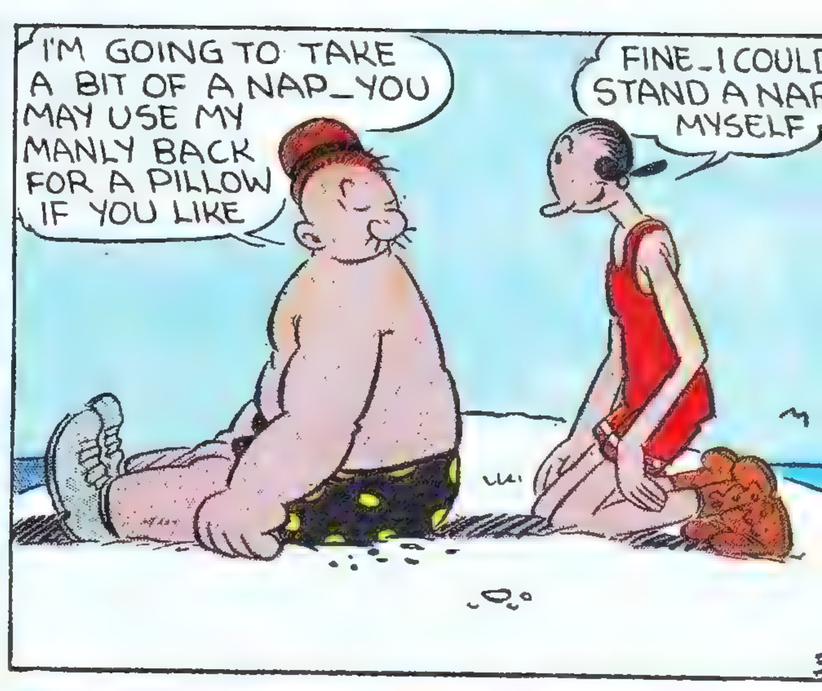
AH, GOOD MORNING, POPEYE
G'MORNIN', WIMPY
HMM—NEXT TUESDAY IS MY GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY
SO WHAT?
I HAVE A PRESENT WRAPPED UP AND READY TO MAIL TO HER, BUT IT WILL COST FIFTY CENTS TO MAIL IT— AND IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT- THAT—
?
THAT- WELL I HAVEN'T THE FIFTY CENTS
I SEE, YER TRYIN' TO MOOCH FIFTY CENTS OFFA ME TO BUY HAMBURGERS WITH
MY FRIEND, YOU WRONG ME— YOU DON'T THINK I'D LIE, DO YOU? HONEST- I WANT THE MONEY FOR STAMPS
WELL, IF YA REALLY WANT IT TO SEND YER GRAMA A PRESINK— WHY, OKAY
THANK YOU TOO MUCH! I SHALL GET THE PRESENT TO THE POST OFFICE AT ONCE
?
I DON'T TRUSK THE SWAB- I'LL BET HE WENT TO A RESTRUNT
AN' I YAM GO'NER FIND OUT
!
BUT! BUT! MY GOOD MAN— BUT! BUT I ORDERED NO HAMBURGERS!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER? YOU HANDED ME HALF A DOLLAR AND SAID TO COOK YOU FIVE HAMBURGERS!
PLEASANT WEATHER, ISN'T IT, WE'RE HAVING
THA'S WHAT YA GET S FOR TRICKIN' ME
POP
MY GORSH! EVEN WHEN HE'S UNCONSCIOUS HE GRABS FOR HAMBURGERS! BUT HE WON'T GET 'EM— I YAM GONER EAT 'EM ALL, MESELF
TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET
HE'LL BE COMIN' TO IN A MINUTE
TWEET TWEET
WHERE? OH, WHERE ARE THOSE LOVELY HAMBURGERS?!
7-26
YA ET 'EM ALL UP WHILE YA WAS UNCONSCIOUS
I ATE THEM? REALLY?
YEAH- I KNOW'D YA WANTED 'EM BAD, SO I LET YA HAVE 'EM
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POPEYE, YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN— YOU ARE ONE IN A MILLION- A FRIEND OF THE NEEDY AND I THANK YOU WITH ALL MY HEART
AW, THA'S ALL RIGHT, OL' MAN- THA'S OKAY
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
EGAR

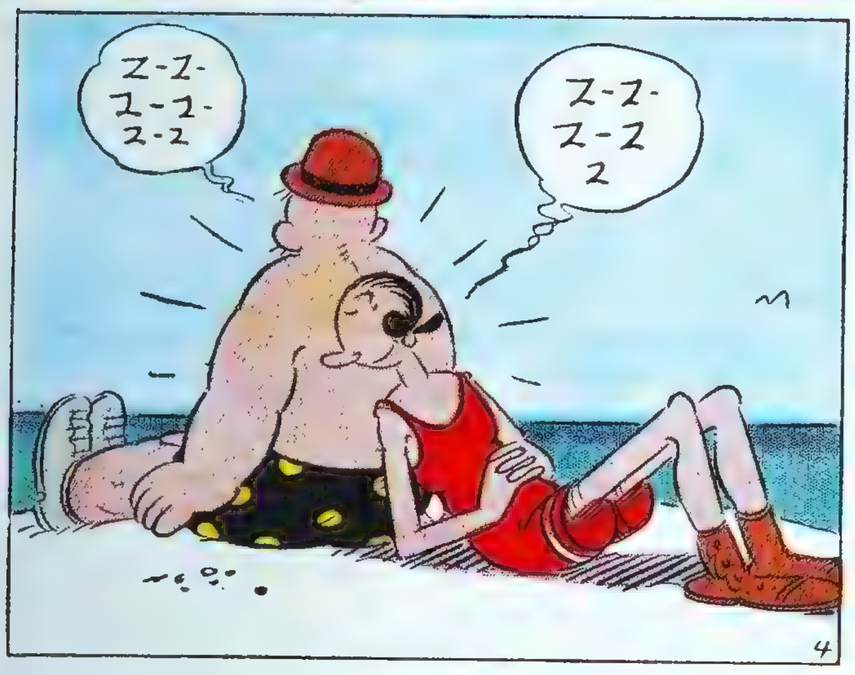
ODDS

GLEN
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7-26
HELLO, GLEN
EGAR

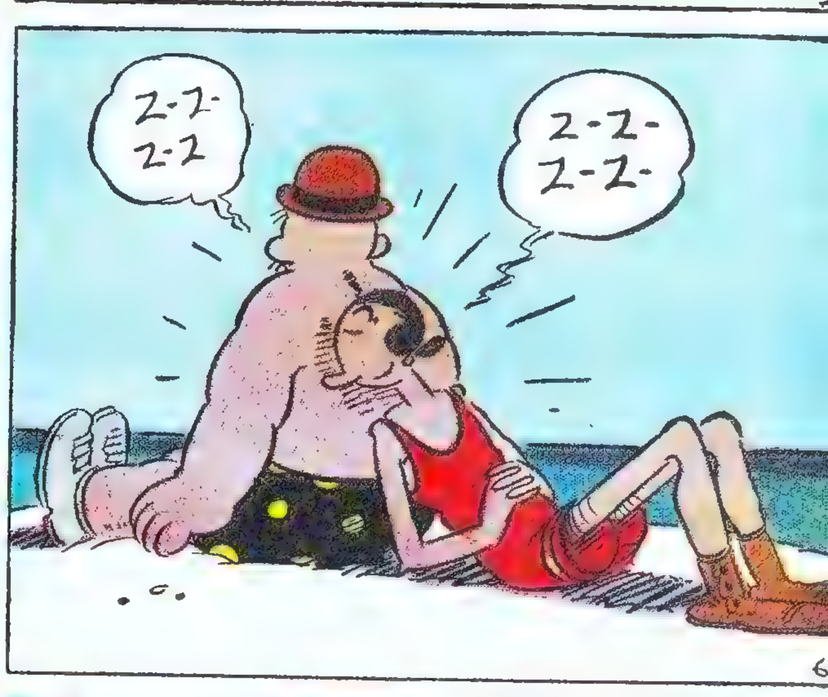

I GOT A HUNCH THAT WIMPY IS TRYIN' TO STEAL OLIVE OYL AWAY FROM ME- IF I FINDS OUT HE'S BEEN TAKIN' HER PLACES I'LL SMACK HIM!
THE BLASTED SERPINK!
1


IT'S VERY PLEASANT DOWN HERE ON THE BEACH, ISN'T IT, MISS OYL?
I LOVE IT
2

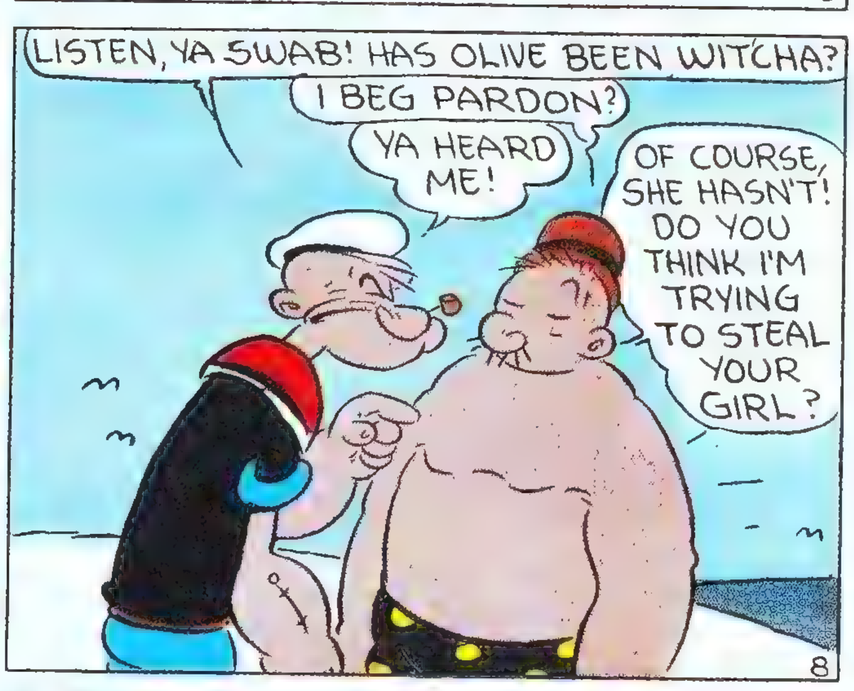

I'M GOING TO TAKE A BIT OF A NAP- YOU MAY USE MY MANLY BACK FOR A PILLOW IF YOU LIKE
FINE- I COULD STAND A NAP MYSELF

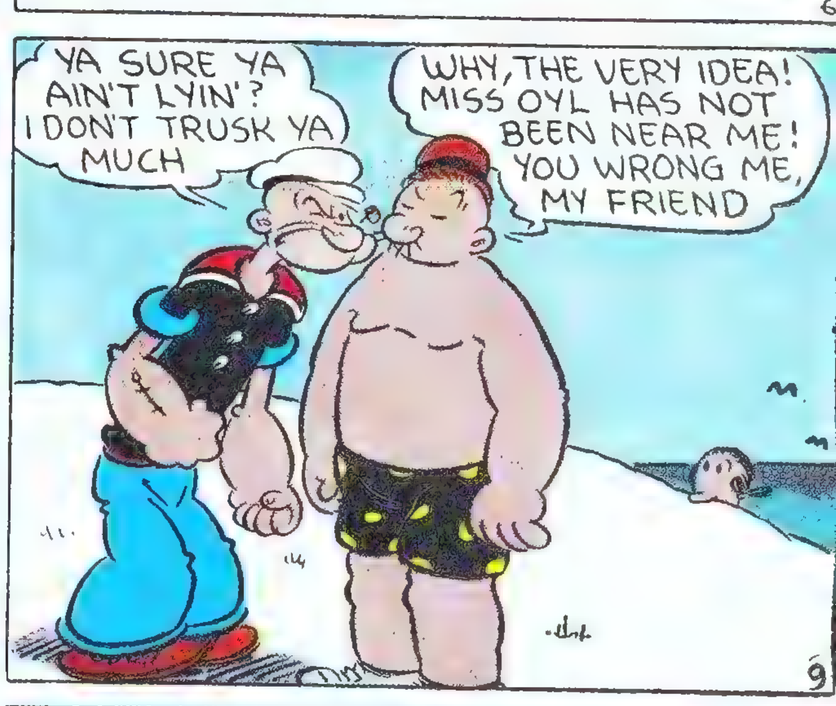

Z-Z- Z-Z- Z-Z
Z-Z- Z-Z Z
4

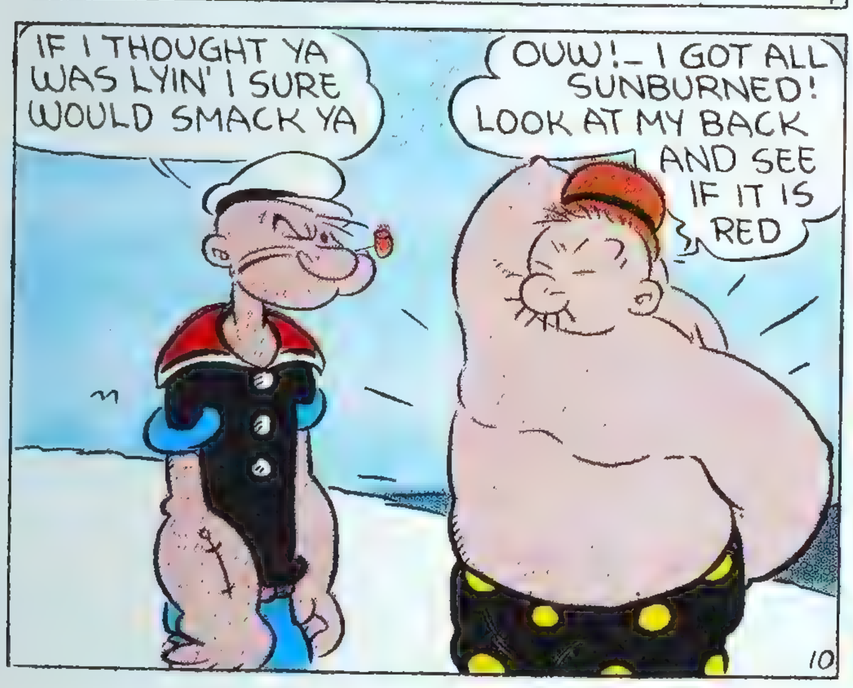

OLIVE AIN'T HOME AN' WIMPY AIN'T HOME- I'LL SEE IF THEY WENT TO THE BEACH TOGETHER
HOT DORGS
5

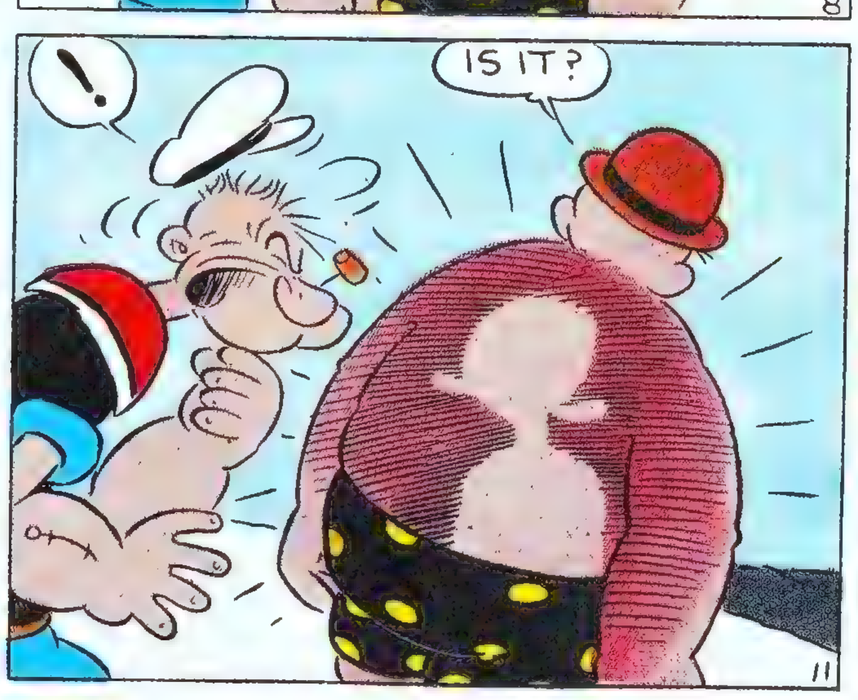

Z-Z- Z-Z
Z-Z- Z-Z-
6


GOOD HEAVENS! HERE COMES POPEYE - DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU! YOU KNOW HOW JEALOUS HE IS
OH, MY GOSH! I'D BETTER HIDE!
7

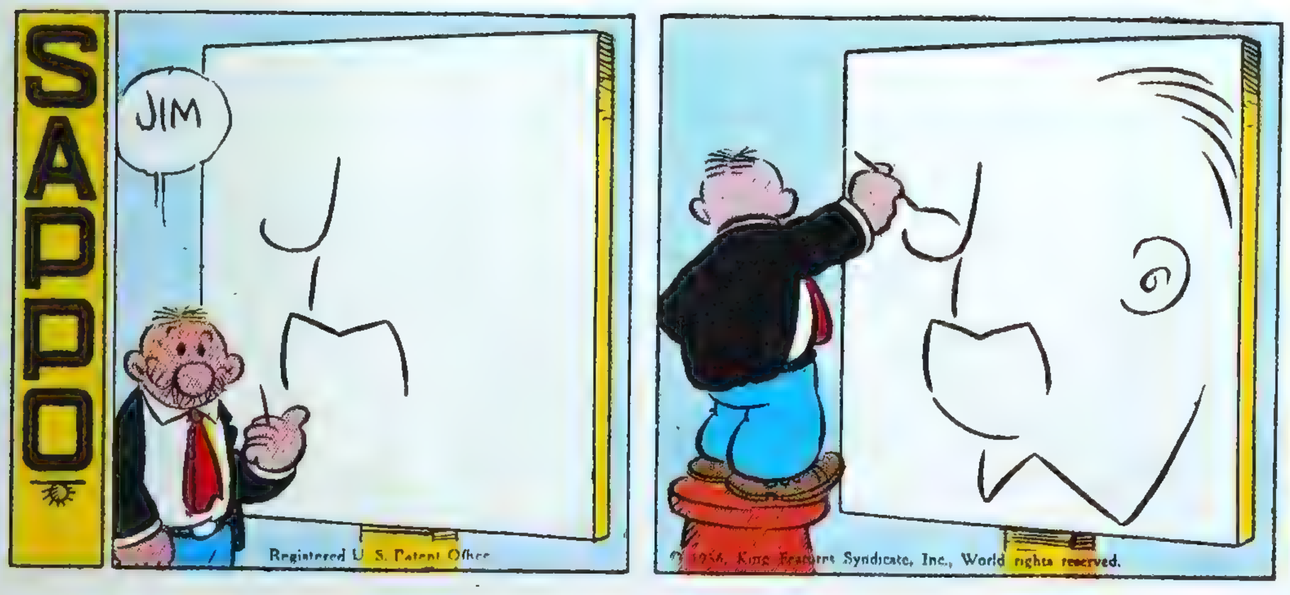

LISTEN, YA SWAB! HAS OLIVE BEEN WITCHA?
I BEG PARDON?
YA HEARD ME!
OF COURSE, SHE HASN'T! DO YOU THINK I'M TRYING TO STEAL YOUR GIRL?
8

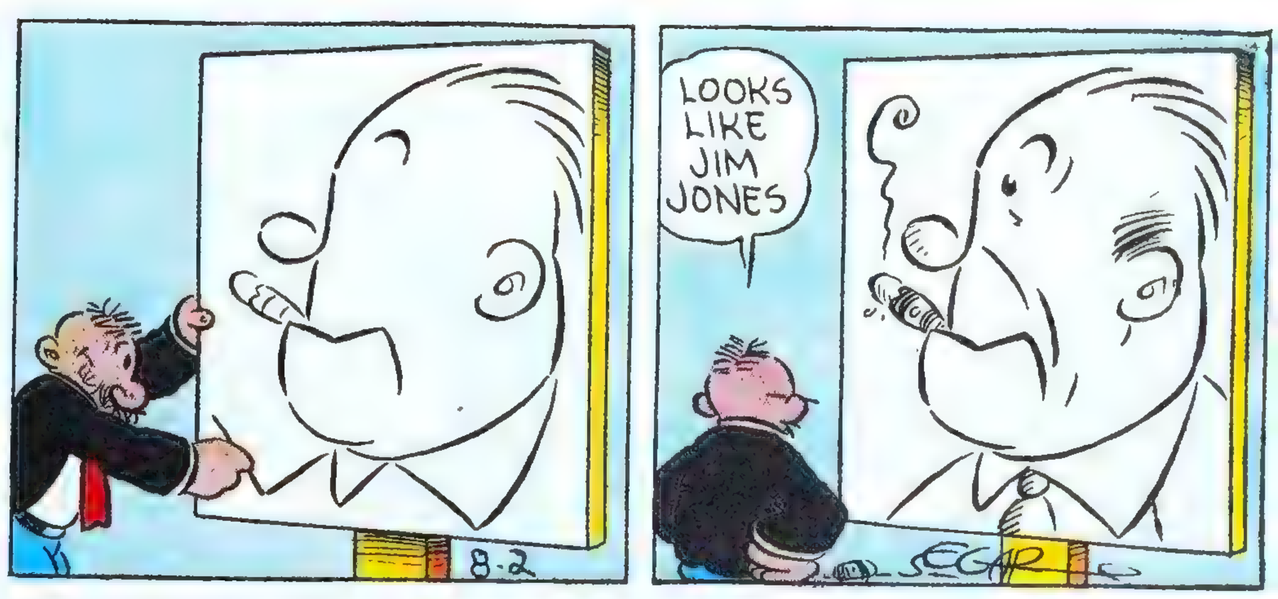

YA SURE YA AIN'T LYIN'? I DON'T TRUSK YA MUCH
WHY, THE VERY IDEA! MISS OYL HAS NOT BEEN NEAR ME! YOU WRONG ME, MY FRIEND
9


IF I THOUGHT YA WAS LYIN' I SURE WOULD SMACK YA
OUW!- I GOT ALL SUNBURNED! LOOK AT MY BACK AND SEE IF IT IS RED
10


!
IS IT?
11


?
!
8-2
SEGAR
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12


SADDO
JIM
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8-2
LOOKS LIKE JIM JONES
SEGAR

WHEE!! LOOK WHO'S HERE !!!

JEEP! JEEP!

EUGENE THE JEEP!

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD- THE GREAT UNSOLVED MAGICAL MYSTERY—

GOOD MORNING, MR. POPEYE-

YOU SENT FOR ME? ME, PROFESSOR BRAINSTINE, THE SMARTEST MAN ON EARTH- DID YOU WANT TO ASK ME A QUESTION ?

YEAH, WHA'S A JEEP?

A JEEP IS AN ANIMAL LIVING IN A THREE DIMENSIONAL WORLD- IN THIS CASE- OUR WORLD- BUT REALLY BELONGING TO A FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL WORLD- HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED- A NUMBER OF JEEP LIFE-CELLS WERE SOMEHOW FORCED THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER INTO OUR WORLD-

THEY COMBINED AT A FAVORABLE TIME WITH FREE LIFE CELLS OF THE AFRICAN "HOOEY HOUND"

THE ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS OF THE HOOEY HOUND CELL AND THE FOREIGN CELL WERE THE SAME-

THEY WERE KINDRED CELLS- IN FACT, ALL THINGS ARE TO SOME EXTENT RELATIVE-

WHETHER THEY BE OF THIS OR SOME OTHER WORLD— NOW YOU SEE —

THE EXTREMELY FAVORABLE CONDITIONS OF GERMINATION IN AFRICA CAUSED A FUSION OF THESE LIFE-CELLS-

SO THE UNITING OF KINDRED CELLS CAUSED A TRANSMUTATION— THE RESULT- A MYSTERIOUS STRANGE ANIMAL

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NOW IS THERE ANY QUESTION YOU'D LIKE TO ASK?

YEAH-

!

!

!

WHA'S A JEEP?

8-9

SEGAR

POPEYE

"MORY"

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8-9

NEXT WEEK WE'LL TRY "CHUCK"

SEGAR

WE CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH, BUT WE'LL TELL YOU ALL WE KNOW ABOUT "EUGENE, THE JEEP"— A JEEP HAS A FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL BRAIN—'TIS A BRAIN OF ANOTHER WORLD— HE HAS THE POWER TO FORETELL THE FUTURE—AND TO SIGNAL YES OR NO TRUTHFULLY TO ANY QUESTION OF THE PRESENT— AND MANY OTHER STRANGE POWERS THAT WE JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND—

1

YEAH, OLIVE OYL'S UNCLE SENT HIM TO HER FROM AFRICA— SHE THOUGHT HE WAS A FIZZLE, SO SHE GIVED HIM TO ME— BUT HE AIN'T NO FIZZLE— HE'LL ANSWER ANY QUESTION

2

BAH! COULD I STOOD IT? I THINK MY SWEETHEART LOVES SOME OTHER FATHEAD BESIDES ME!! OH, POOEY! IF I COULD ONLY KNOW!

3

HOW MUCH WILL YA PAY ME TO GIVE YA THE TRUTH?

I PAY ONE-TWO-THREE MILLION DOLLARS IF I HAD IT— BUT FIVE DOLLARS IS PLENTY

OKAY, FIVE DOLLARS

4

JUS' AST THE JEEP— IF HE BOWS DOWN AN' HIS TAIL STICKS UP IT MEANS "YES"; IF HE DON'T IT'S "NO"

HEY, JEEP!

5

-HAS MY SWEETY GOT TWO BOY FRIENDS?

PST- SAY NO

!

BAH! IT'S "YES"!! COULD I STOOD IT?!

YOU LIE!! I HATE YOU TO PIECES!! YOU'RE A WOLF IN JEEP'S CLOTHES! -JEEP! HAH! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A POOEY CAT!!

HEY, PAY ME THE FIVE BUCKS !!

WAIT- I GO SEE IF SHE HAS TWO BOY FRIENDS- IF IT'S TRUE I'LL PAY YOU WHEN I COME BACK!

POPEYE, YOU OUGHT TO MAKE A FORTUNE OUT OF THIS JEEP

YA DERN TOOTING I WILL- AN' HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN CAPTIVIKY

JEEP JEEP

HAH! SO!—SO IT'S YOU, HAH? ALECK NOODLEPOPPER!

SO! SO!

WELL ?

SO, ALECK NOODLEPOPPER!! YOU SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH! IF YOU'RE A MAN, FIGHT!

HERE HE COMES IN THROUGH THE BACK ROOM

HEY, GEEZIL! PAY ME THE FIVE— SHE'S GOT TWO BOY FRIENDS, AIN'T SHE ?

?

I PAY YOU NOTHING, SHE'S GOT ONE BOY FRIEND-

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! !

AND IT'S-

HIM— ALECK!

SEGAR

SADDO

LEO

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NEXT WEEK WE'LL TRY "JIM"

A JEEP CERTAINLY IS A REMARKABLE ANIMAL!

YA DING DONG RIGHT HE IS! AST HIM ANY QUESTION AN' IF THE ANSWER IS YES HE'LL BOW DOWN AN' HIS TAIL WILL STICK UP

1

SHUT UP! I DON'T TALK TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU—KEPT STILL!! I HATE YOU TO PIECES! GO 'WAY! YOU DRAW FLIES— YOU SHOULD BE KILLED TO DEATH!

SHUT UP!

2

DID YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE YOU? NEXT TO RATTLE-SNAKES I HATE YOU BEST! OL' WIMPY, SCUM OF SOAP-MAKING! G'WAN, LITTLE PIGGY, GET UP AND SLOWLY WALK AWAY!

BAH! HOW CAN YOU STOOD YOURSELF?

3

SIR, YOU IRK ME!

YOU HAVE INSULTED ME — AND SO, I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL WITH PISTOLS — YOU BRING THE PISTOLS

4

OH! SO YOU CHALLENGE ME TO A DOODLE, HAH?!

HOKAY! IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE TO DIE WITH YOU LIVING!!

5

THEY WENT OVER INTO THIS FIELD WITH PISKOLS— WE GOT TO TALK 'EM OUT OF IT

SAPS

6

HERE, YOU BIG DUMBHEAD— CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON!

THANK YOU, SIR— I'LL TAKE THIS ONE

AHOY, GEEZIL!

7

—AN' THAT AIN'T ALL—WIMPY KILLS AT LEAST THREE MEN EVERY WEEK DOIN' DUELS— HE'S A EXPERT SHOT— HE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE A RAT— YA AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

8

POOEY! ME A DEAD GEEZIL! COULD I STOOD IT!!

9

SHUSH!! BE QUIET!! I'M HIDING!

SHOULD I BE A DEAD GEEZIL? NO!

10

AW, COME ON, WIMPY IS GO'NER AST THE JEEP AN' FIND OUT FOR SURE WICH'LL GET KILLED

11

TELL ME, EUGENE— WILL GEEZIL KILL ME IF WE FIGHT THIS DUEL?

12

GOOD HEAVENS THE ANSWER IS "YES"

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13

WELL— GOOD DAY, GENTLE-MEN—

I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER— I MUST RUN HOME AND WATER THE DUCKS

14

8-23

LOOK!

A COWARD!

15

SEGAR

POPEYE

CHUCK

K

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IT DOESN'T TAKE MANY LINES—

8-23

TO CHANGE C-H-U-C-K INTO A FACE

SEGAR

1
TELL ME, JEEP, IF I CAN MAKE WIMPY FIGHT ME A DUEL, WILL I KILL HIM?

2
THE ANSWER IS "YES"! HAH! GOOD-BYE, WIMPY BOY! I KILL HIM AND DO A GOOD DEED FOR THE WORLD

3
SO YOU WON'T DUEL ME, HAH? OH, SO! A COWARD, IS IT?
I'M VERY HUNGRY, MR. GEEZIL — ALL I'M INTERESTED IN JUST NOW IS HAMBURGERS

4
I SLAP YOUR FACE WITH A BOTTLE OF CATSUP! COULD YOU STOOD IT?

5
NO, MR. GEEZIL, I CAN'T TAKE IT — I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL WITH PISTOLS!
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED
YOU BRING THE PISTOLS
FINE!

6
MISTER GEEZIL, I KNOW THAT YOU ARE GOING TO KILL ME — SOMETHING TELLS ME I HAVEN'T LONG TO LIVE — I WOULDN'T MIND — BUT — BUT —

7
WILL YOU — WILL YOU PLEASE ALLOW ME TO GO SAY GOOD-BYE TO MOTHER?

8
BUT HURRY BACK — I CAN'T WAIT

9
HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME ON THIS GUN?
SIX DOLLARS. NOT A PENNY MORE
HOCK SHOP

10
BAH! WHERE DOES HIS MOTHER LIVE, CHINA?

11
POOEY — FIVE HOURS I WAIT!! BETTER I SHOULDN'T BE SO KIND-HEARTED

12
YA BEEN EATIN' HAMBURGERS FOR HOURS — DON'T YA EVER GET TIRED OF THEM?
DON'T BE SILLY!

13
AHOY, WIMPY — HERE COMES GEEZIL
!

14
YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME SHOT, DO YOU? YOU'LL HELP ME, WON'T YOU?

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15
WELL, YEZ KIN BLARST ME FER A BLOOMIN' LUBBER IF I SETS A SAIL 'AFORE THE WIND COMES 'ROUN' BY NOR'EAST
ARF! ARF!
SEZ I
WHERE, OH, WHERE COULD HE BE? POOEY!!
EGAR 8-30

SADDO

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"VON"

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8-30

OH, BY THE WAY, POPEYE! WILL YOU LEND ME FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?
A'COURSE NOT! ARE YA CRAZY?
JEEP! JEEP!
HOW ABOUT A DIME?
NO!
1

I'LL GO DOWN TO ROUGH-HOUSE'S CAFE AND SEE IF ANY OF THE BOYS WILL LET ME HAVE A DIME
WHEN SOMEBODY GIVES YA A DIME THEY'RE JUS' ENCOURAGING YA TO KEEP ON MOOCHING
2

WELL, YA WON'T GET NOTHIN' OUT OF THIS GANG—THEY KNOWS YA—
YOU WRONG ME, SIR—YOU SEEM TO DOUBT MY ABILITY—
3

PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN, BUT WILL ANY OF YOU LET ME HAVE THE PRICE OF A HAMBURGER TILL TUESDAY? I GET MY CHECK TUESDAY
SCRAM!!
G'WAN, YA DUMB-HEAD!
WHAT CHECK?
I WISH YOU'D CHOKE!
4

HE'S GOT MORE CHANCE OF FLYIN' THAN HE HAS OF GETTIN' SUMPIN' OUT OF THAT BUNCH
HAH! DID YOU TELLING ME?
GET OUT OF HERE, WIMPY!
YOU LOAFER!
5

NO, YOU PEST!
NO!
VERY WELL, HMM—I'LL TRY YOU AGAIN SOMEOTHER DAY
6

GENTLEMEN! I HAVE A FINE IDEA!! IF EACH OF YOU WILL LEND ME A PENNY I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO BUY A HAMBURGER!
LISTEN, WIMPY, KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
G-R-R
BEAT IT!
7

YA SEE? I TOLD YA, YA COULDN'T GET NOTHIN' OUT OF 'EM—YA FAILED!
I NEVER GIVE UP! I SHALL WIN OUT YET!
8

YER A PEST AND THEY HATE YA
AND I, SIR, WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR HATRED
9

OH! I AM SICK OF THIS WORLD!
NO FRIENDS! NO MONEY! IF I HAD A QUARTER I'D BUY SOME RAT POISON AND END IT ALL!
10

BOP
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11

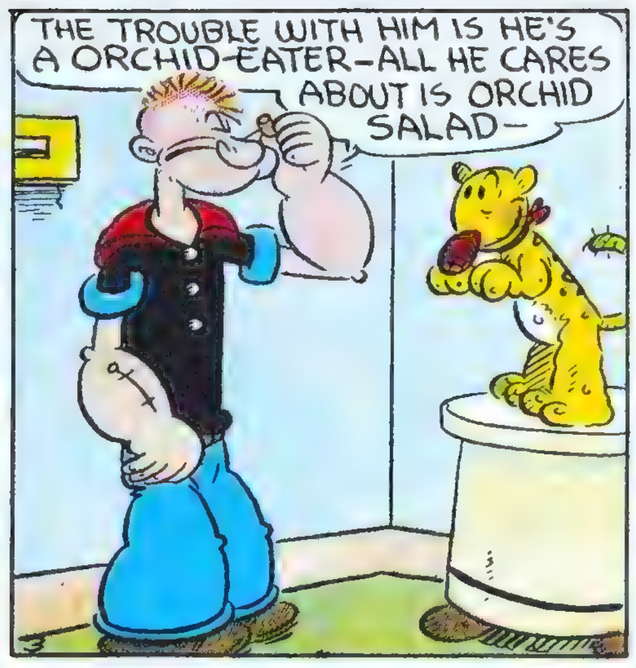
MY FRIEND, WILL YOU LUNCH WITH ME ACROSS THE STREET? I DISLIKE EATING ALONE
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
9-6
SEGAR
12

SADIE

"RUDY"
RUDY
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RUDY
9-6
SEGAR

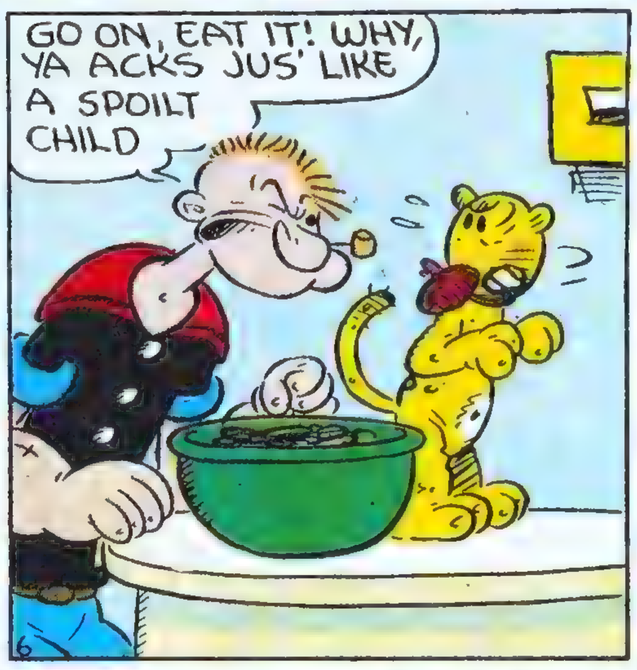

WE CAN'T EXPLAIN HOW THE JEEP DOES HIS TRICKS, SO LET'S JUST CALL IT MAGIC AND LET IT GO AT THAT—
JEEP JEEP
1


EUGENE, YA SURE ARE A STRANGE AMINAL—I DON'T SEE HOW YER ABLE TO MAKE YERSELF INVISIBLE AN' HOW YA KIN GET OUT OF A LOCKED IRON BOX AN' SUCH LIKE
2


THE TROUBLE WITH HIM IS HE'S A ORCHID-EATER—ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS ORCHID SALAD—
3


AN' THA'S TOO EXPENSITIVE—HMM—HE'LL EITHER EAT THIS SPINACH OR HE'LL STARVE—COME ON, EUGENE
4


NOW, BY GOLLY, YOU EAT THAT SPINACH AND LIKE IT, OR ELSE—
WHAT! NO ORCHIDS ?!!
THOUGHT
5


GO ON, EAT IT! WHY, YA ACKS JUS' LIKE A SPOILT CHILD
6


I GOT TO BE MORE FIRM WITH YA
FADING OUT
7


IF THEY'S ANYTHING WICH SHOULDN'T BE IT'S A SPOILT INFINK! POOEY—YA'LL EAT THAT SPINACH OR YA'LL GO HUNGRY
GONE


ORCHID -SHOP-
FADING IN
9


ORCHID SHOP
10


YESSIR—HE'S GOT TO LEARN TO EAT WHAT'S PUTTIN' IN FRONT OF HIM
11

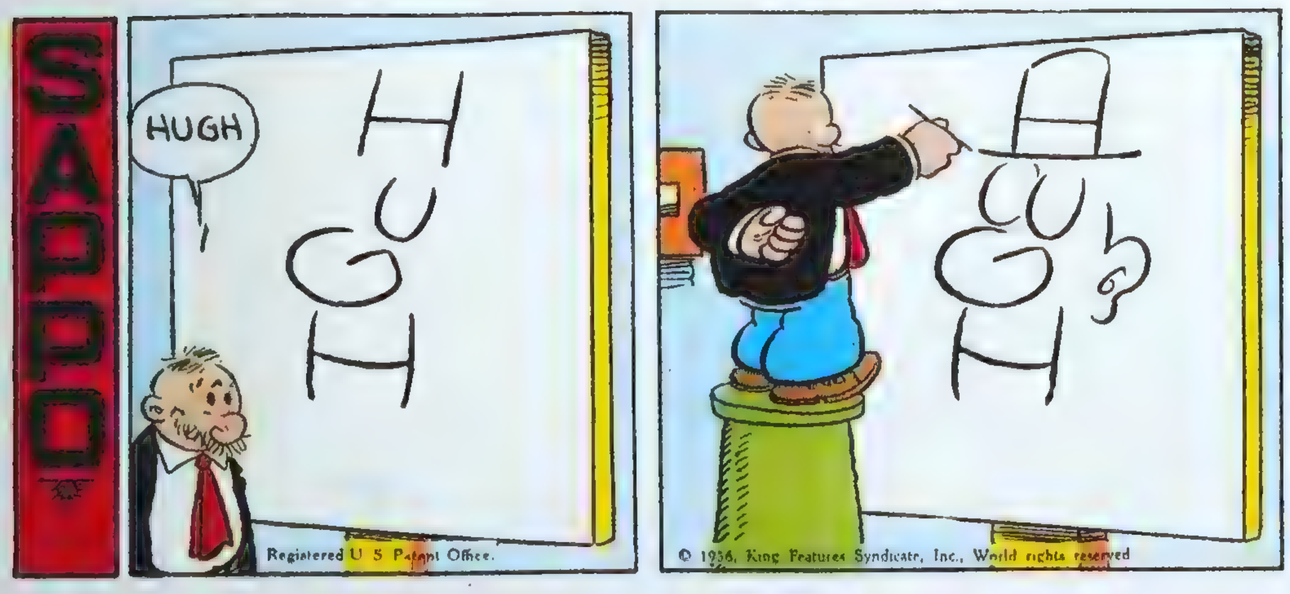

I AIN'T GO'NER LET NO BLASTED JEEP DICTIPATE TO ME


I'D BE DISGUSTIPATED WITH MESELF IF I DID
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13


JEEP! JEEP!
14


SO YA WAS A GOOD'BOY AN' ET YER SPINACH—THA'S SWELL!
9-13
15


AN' JUS' FOR THAT I YAM GO'IN' OUT AN' BUY YA A ORCHID FOR DESSERT
16


SADD
HUGH
HUGH
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9-13

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR POPEYE?

It may be difficult to imagine from our vantage point here in the blasé (at least where comic strips are concerned) 21st century, but once upon a time fans of the "funnies" were so excited about the features they followed that the syndicates that distributed them and the newspapers that published them would actually promote and preview them — with advertisements, with graphics, and with little articles.

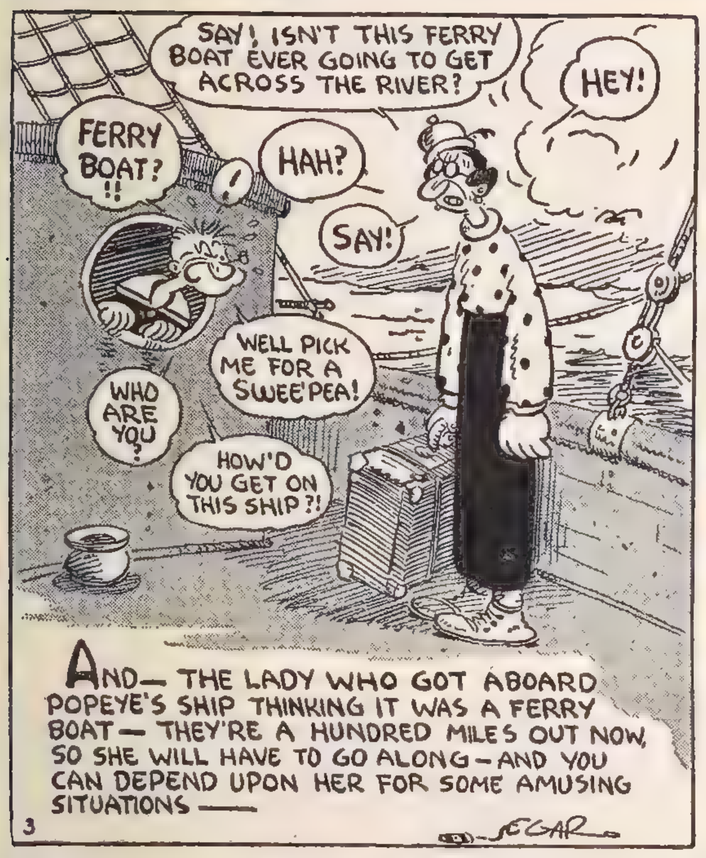
Often these ads merely cut and pasted panels or details from the strips themselves, but in some cases the cartoonist got involved and created brand new graphics for these "teasers." On the two pages that follow you will find samples of both kinds from *Thimble Theatre*'s run, but this page uncovers a spectacular suite of beautiful, superbly detailed panels created by Segar for his 1932 epic "The Eighth Sea" (see our third volume, "Let's You and Him Fight").

While we're missing the first of the eight (and the text for the fourth one), these offer a rare look at Segar the cartoon illustrator working on a larger canvas than usual — and taking full advantage of it. And let's face it — if you'd been hit with these previews for a week or two, you'd probably have pounced on that June 13 edition featuring the first installment of "The Eighth Sea" the minute it appeared. (The June 12 date in the ads is off by a day — it's hard to imagine the Syndicate making that mistake, so perhaps it occurred in the *Oregon Statesman*'s typesetting department.) Note that installments #1 through #5 were designed to appear in advance of "The Eighth Sea," #6 on the day before the first episode ("beginning tomorrow..."), and #7 and #8 both promote the already ongoing story. Smart marketing all around.

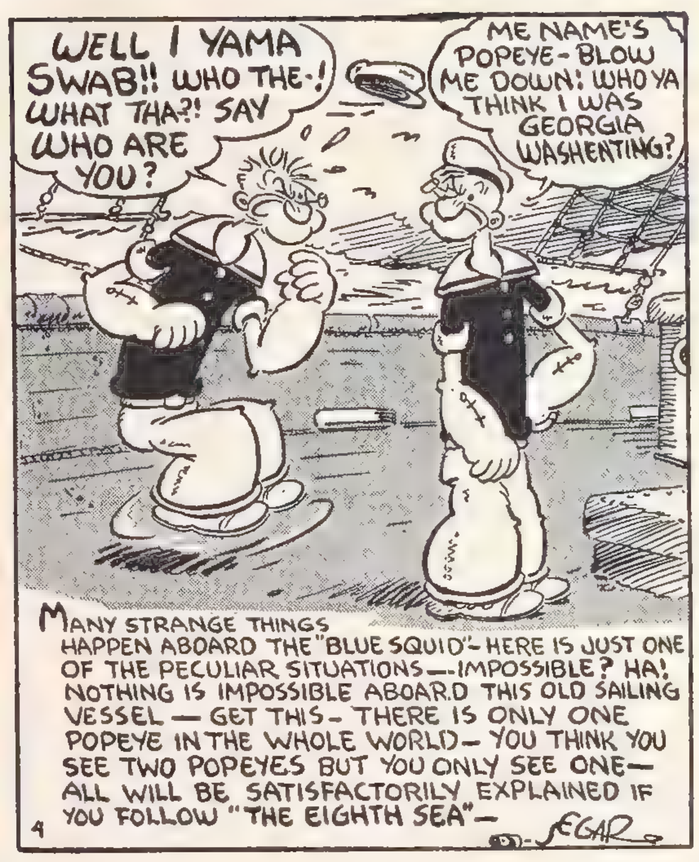
(All of these come from the collection of the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art — as does the little surprise you may already have stumbled across between the daily and Sunday pages earlier in this volume.) —Ed.

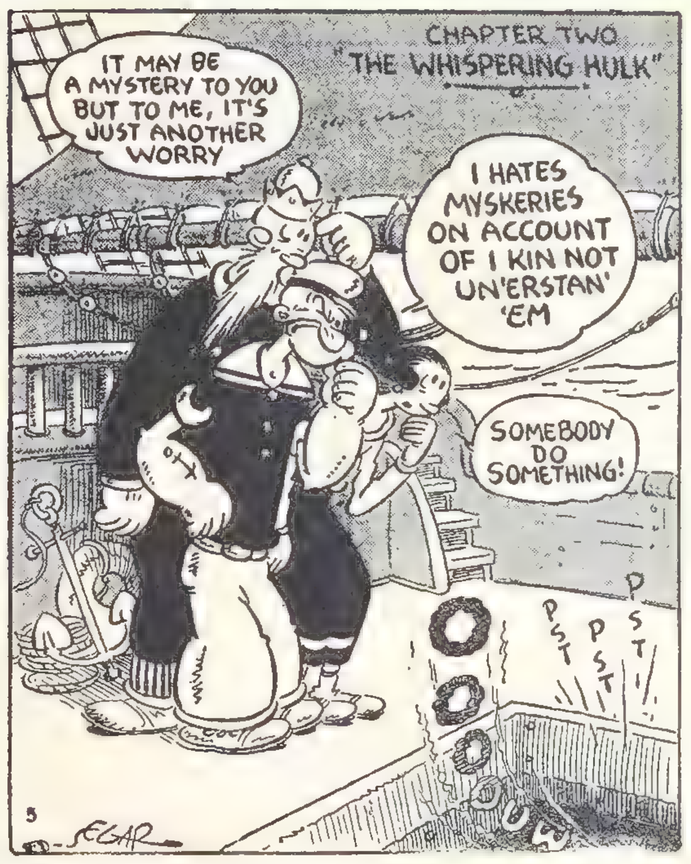


The plot thickens! Treasure and a black Chinese parrot! Put them into the same picture with POPEYE and you get mystery, action, laughs. This fellow Merlock Jones the detective is no slouch at the funny stuff either. Watch for developments in E. C. Segar's world-famous comic strip, THIMBLE THEATRE STARRING POPEYE. A new, hilarious adventure begins June 12, entitled "The Eighth Sea"—a salty experience once you get into it.



Meet the lady, folks. You're sure to see more of her. Getting on POPEYE'S treasure hunting ship, "The Blue Squid," is her first mistake. Is she going to upset the voyage? Will anything sweeten her disposition? Or will they maroon her on a deserted island to be rid of her? Follow the new adventure June 12 in THIMBLE THEATRE, STARRING POPEYE, the most hilarious comic in The Oregon Statesman. Laughs, action, mysteries are ahead.





Here's the cause of it all. If King Blozo of Nazilla hadn't lost his country's gold reserve, which he was using for a filling in his lower left wisdom tooth, POPEYE might be safe on shore instead of very much at sea, mentally and physically, on a mystery ship! To find the treasure that will put Nazilia back on the gold standard, POPEYE is risking life, limb and sanity. Watch for this funniest of all POPEYE adventures in E. C. Segar's comic strip, THIMBLE THEATRE, begnning June 12. It will be in the Oregon Statesman, of course!



"Mystery Amidships"! That's another of the perils that POPEYE has to face in the quest for the treasure hoard of the Sunken City in "The Eighth Sea." What is it that Olive Oyl is yowling about? It must be awful to upset this gallant gal! For details, follow the latest, funnist and most thrilling story ever told by E. C. Segar, beginning tomorrow in THIMBLE THEATRE, STARRING POPEYE, The Oregon Statesman's exciting comic strip.

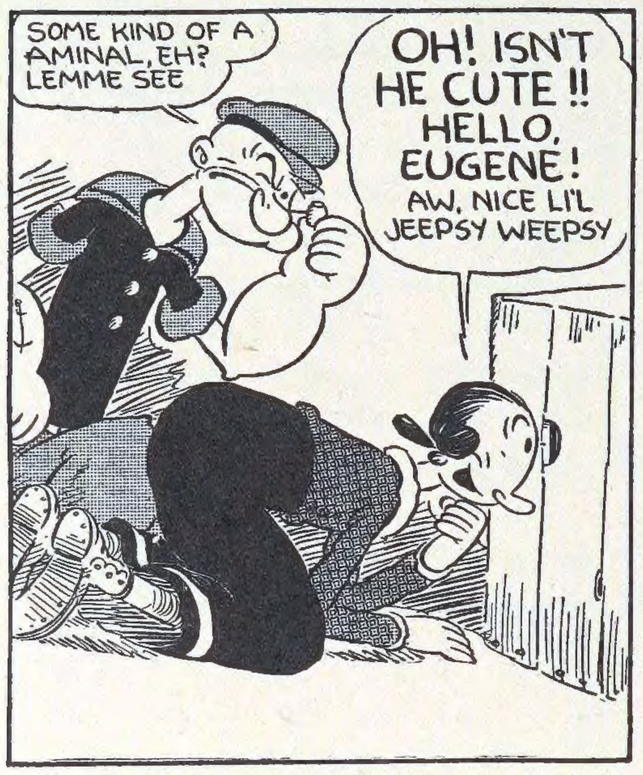


Real competition for POPEYE at last! How can the fight loving sailor compete against a mad brute like Bluto? Inspired to his worst mood by the lust for gold of the Sunken City, you can bet he'll make life exciting for POPEYE as long as he lasts. Watch what happens when this pair meet in the thrilling new episode pictured by E. C. Segar in THIMBLE THEATRE, STARRING POPEYE! Turn to the comic page of The Oregon Statesman every day for the latest developments!



Deserted, probably haunted, hiding its alluring hoard of secret gold, the Sunken City of "The Eighth Sea" has frustrated the efforts of thousands of treasure hunters to penetrate its mysteries! Here you see POPEYE, King Blozo and Olive Oyl standing on the brink of another episode of their great new laugh adventure, which will be portrayed with lots of humor, more action, and a minimum of tragedy by E. C. Segar in THIMBLE THEATRE, STARRING POPEYE. Follow this great comic strip every day in The Oregon Statesman for laughs, thrills, mystery and suspense.

What is The Jeep?



The funniest adventures Popeye was ever in..!

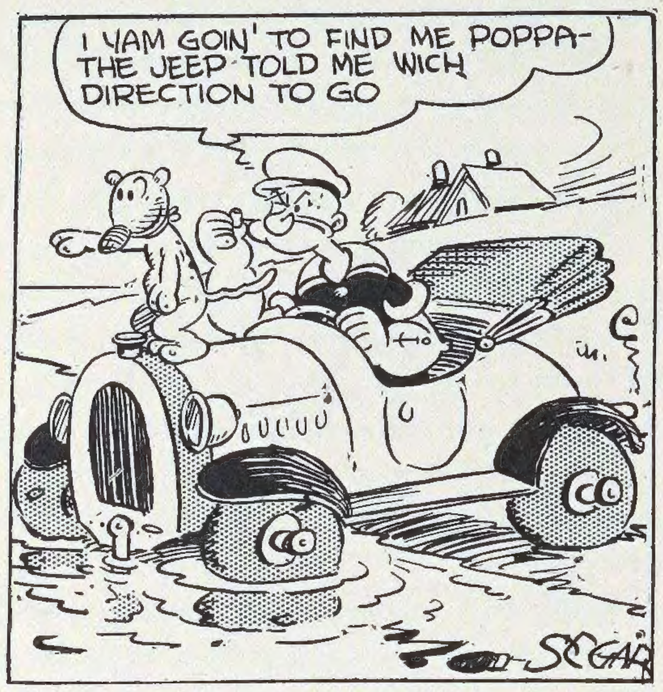
Olive Oyl's new pet, Eugene the Jeep—strange creature from Darkest Africa—involves Popeye here in a maze of astounding adventures, and winds you in a web of hilarious entertainment.

The stalwart old salt doubles his fists to thwart wily Mister Chizzleflint's murderous plots to obtain the Jeep from Olive. What is this strange power of the Jeep? It's amazing, it's incredible—and it's Popeye's matchless humor at its best!

READ THE

Humboldt Standard

The Search for Popeye's Poppa!



In E. C. Segar's famous comic creation

THIMBLE THEATRE

STARRING

POPEYE

Eugene the Jeep foretelling the future bids Popeye go to sea to find his long-lost parent. This thrill and laugh episode in the hilarious adventures of the dauntless Popeye brings back favorites of Thimble Theatre, including Toar, Geezil, Oscar, Rough-House and Alice the Goon, and introduces two brand new funmakers, Poopdeck Pappy and Pooky Jones.

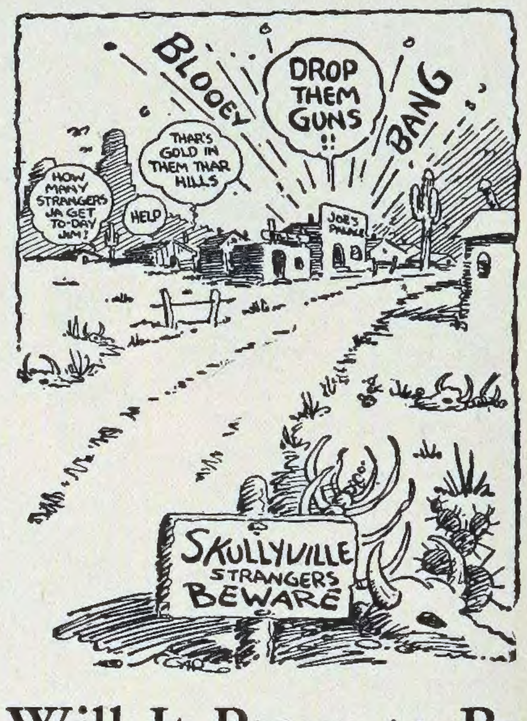
Help Popeye find his Poppa

Join the merry throng Starting Today

and every day in the

EVENING LEDGER

THE TOUGHEST TOWN *in the Whole World!*



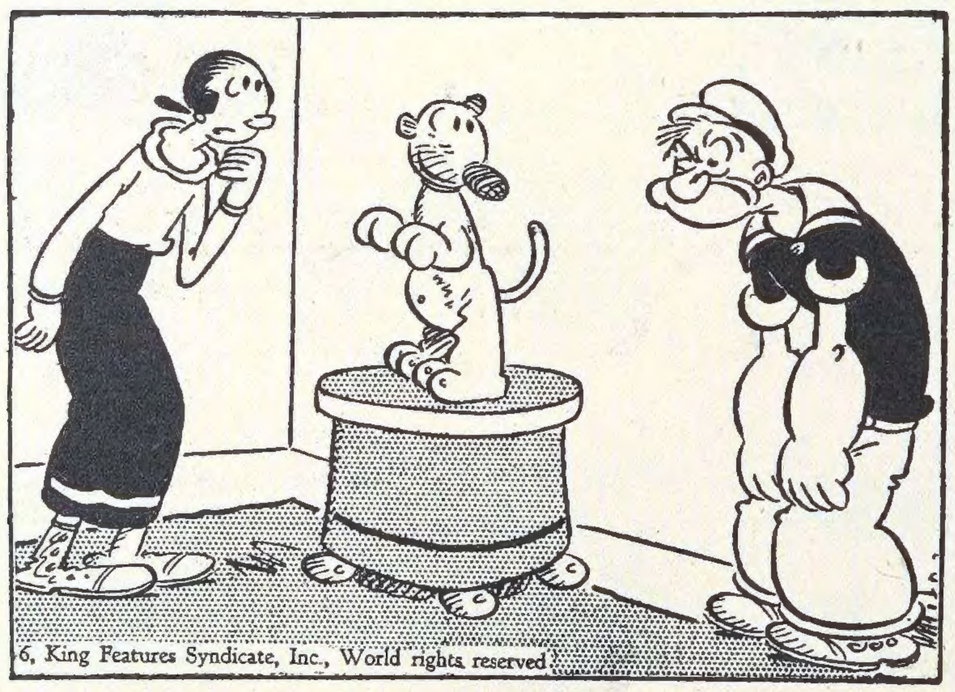
Will It Prove to Be *His* Waterloo for

POPEYE

Skullyville—in the heart of the desert, the town without a heart—so tough its name makes brave men cringe and plain ordinary bad men aren't even allowed on its streets. And POPEYE is going there! Popeye, who has single-handed knocked over all kinds of champions, now is going to take on this whole community. Follow this, his greatest, funniest adventure, every day in the famous daily comic, "THIMBLE THEATRE" starring POPEYE, by E. C. Segar.

Beginning Monday in the

EVENING LEDGER



Danger is near for the dauntless hero of thousands of battles. . . . Eugene the Jeep, infallible prophet, predicts defeat for the peerless Popeye in his scheduled fight with James J. Jab.

Has the vaunted spinach lost its power? Is mighty POPEYE a has-been?

New thrills, new hilarity, in the strange turn of your favorite comic's adventures. Join Wimpy and Olive Oyl in their fearful anticipation of POPEYE's great test.

Follow Thimble Theatre, starring POPEYE,

every day in

THE POST-ENQUIRER

POPEYE TO JOIN NEWS-BEE COMICS

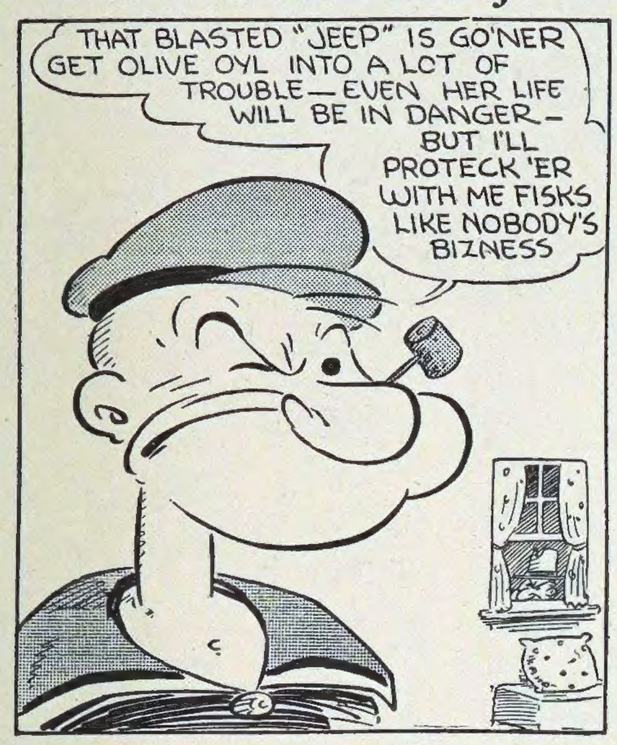


You'll laugh! You'll howl!

Everyday!

Watch for

POPEYE and the JEEP



What is the Jeep? What strange mysterious trouble does it bode in wily old Mister Chizzleflint's plot against Olive Oyl?

Beware, Olive! Danger is near. Yet be of good heart, for your dauntless protector, POPEYE, is doubling his mighty fists to thwart your murderous enemies.

E. C. Segar, creator of Thimble Theatre, starring Popeye, brings a stirring and mirthful original development into this famous strip with the introduction of Eugene, the Jeep.

Follow the adventures of Popeye and the Jeep in

YOUR COMPLETE NEWSPAPER

The Toledo News-Bee

WHERE'S MY POPPA?

Popeye Paces Poopdeck, Peers Petulantly for His Pappy



Popeye the Sailor has returned to the sea.

The dauntless hero of dozens of thrilling exploits as pictured by E. C. Segar is now in the midst of a new thrilling adventure—a voyage to distant lands in search of his Poppa.

Shipmates of the valiant skipper are many old favorites of Thimble theater, and two brand-new cartoon characters, Poopdeck Pappy and Pooky Jones.

This new episode of "Thimble theater, starring Popeye," is emphasizing anew the popularity of the world-famous strip appearing daily in The Post-Enquirer.

Artist E. C. Segar pictures in stirring scenes Popeye's preparations for the trip, his overcoming with characteristic vigor many trying obstacles.

Now he is in the full flower of his craeer as a skipper of the ghost-ridden ship, Lilly Mac, with his oddly assorted crew and his guests all aflutter over the high adventure.

In the venturesome band with Popeye are Tear, Geezil, Oscar, Rough-House, Alice the Goon, Wimpy, Swee'pea and Olive Oyl.

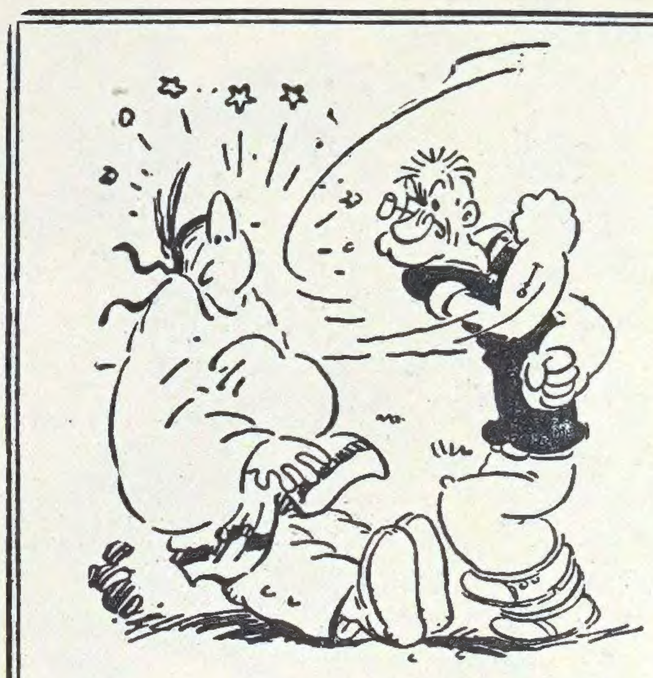
The new characters, Poopdeck Pappy and Pooky Jones, promise to become leading favorites of this mirthful group. Eugene the Jeep accompanies the crew as navigator.

—Vote American—

'Quint' Cabbages On Single Stalk

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Aug. 21.—The Dionne "quints" have made everyone quintuplet-conscious, even vegetables.

Louis Meyer, Blue Hills farmer, harvested five normal-sized heads of cabbage on one stalk.



THIMBLE THEATRE

STARRING

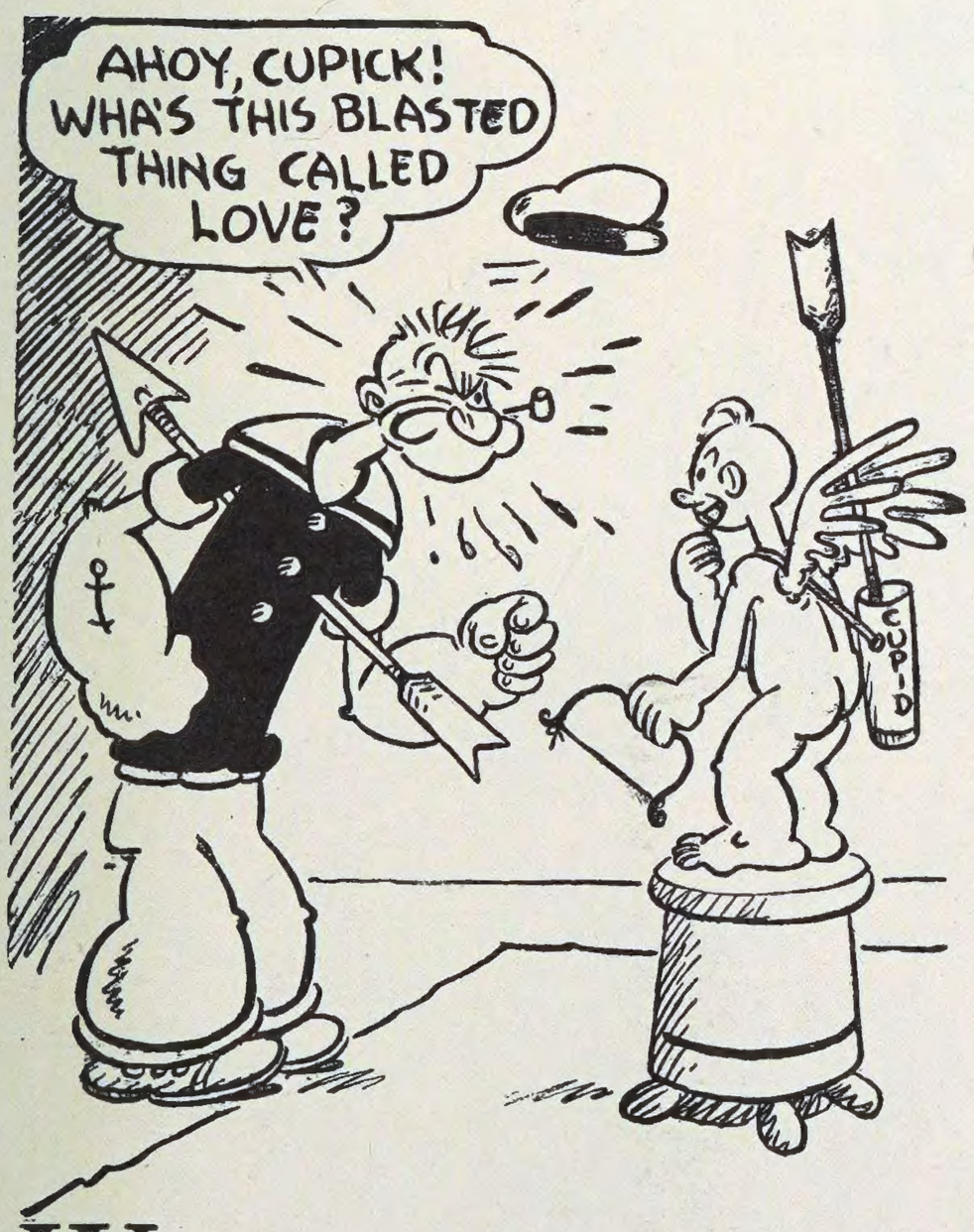
POPEYE

By E. C. Segar

No man of any size, shape, weight, color or race can stand up in front of Popeye when this retired tar with one eye is really aroused. And Popeye WILL HIT YOU as the funniest comic character you ever knew, if you'll follow his career every day in the comic page of the

Toledo News-Bee

Easy to Read—Worth Reading



Would you ever think this could happen to POPEYE?

THIMBLE THEATRE

starring . . . . . .

POPEYE



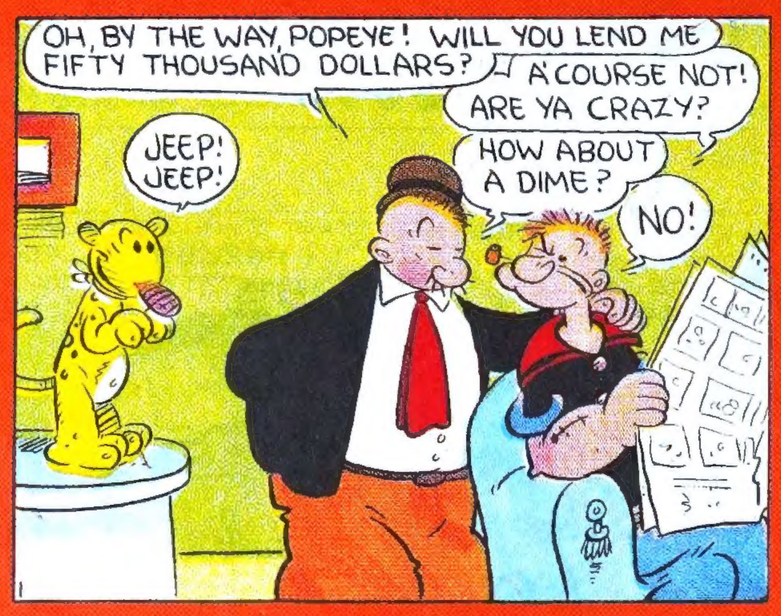
Watch Popeye at work. He has never found out how strong he is—never had an adversary that could measure his strength. To lay a horse out cold with one blow is mere child's play for Popeye.



It doesn't pay to pick on Popeye. Naturally he's peaceable as a lamb, but no human being, whatever his size, shape or color, is a match for him when aroused. He's the "funniest comic character in newspaper history." Watch for him daily in the comic page of the


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THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS:
EVERYBODY LOVES THE
"COMPLETE POPEYE" SERIES!

"Name a funnier comic than Popeye. Wrong, idiot, there isn't one."
—NICHOLAS GAZIN, *VICE* MAGAZINE

"Jacob Covey's design for E. C. Segar's Popeye series is appropriately tall, imposing and sturdy, with a big die-cut in the middle of each volume's front cover, as if the sailor man himself had punched somebody through it. ... ['Plunder Island'] is crude, jolting, scary and funny, and there's nothing like it in the beaten-down funny pages of the present."
—DOUGLAS WOLK, *NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY BOOK REVIEW*

"...heartfelt masterpieces of illustrated slapstick adventure."
—*JEFF NEWELT, HEEB*

"There's just something about E.C. Segar's blend of melodrama, adventure and unrestrained, big-footed comedy that really knocks my socks off."
—CHRIS MAUTNER, *COMICBOOKRESOURCES.COM/ROBOT 6*

"Each strip pays off in a fine gag, yet the narrative accumulates to reveal a good satire of war politics. This is the mark of a great daily cartoonist, and Segar raised the bar in quality of art and dialogue..."
—*ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*

"A surreal and evocatively drawn title, Segar's *Popeye* was not only brilliant two-dimensional slapstick comedy and easy to enjoy; the late cartoonist was an artist's artist who inspired everyone and everything from Charles Schulz to *The Simpsons*."
—*EDMONTON JOURNAL*

"Fantagraphics' enormous format remains among the best-looking strip reprints available."
—MICHAEL C. LORAH, *NEWSARAMA*



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